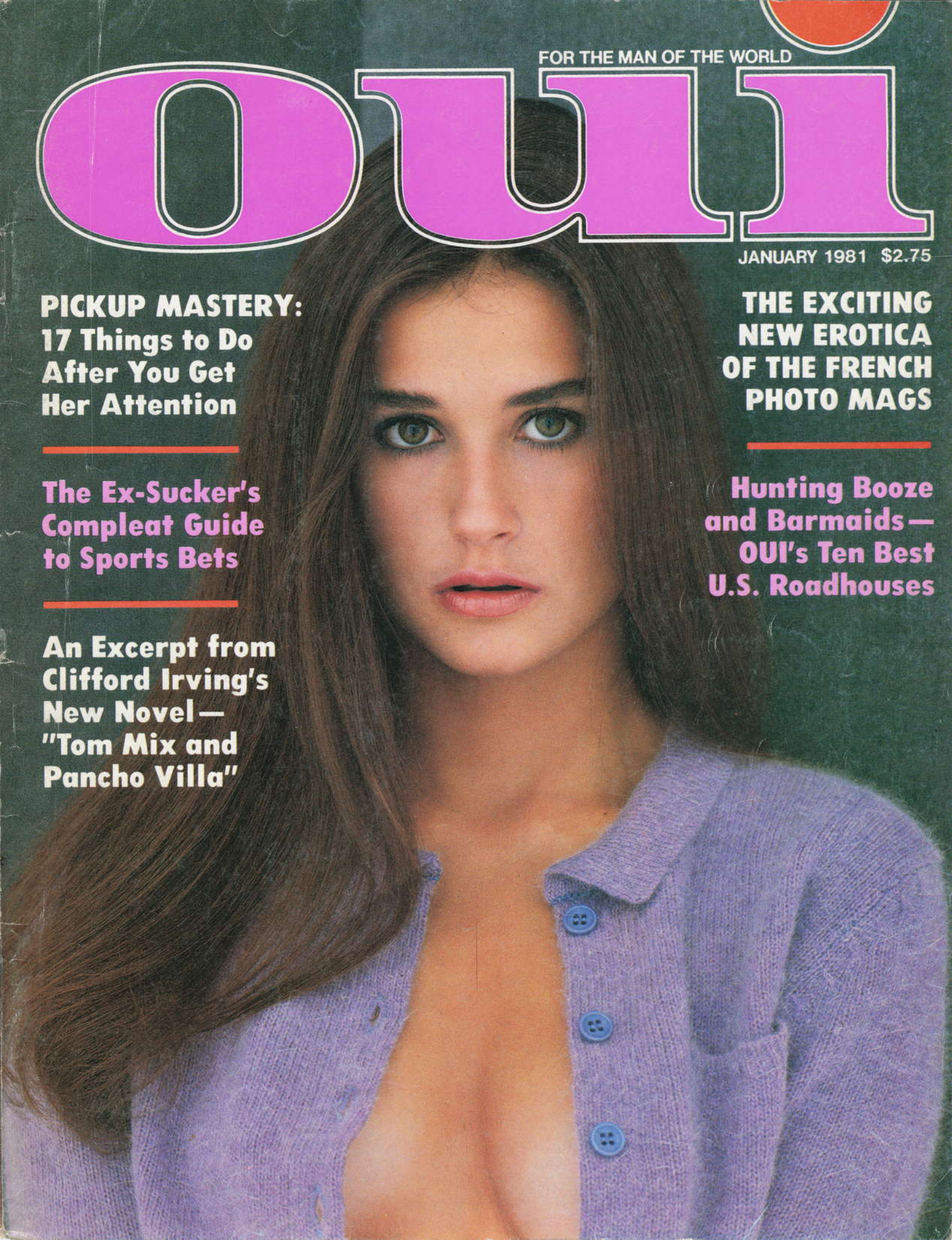
FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

# oui

JANUARY 1981 $2.75



**PICKUP MASTERY: 17 Things to Do After You Get Her Attention**

**THE EXCITING NEW EROTICA OF THE FRENCH PHOTO MAGS**

**The Ex-Sucker's Compleat Guide to Sports Bets**

**Hunting Booze and Barmaids— OUI's Ten Best U.S. Roadhouses**

**An Excerpt from Clifford Irving's New Novel— "Tom Mix and Pancho Villa"**

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Until now, buying a fine audio system hasn't been easy. You had to learn about components. And take time to match them for looks and for sound.

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Ask your Sansui authorized dealer to show you the Select System 70 and the other fine Systems, turntables and speakers in the Select line.

When your friends listen to the great sound of your Sansui Select System, they'll wonder how you did it. Tell them it was easy — with a little help from another friend. Sansui.

Sansui

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VOLUME 10 NUMBER 1

# oui

JANUARY 1981

**56 A SHORT COURSE IN SPORTS BETTING**
An insider's look at the wagers of sport: What's a bookie and how to get one; how to pick the odds and understand the bets; and why those football cards are a sucker's play. Article by Roger Dionne.

**60 MARTINA SCHALL**
A German beauty heeds her wanderlust and heads for the South Seas, determined to spend as much time in the sun as she can. And she does. Photography by Otto R. Weisser.

**88 SMALL TALK: PAMELA HENSLEY**
Princess Ardala of *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* speaks out about what kind of men turn her on, what it's like being a woman in the 20th Century and how she manages to squirm into that sci-fi spandex suit. Interview by Chuck Crandall and Chris Stone.

**104 MILES FROM NOWHERE**
After years of silence, legendary jazz trumpeter Miles Davis resurfaces, espousing new prophecies and blowing new messages on his golden horn. Article by Ron Harris.

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**52 MONDO VIDEO**/Neal Weinstock. Beta basics, VHS smarts and ultimate systems—all the latest in TV tech.

**70 A CONVERSATION WITH JERRY DELLA FEMINA**/Jon Denny. The ad world's foremost adman sells his secrets.

**75 A GUIDE TO HEALTHY DEBAUCHERY**/Cameron Stauth. How to survive the wear and tear of high living.

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**84 THE IMPOTENCE FACTOR**/David Rothman. What happens when getting up is hard to do.

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**102 MONEY: SAVING MADE PAINLESS**/Chris Barnett. Seven ways to keep your dollars interested.

**108 A *CAPITÁN* FOR ROSA**/Fiction by Clifford Irving. Young Tom Mix is back in the saddle again.

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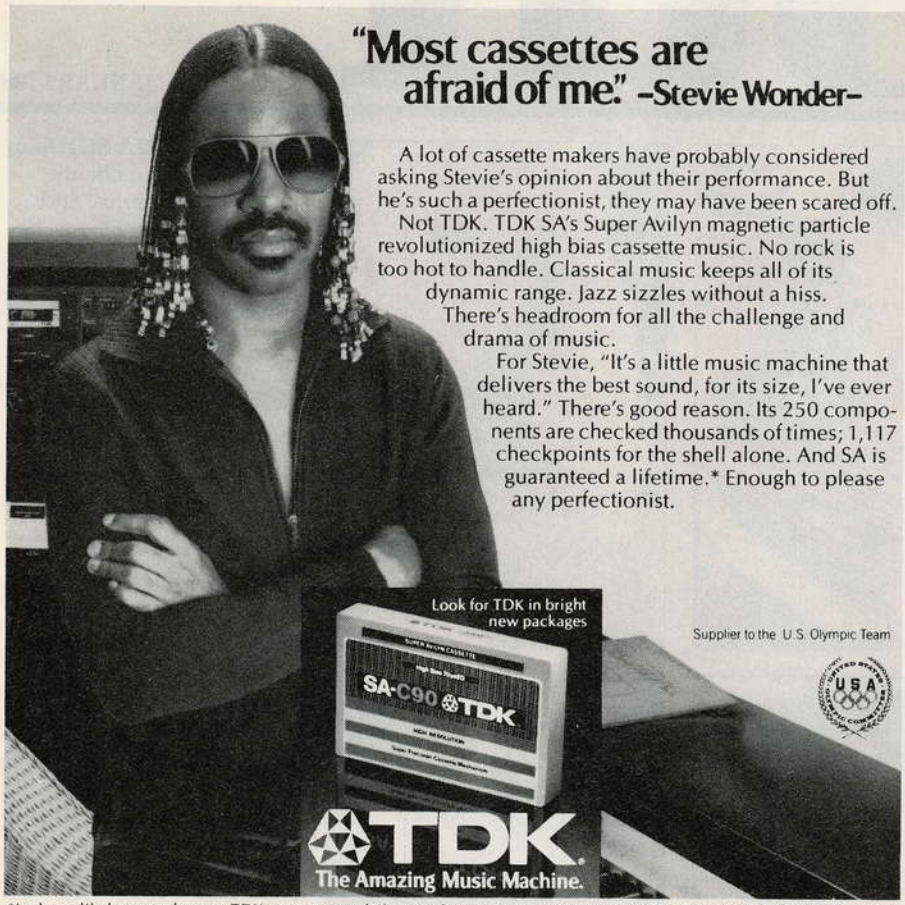
**COVER**
Delectable Demi Moore left her native New Mexico to pursue an acting career in L.A. "My film idol is Katharine Hepburn," the 18-year-old tells us. At night you can find Demi amid throngs of club goers on the local music scene. "The Nu-Kats are my favorite band. They're wild and really get people crazy." After spending some time with Demi, we feel kind of wild and crazy, too. Photography by Phillip Dixon.


"Most cassettes are afraid of me." -Stevie Wonder-
A lot of cassette makers have probably considered asking Stevie's opinion about their performance. But he's such a perfectionist, they may have been scared off.
Not TDK. TDK SA's Super Avilyn magnetic particle revolutionized high bias cassette music. No rock is too hot to handle. Classical music keeps all of its dynamic range. Jazz sizzles without a hiss. There's headroom for all the challenge and drama of music.
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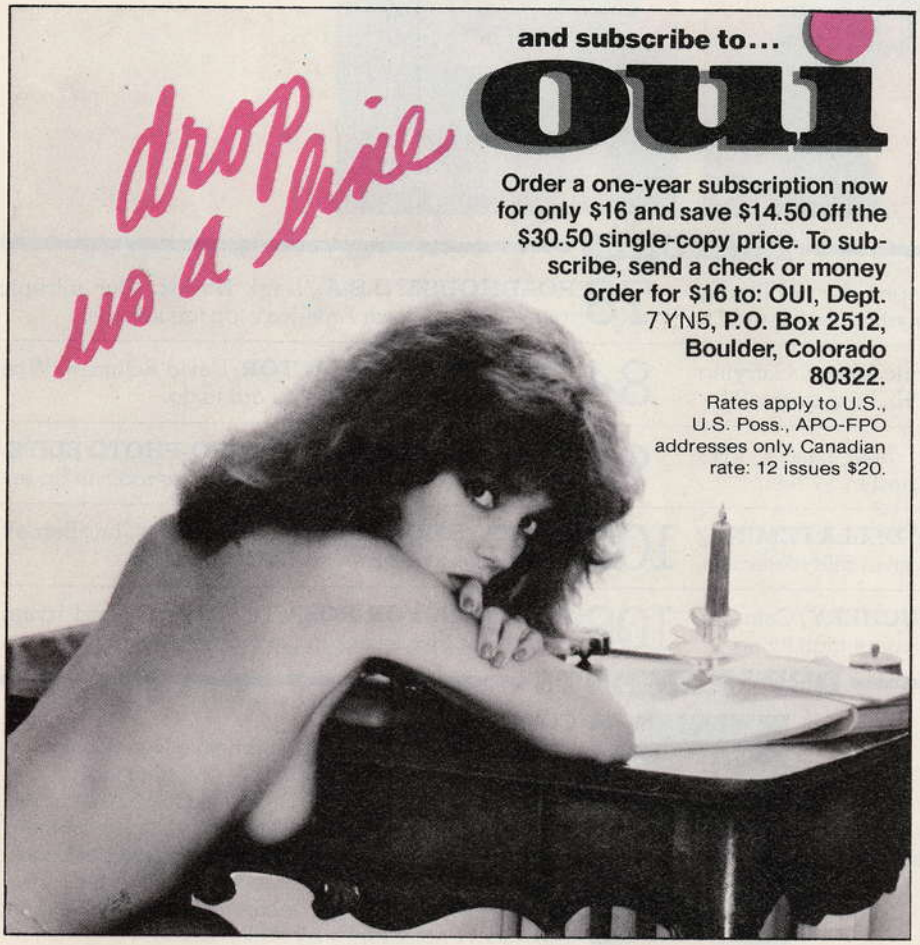
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**Advertising Offices:** New York: 747 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Midwest: 1411 Peterson Avenue, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068. San Francisco: 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104. Los Angeles: 4311 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90010.

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* Based on per pers. dble. occup. Eff. from Nov. 1, 1980 — Apr. 30, 1981 (excluding special promotions and holidays). Midwk: Sun. — Thurs. arrival only; Wkend: Fri. arrival only, 2 night min. No extra rm. chg. for kids under 16 yrs. in rm. with parents. Max. 4 pers. per rm. $30 supplement for three meals and activities per day, per child. Rates and package elements subject to change. Winter activities available, weather permitting.

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# THE WE PAGE

Some of the talented writers, photographers, artists, researchers and behind-the-scenes folk who helped produce this month's OUI

### ERIC WEBER

The soulful gaze next door belongs to the best-selling author of *How to Pick Up Girls*, the veritable bible of that manly art. In this month's issue, Eric makes his OUI debut with *Beyond the Opening Line* (p.46), which he tells us was written for guys who don't know what to say to women who say yes.

### MARY SHERMAN

There's certainly nothing indifferent about Mary Sherman, who illustrated *The Impotence Factor* (p. 84). In a reversal of national trends, Mary emigrated from her native Tinseltown to a farmhouse in Connecticut, where she lives with her husband and two cats. All this, says Mary, to be nearer her work in New York City. Can you imagine that?

### JIM HEIMANN

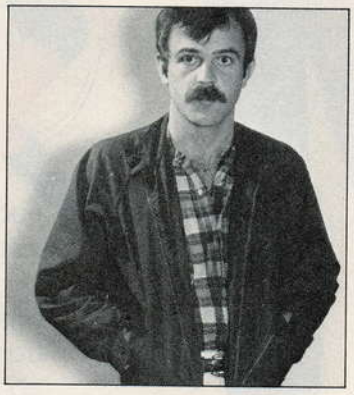
"Jolly" Jim Heimann returns to the pages of OUI with the fun-to-look-at chart that accompanies *A Guide to Healthy Debauchery* (p. 75). Jim recently released a photo book of California architecture called *California Crazy*, which took him five years to complete. Now *that's* crazy.

### CAMERON STAUTH

When radical nutritionist Cameron Stauth, author of *A Guide to Healthy Debauchery*, isn't out getting totally zonked in the name of science, he reports on matters of health and morals in the *Journal of Health Science* and *People*. We suggest that readers take his advice with 10,000 grains of salt.

### JON DENNY

Contributing Editor Jon Denny admits to ulterior motives for his *Conversation with Jerry Della Femina, The Wild Man of Madison Avenue* (p. 70). Seems that Jon has had trouble selling the rumor that he's the greatest living author born in America in 1957. Sorry to say, Jon is still desperate for a date. Call him. Collect.



### RICK WOLIN-SEMPLE

For his first OUI assignment, the editors sent Rick to photograph the strange goings-on in *Mondo Video* (p. 52). A Berkeley grad and a five-year veteran of the L.A. shutterbug scene, he came back with the best shots of state-of-the-art hanky-panky we've ever seen. Now if he'd only give us the tapes . . .

### MARK HESS

At 25, Mark is already one of the most honored artists in the commercial-illustration biz. We're betting that his upbeat portrait of the moody jazz master Miles Davis (*Miles from Nowhere*, p. 104) will add another notch to his smokin' brush.

### EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH

This is the OUI Photo Department, the folks who have the job(?) of selecting all the super pix found in this magazine. Photo Editor Cliff Wynne (right) admits that his favorite color is flesh, and Associate Photo Editor Caryn Weiss (left) admits that her secret ambition in life is to inherit her very own magazine.

# NOT ALL HI-FI BUFFS ARE WEALTHY. BUT MOST OF THEM ARE WISE.

People who want high fidelity cassette decks sometimes pay more than they need to. But people who know high fidelity cassette decks don't.

The reason is simple. The more people know about hi-fi, the more they buy Pioneer.

In fact, according to a recent survey, audio buffs buy twice as many Pioneer cassette decks than any other.

It's not surprising. People who care about music still care about value.

**More hi-fi buffs buy Pioneer cassette decks than any other.**

And Pioneer cassette decks give you more cassette deck for your money no matter how much you want to spend. Or how little.

Unlike many top-of-the-line components that are completely out of line when it comes to price, Pioneer's CT-F1250 isn't.

The CT-F1250 has a Closed-Loop Dual Capstan system that keeps the tape in perfect contact with the heads at all times. It also has a Quartz-Locked Direct Drive capstan motor, a specially engineered Tape Calibration System that lets you quickly set bias and Dolby* levels, record equalization and many other technical advancements that could mean a financial setback on other decks.

Pioneer's popular-priced CT-F750 has features hard to find on other cassette decks at the same price. Like automatic reverse in both record and playback. And a stationary four-track head that is capable of recording both channels in both directions.

Even our least expensive CT-F550 cassette deck gives you wow and flutter, frequency response and signal-to-noise ratio numbers that few cassette decks in its price range can match.

So if you want a cassette deck that will give you true high fidelity, you can buy one that's worth a lot of money, or one that also gives you your money's worth. Pioneer.

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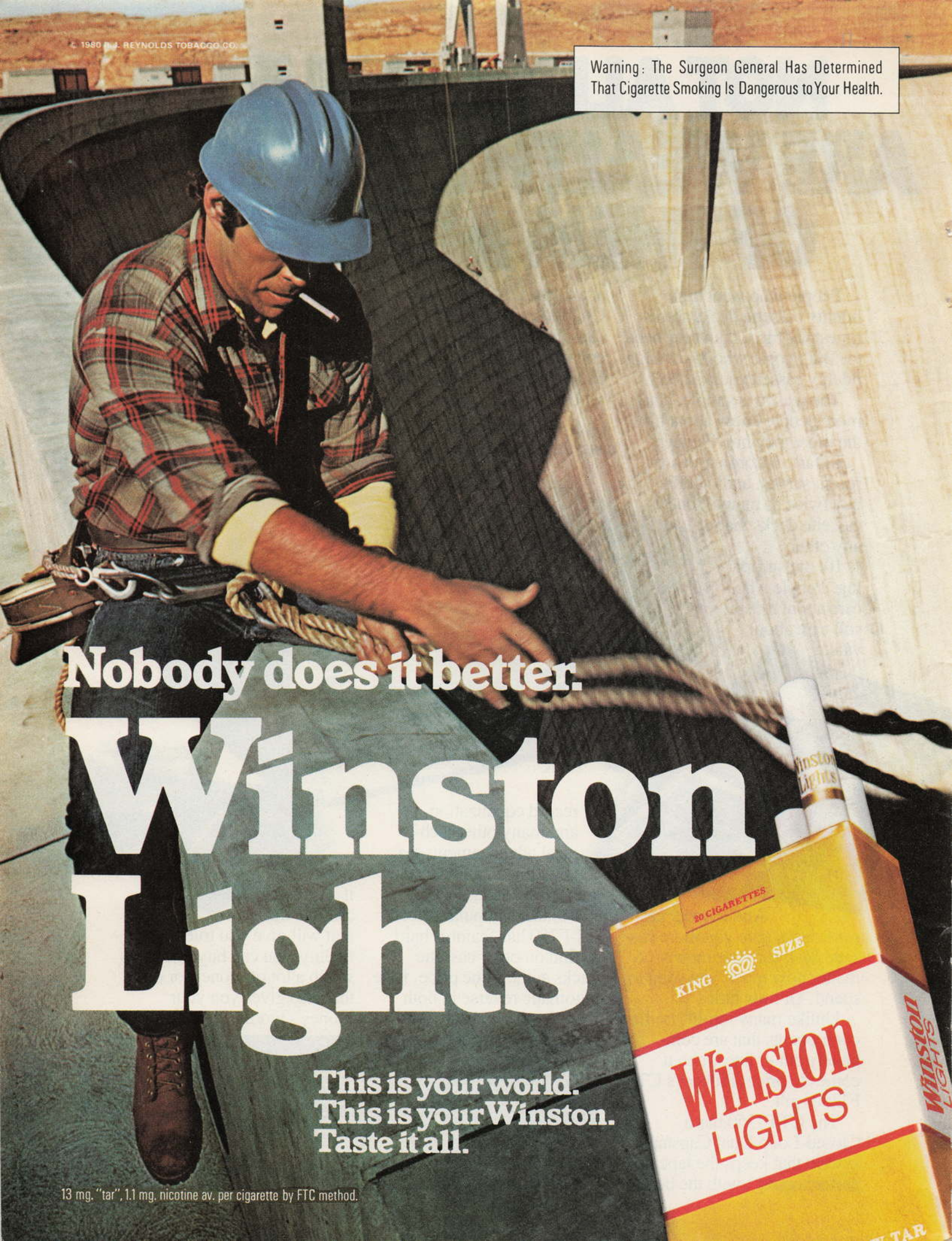

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Your opportunity to praise, complain, suggest,
gripe, request, insult and just let us know what's on your mind

### ANNIVERSARY TIDINGS

Your splendid 8th Anniversary Issue (October) has finally coaxed me into subscribing. How could I resist? First you entice me with gorgeous Care Felix on the cover, and then you wow me with all those beautiful women inside.

STEVE ANDERSON
Apple Valley, Minnesota

Happy eighth anniversary! If future issues are half as hot as October's was, they'll have to be inspected by a fire marshal before they hit the stands.

D. SIMMONS
Parma Heights, Ohio

### STUDENT SEX

I want to express my appreciation for *The OUI Sex Survey: College Sex Ed. Courses* (October) and my thanks for the kind words about our program. One correction: We have 24 separate advanced classes—not just three as reported. It wouldn't do to have people think you can learn all there is to know about sex so quickly. Like OUI, we believe that sexuality is endlessly fascinating.

DERYCK CALDERWOOD, PH.D.
Director, Human Sexuality Program
New York University
New York, New York

It's about time a national magazine looked seriously into the subject of sex education in college. *College Sex Ed. Courses* demonstrates the need for these classes quite well (although I would have liked to have seen something more on the sexual habits of college students). When I was in college, it was obvious we were groping in the dark—in more ways than one.

VICKY TABBERT
Omaha, Nebraska

Good going on your *Sex Ed.* survey. If only the girls I know here at the University of Maryland would all take a sex-education course. The ignorance is incredible. These classes ought to be a freshman requirement. I wonder how many lives will be ruined and how many people will go through life not knowing what sex is really all about because they never took such a class?

STEVE WYNTER
College Park, Maryland

That sex-education courses are proliferating at colleges around the country is an indication of the growing desire for such learning. It's too bad these courses cannot be taught more freely at lower grade levels, where they would be infinitely more valuable.

While it may be easier to teach this subject to college students than to high schoolers, the growing rate of teenage pregnancies shows that too many young people are incapable of dealing with what is probably the most important decision they'll make affecting their later development.

Still, it's nice to know *someone* is concerned enough about the lack of sex education to act on it. It's too bad OUI's article couldn't have covered all the courses, instead of just a few, if only to demonstrate in more detail how widespread the classes have become.

CRAIG LAURITZEN
Chicago, Illinois

### LAYNE CHANGING

*Angie Layne* (September) is devastating. And for once, you've found a girl who's interested in music that's a little more substantial than disco or Barry Manilow. Anyone who looks as hot as Angie and who listens to bands like Hornets Attack Victor Mature has my undying affection.

WALDO TILTON
Pismo Beach, California

Your pictorial on luscious Angie Layne has me climbing walls. Not only is she one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen, she's also photographed in (and out of) some of the hottest clothes around. Especially that silver spandex racing jacket. Not that I'm a closet clothes fetishist or anything, but Angie's definitely got taste. And so does OUI for finding a girl like her.

ROBERT LINCOLN
Virginia Beach, Virginia

### MORE CHEYCO

Great going on *Portfolio: Cheyco Leidmann* (September). It's refreshing to see something that's erotic and provocative but different from the run-of-the-mill pictorials in most other mags. Just another example of why I keep buying OUI—it's continually full of surprises.

S.S.
Portland, Maine

I was blown away by Cheyco Leidmann's work. His combination of Americana and surreal eroticism makes for some astounding results.

ELLIOT BERGER
Indianapolis, Indiana

The photography of Cheyco Leidmann is amazing. In the accompanying text, his book *Foxy Lady* (from which many of the pictures in your portfolio were culled) is mentioned. I've tried every major bookstore in Manhattan, however, and no one seems to have it. Can you please tell me how I might go about purchasing a copy?

RAYMOND S. ROGINSKI
Bronx, New York

*"Foxy Lady" is published by the oddly named Love Me Tender publishing company, a Paris-based firm. While Leidmann's collection has yet to find an American publisher, it is now available in many major bookstores that stock imported books.*

### HALL MARKS

Enticing Jerry Hall has done it again (*Small Talk: Jerry Hall*, October). Your article and the accompanying pictures reaffirmed my initial impression of her: She is not only lovely, she's also a woman of style and good humor. And the last line of her interview really brought a smile to my face. Quite a lady.

JOHN ABRAMSON
Norfolk, Virginia

I can't believe what an inane, idiotic interview your *Small Talk* with Jerry Hall turned out to be. "Small" talk indeed. I guess Mick Jagger isn't too demanding

when it comes to having a girlfriend with brains. Some of her comments about sex and her modeling career were just downright dumb. The entire article read like chatty girls'-magazine stuff.

K. JOHN STEPHENS
Minneapolis, Minnesota

What can you say about a lady as talented and together as Jerry Hall? I enjoyed reading the interview with her almost as much as I enjoyed the small parts she played in two of my favorite movies this year: *Willie & Phil* and *Urban Cowboy*.

RAY WISE
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Liz Derringer's interview with Jerry Hall may have left some people with a slanted viewpoint of her. The only time I have heard Jerry speak as she did in your *Small Talk* was when she was with friends and just having fun. It's obvious that Liz and Jerry have been friends for many years.

What the interview did not portray is Jerry's childlike sense of humor and optimism. Also, Jerry has always been very supportive of her family and the career pursuits of others. She has a very positive attitude and is conscious of her physical well-being. Unlike many, Jerry has never lost touch with the childlike qualities of having fun, seeing the world through rose-colored glasses and truly enjoying life. That is Jerry Hall.

JANET L. STETZEL
An ex-roommate
Orange, California

## SPA NO EXPENSE

Howard Rheingold's *Spa Wars* (October) swirled waves of pleasure through my brain at the same time that it informed me on what is undoubtedly the latest trend in hot-tub living in the U.S.A. I have to say that the pictures were a real turn-on, too.

JEFFREY O. HEIMER
Lucerne, Switzerland

I had no idea when I gave my cocktail waitress Michaelene a couple of hours off to pose for your hot-tub feature that you'd fly her to Portland to shoot it. I assumed you'd simply go around the corner to Just for the Health of It.

MARTIN TUSLER
Santa Rosa, California

Like writer Howard Rheingold, I just had my birthday party thrown (or is it splashed?) at a hot-tub emporium. I can't believe what a great time we all had—it was sensual, relaxing, stimulating and (with a couple of bottles of champagne) pretty intoxicating, as well. And when it was all over, I felt like I was in heaven.

E. Q.
Denver, Colorado

## OUR ALLIE

Let me be the first to compliment OUI on the *Allie Tyrer* (October) photo spread. Allie has such an innocent little-girl look

about her but, at the same time, there's nothing innocent at all about her voluptuous body. How about another photo of the lovely Chicagoan?

BOB CURTIS
Easthampton, Massachusetts

What a fox Allie is. I can't keep my eyes off her. Please let her know that she is more than just a pretty face—much, much more.

PFC. MARK LEADINGHAM
Camp Lejune, North Carolina

Allie Tyrer is definitely number one in my book . . . make that a 10. Allie's giving Bo a run for her money.

JERRI COLE
Lindsay, Oklahoma

I don't know where you come up with these beauties, but you've really outdone yourselves this time. Allie Tyrer is the sexiest looking Italian-American that I've ever laid eyes on.

OWEN HOLMES
Aiken, South Carolina

## DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

I did the set and prop design and makeup and hair styling for a pictorial entitled *Dr. Jekyll & Ms. Hyde*. Because of the nature of the publishing business, it was never certain whether this pictorial would ever in fact be published. I was, however, given assurances that if this layout were ever published, I would be given appropriate credits. Imagine my surprise when I recently learned that this layout had been published in the November 1979 OUI Magazine. Based upon the better-late-than-never theory, I certainly hope this oversight can now be remedied. I am currently freelancing and a member of Studio Mechanics Local 476 in Chicago, Illinois. And if I do say so myself, it's a great pictorial.

RODGER JACOBS
Chicago, Illinois

*Sorry, Rodger. As they say in the publishing biz, we're all human (or almost). And you're right—it's a great pictorial.*

In your October *Mail* column, we noticed that you named Harte-Hanks Communications as the source to obtain copies of *Why S.O.B.'s Succeed and Nice Guys Fail in a Small Business*. This is not true. The book is available through Financial Management Associates, Inc., 3926 Iowa St., San Diego, CA 92104.

PAUL A. FISHER
Harte-Hanks Communications, Inc.
Santa Ana, California

I really enjoyed reading *Brain Storm* (October) and testing my intelligence with the intriguing puzzles you featured in the article. Are there any publications in which I can find more of these mental exercises?

F. LOWRY
Cincinnati, Ohio

*The "Test Your Hemispheres" puzzles were courtesy of* Games *magazine, a fact we neglected to point out at the time.* Games *features stimulating cerebral gymnastics in every issue.*

## DOM DOM DE DOM

*A Conversation with Dom DeLuise* (October) was hysterical. I haven't laughed so much since Dom and his pal Burt Reynolds

were on *The Tonight Show* spraying whipped cream all over the place and smashing eggs down each other's pants. What a gas!

K.M.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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What's the idea of running an article about blubbery Dom DeLuise? I can understand an interview with Pete Townshend or George Carlin or even P.J. O'Rourke, but DeLuise is nothing but an overweight, overaged, overrated character actor. Stick to something the OUI reader can relate to.

GEORGE MCGEORGE
Anchorage, Alaska

The great thing about Dom DeLuise is that he understands his own strengths and weaknesses as a comedic actor. When he admits he might be best as "a second banana" to folks like Burt Reynolds, he's shirking off the sort of self-inflated image a lot of comedians have about themselves. I wish DeLuise continued success in his film-and-stage career.

KAREN JONES
Houston, Texas

The Dom DeLuise interview is a screaming howl. I can't believe how nuts that guy is! And you must have been nuts to want to talk to him. But then, I'm glad you did. I haven't laughed so hard in years.

SUSAN JOHNSON
Hartford, Connecticut

## AND HOWE

*Christine Howe* (September) is beautiful. She has a delicate, soft quality that a lot of girls seem to lack, and yet she's exceedingly sexy at the same time. How about just one more parting shot?

LARRY STALLS
Lincoln, Nebraska

Just had to write a quick note to tell you that the girls in your September issue are some of the most scrumptious ever to appear in the magazine. And that goes double for the center girl, Christine Howe. I can't seem to get her out of my mind.

S.D.
Washington, D.C.

Once again you've proved that OUI is the best in the world. Christine Howe is certainly one of the most exquisite women ever to have graced your pages. I can hardly believe my eyes.

BOB CROTHERS
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

## SOUND ADVICE

I would like to thank your magazine for the article on superdiscs and audiophile records (*Openers*, "Pressing for Perfection," October). OUI is the first major publication to devote space to our infant industry. However, I think there were a few conspicuous omissions: While the major part of the article was devoted to the product put out by Mobile Fidelity, you neglected to mention that the true founder of our industry is Sheffield Record Labs in Santa Barbara, California. Sheffield pioneered direct-to-disc recording as well as developed the technology to make a better record. In addition, Crystal Clear Records was the first direct-to-disc company to record and manufacture a commercially successful superdisc entitled *Direct Disco* in 1976.

Mobile Fidelity's work in remastering old tapes is to be commended, but I'd like to point out that its success is partially the result of others' efforts and research. Mobile Fidelity's quality-control standards, vinyl research and packaging and recording techniques are not proprietary.

Finally, I might suggest contacting the fine people at Telarc Records concerning its classical series, many titles of which have appeared on *Billboard*'s list of top classical releases in the past year—even though Telarc is a superdisc company. I believe you will find that this company, producing original material both digitally and direct-to-disc, is a true contender as the "unquestioned leader in the audiophile-record field." No one in our industry doubts that Mobile Fidelity is the leader in the remastering field, but other companies have made contributions that are just as significant.

STEPHEN R. KRAUS
President, Nautilus Recordings
Pismo Beach, California

After reading the article on audiophile recordings, I went out and bought a half-speed-mastered recording of one of my all-time favorite LPs—Bruce Springsteen's *Born to Run*. Phew! The sound (and lack of any distortion and surface noise) blew me away. Thanks for turning me on to a new way of satisfying my vinyl addiction.

B.J. EDWARDS
Austin, Texas

## RED-HOT FAMOUS GIRLS

Of all the ladies that have ever appeared in OUI, I think porn star Nancy Suiter takes the cake. There's something about those fiery eyes, her voluptuous figure and her sexy blonde hair . . . Anyway, she more than deserved the encore presentation in your excellent pictorial *OUI's Red-Hot Reunion* (October). Any chance for yet another look?

JOE SMITH
Los Angeles, California

I always thought that Jeff Dunas' shots of Nancy Suiter were some of the best your magazine has ever published. I remember that Nancy was also the cover girl for one of your issues. Was that the same month that she also appeared in the center spread?

GREGORY ISAACS
Newport, Rhode Island

*Here's another look at Nancy. The sultry blonde bared her splendorous all in the October 1978* OUI, *and adorned the cover of that same issue.*

The *Red-Hot Reunion* is definitely one great way to celebrate a birthday. Obviously, over the past eight years you've found some mighty talented and titillating beauties—Gunilla Bergstrom, Jilly Johnson, Nina Carter, Nancy Suiter, Quinn Cummings, Eva Wallen and that incredible knockout Rinah among them. Here's to another eight years and as many gorgeous girls as you can squeeze into the magazine.

ALVIN MONK
Reading, Pennsylvania

## READ THIS OR ELSE . . . AGAIN

*A Conversation with P.J. O'Rourke* (August) really exposes all the sick, demented and hilarious traits that make the *National Lampoon* editor what he is: sick, demented and hilarious. A great interview.

JOHN RAFFIN
Seattle, Washington

I've never understood why people buy the *National Lampoon*—and, even worse, why they read it. After poring through your feature interview with O'Rourke, I'm even more confused: The man's a hopeless drunk and has a sense of humor that's on a par with a dead squirrel.

K.G.
Birmingham, Alabama

*Address letters to: Mail,* OUI, *8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069.*

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# DR. OUI

Sensible and straightforward answers to your questions
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In a recent issue, you warned that it was possible to get "hooked" on running. Is there also a danger of O.D.ing? I've been jogging since 1978, running five to eight miles a day, but two months ago, I ran my first marathon. For days afterward, I found myself skipping jogging. I ran another marathon two weeks ago, and now I don't even want to jog. Just thinking about it exhausts me. Have I run myself out?

B.M.
El Cerrito, California

*Probably not. However, a marathon some three or four times longer than your usual distance might exhaust your body for two or three months. If the human body were made to run 26 miles without stopping, Henry Ford would never have made a dime. Post-marathon runner's burnout is not uncommon and, if you've lost your joy for jogging, don't worry and don't fight it. Remember Runner's Rule # 1: Do it only as much and as often as is pleasurable. Relax, take time off and work back into it gradually at a pace you enjoy. In jogging, there are no winners or losers, and so there's no reason to hurry.*

---

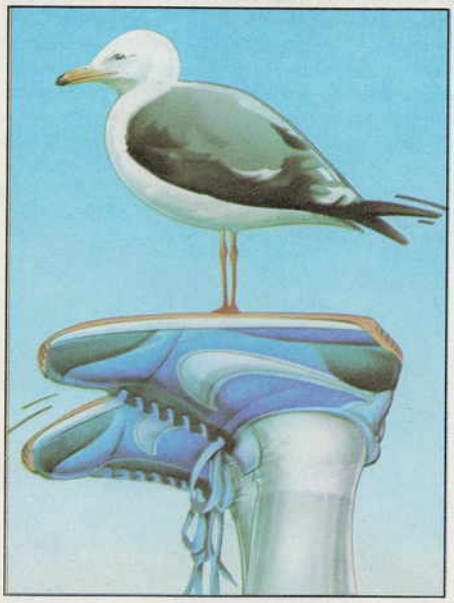
Talk about getting caught with the goods: I recently had sex with a girl who now tells me that she had a yeast infection. It took guts, but I told my girlfriend about it. She's pretty worried. Could I have gotten it, and what are the symptoms? If I do have it, can she catch it, and could it be harmful if she gets pregnant?

R.S.
Erie, Pennsylvania

*Yeast grows naturally in every vagina, but it only becomes rampant when the vaginal bacteria that control it are unbalanced. It's very possible that your lover didn't know her condition at the time of your escapade. Yeast dies rapidly on dry surface tissue, and transmission is rare, though possible. Men can display symptoms—a red, irritated rash on the penis—but this is only a reaction, not an infection. If your girl develops a thick, white discharge, a vinegar douche or a prescription for nystatin will quell it. A yeast infection is harmless during pregnancy, but a baby born while a woman is infected can contract a fungal infection called thrush, which is easily treated.*

---

I'm 29 and, seven years ago, I had a vasectomy. I was told it would be permanent (I had about a quarter-inch of tube removed). But recently, I read in OUI and elsewhere that medical advancements have made some "permanent" vasectomies reversible. What are my chances for such a reversal? Should I wait for further surgical breakthroughs before trying it?



S.T.
Washington, D.C.

*As you've discovered, vasectomies performed before the age of 30 tend to be premature and later regretted. Regarding your chances: You'd probably do better at the track. A vasectomy performed in the last seven to eight years can be successfully rejoined 90 percent of the time, but you've lost a hefty segment of pipeline. And even when their babymakers can be repaired, many men remain infertile because backed-up semen has caused their bodies to produce antibodies against their own sperm—a condition that can last as long as five years. Only a urologist specializing in vas reconstruction can assess your chances of successful reversal. Call the nearest urological society for a referral. Then get several opinions and some diagnostic counseling. Remember, this is extensive, complex and costly ($1500–$3000) surgery. But act now. A vasectomy more than eight years old is usually final.*

---

I'm not into making waves right now, and so I plan to register for the draft. But if I get drafted later, I'm going to resist. I talked with my uncle who beat the draft ten years ago, and he says I'm crazy to register because the local draft board here is full of hardliners whose rule is: army or jail. Should I refuse to register, or is there some way to get a different draft board?

I.O.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

*We can't advise you to violate the registration law, so we'll pass on that. What's more, registering at another draft board is a gamble—each board is made of individuals, not localities. However, draft-board locale unquestionably did make a difference during the Vietnam War. The permanent address you put down when you register will most likely determine the draft board you're assigned to. Some boards will be more sympathetic than others. Just how important this factor will be if the sword falls may not be worth your relocating miles away. Still, they say Berkeley is lovely in the spring, and so is Ann Arbor.*

---

My feet are definite turn-offs lately, and they're ruining my sex life. You see, I have these dry, itchy, scaly patches of skin on my feet. In addition, I've had athlete's foot for years. Is there some way I can treat it myself? Or should I take this problem to a dermatologist?

W.A.
Lafayette, Louisiana

*Both athlete's foot—red, open cracks and loose skin between the toes—and itchy scales on the feet may be caused by the same fungus infection. If that's the problem, the following simple cures are the smartest self-treatment. Keep the feet clean and dry, especially between the toes after showering, and try dusting them with baby powder. Regularly apply an over-the-counter athlete's-foot remedy. Wear wool or cotton socks, and change your shoes often—try sandals or going barefoot as much as possible. If your condition remains chronic and constant in all seasons, despite these measures, see a dermatologist.*

---

My wife and I agree that the time is perfect for us to have a baby, but we'd like it to be a girl. I've heard you can help determine the sex of your baby, depending on when and how you conceive it. Is this true? If so, how should we go about producing a little lady?

R.V.
Akron, Ohio

*Try sex on acid—not the lysergic variety, mind you, but the simple acetic and bodily types. It's been found that an acid environ-*



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*ment will do to male-bearing sperm what Sitting Bull did to Custer's army. Female-bearing sperm, however, aren't even fazed. First, a woman's natural acidity peaks two to three days before ovulation, which usually occurs 14 days before menstruation begins. That's the best time to go for a girl. Second, white-vinegar douches after sex (three tablespoons per quart of water) will further thin out the male ranks. Finally, the more shallow your penetration, the more acidic vag the fellahs have to pass through enroute to the safe, alkaline womb. Try using shallow-depth positions. An 80 percent success rate has been claimed for this approach—if it's still a boy, name him "Lucky."*

---

I'm a devout boozer and doper, and I just heard something scary—drunk-driving tests for alcohol also test you for coke, codeine and Valium. Is this a fact? And if I weren't legally drunk, could such a test get me busted for other stuff?

A.R.
Chicago, Illinois

*The blood test for opiates—morphine, codeine, heroin, etc.—is fairly simple, but we haven't heard of any police traffic labs that have invoked it. The blood test for coke is prohibitively costly and too sophisticated for anybody but the DEA. That leaves most local police with the breath and urine tests; both are useless for drug analysis. What's more, drug traces remain in the blood for hours, even days, after their effects have ceased. Proving you are under the influence is a bitch. However, a warning: If there's a more suicidal driving mix than booze and coke (or downs, for that matter), we hope we don't run into it—or vice versa.*

---

First, my girlfriend read somewhere that semen might cause cervical cancer. Then, you recently reported that it could also cause allergic reactions in some women. Now she's scared that I'll *come* her to death somehow, so she wants me either to withdraw before orgasm or wear rubbers.

D.N.
Hazelton, Pennsylvania

*Allergic reactions are extremely rare and, invariably, temporary and harmless. Semen is just one entry on an extensive list of possible contributors to cervical cancer; yearly pap smears will do her far more good than panic or abstention. Finally, German labs have recently identified a seminal protein that evidently kills bacteria and may actually prevent vaginal infections in sexually active women. Tell her to think of orgasm, not as a hazard, but as a painless innoculation.*

---

I'm a college graduate and, for the last three years, I've been working here in New Orleans as a prostitute. Now I want to start a public-interest organization to promote sexual freedom—especially legalized prostitution—in my hometown, but I don't know where to begin. Is there someone I can contact to find out how to go about this?

L.A.
New Orleans, Louisiana

*The laws governing political-action and nonprofit public-interest groups vary by state; your secretary of state or attorney general can tell you what they are in yours. Then contact the Support Center, in Washington, D.C., Newark, New Jersey, or San Francisco, California, which provides organizational aid to nonprofit outfits in matters of accounting, incorporation, tax status and planning and development. Finally, to get to the nitty-gritty, write the National Task Force on Prostitution, P.O. Box 26354, San Francisco, CA 94126, and ask for their how-to information kit, which includes brochures, legal data and the names of like-minded groups and activists in your area.*

---

You recently wrote that the size of a man's penis doesn't matter. Bull! It does and it always has—just check out the history books, animal-mating rituals or your own letters from women. I'm tired of hearing that undersized males who long for length in our more-is-better culture are merely neurotic or poor performers. Spare me your analysis and just give it to me straight: Can or cannot a cock be enlarged surgically?

S.L.
Columbia, South Carolina

*Most history books were written by men; human mating is an emotional interaction, not an instinctive ritual; and our letters from ladies take both sides in the size issue. You don't have to be neurotic or inept to swallow a cultural myth, but you'll be a fool to swallow anything that poisons your sexual self-esteem. We repeat: Individual relationships—not individual dimensions—determine sexual success. Penile-implant surgery can thicken your penis somewhat, but not enough to warrant risking the possible complications. Surgery can't extend the blood vessels or the penile nerves that control stimulation, response and erection, which effectively limit us to our given length. Women come in (and for) all sizes; if none come for you, see a sexual therapist, not a guy with a scalpel.*

---

I have a recurrent erotic fantasy about sucking milk from a woman's breast. But I'm happily married, and we have no plans for kids in the foreseeable future. Are there any safe hormones or pills my wife could take to start her milk flowing?

C.W.
Modesto, California

*We have heard tales of simple nipple stimulation producing breast fluid, but human milk comes naturally only during nursing following childbirth. Artificially induced lactation is possible, but it requires chemical inhibition of her estrogen and progesterone, stimulation of other growth hormones and adrenal steroids. The price of your fantasy would most likely be a long-term and heavy-duty upheaval in your wife's biochemistry. And that's no good in our book.*

---

There's nothing I like more than love-making sessions that last a couple of hours or so. But I'm uncircumcised and, lately, the skin that attaches my foreskin to the head of my cock has been getting irritated. The soreness, plus my worrying about it, sometimes inhibits an erection. Once, the skin actually broke, and it scared the hell out of me. Would a circumcision be worth the pain of surgery? Most important, would it mess with my sex life?

G.L.
Colorado Springs, Colorado

*Probably not as much as chronic phimosis, the failure of the foreskin to retract completely over the glans during erection, which is usually caused by adhesions of the foreskin to the glans. And it is certainly not worth the anxiety. Circumcision is done with a local anesthetic; ice and compresses will soothe the discomfort while it heals, which takes approximately a week. Erections will be painful, but probably fleeting during recovery, and changes in sexual satisfaction and performance are seldom noted. If anything, men usually report some improvement. Take your joint to a private M.D. and not to a hospital, where less experienced interns and med students usually perform the operation.*

---

Next summer I plan to "let it all hang out" all across America as I visit as many nude beaches as possible. But my guess is that there aren't too many around. I sure can't find a travel agency that lists them, and I'd like to plan my itinerary now. Can you help?

K.B.
Santa Monica, California

*Before you go off half-frocked, note that nude beaches are a hide-and-seek game: You have to seek them out, and you may want to hide when you get there. However, for a list of clothes-optional beaches, send $3.50 to Free Beaches, P.O. Box 132, Oshkosh, WI 54901. But bear in mind, before baring all, that many nude beaches are, in fact, illegal. Although ordinances are often unenforced and violations are only misdemeanors, out-of-town violators may face harsher treatment.*

---

I'm curious about getting a sex-change operation, but I hear that they're only performed in Denmark. Are they legal anywhere else, and how should I pursue this?

P.H.
Walla Walla, Washington

*Pursue this with considerable thought and caution. This isn't a nose job you're talking about. Actually, reassignment surgery, as it's called, is available in Denmark only to Danish citizens. But sex-change operations are perfectly legal right here in the States. A number of hospitals permit them under the direction of recognized and qualified experts. You should begin by contacting one. The National Sex Forum recommends Dr. Stanley Biber (Trinidad, Colorado), Dr. Robert Granato (Elmhurst, New York) and Dr. D.W. Forester (Oklahoma City, Oklahoma).*

---

I have been working for six months as a stereo salesman. People might consider it smooth work, but I've been getting these wicked stomach pains and dry heaves lately. Considering my daily dose of stress and my liquid lunches, I wonder if I might have an ulcer.

J.D.
Reno, Nevada

*Ulcers are associated with, but not caused by, stress, booze, coffee and hot, spicy foods. Mind now, a steady dose of the fast lane is guaranteed to wear out your insides, but psychologists and GI (gastrointestinal) specialists now place the real blame for ulcers on what they term the "ulcer personality." These people are usually obsessive, phobic and often perfectionists and, in most cases, they have type O blood. Signs of an ulcer include a steady burning or cramping pain in a specific area between the navel and breastbone that's absent before breakfast and then peaks 60–90 minutes after meals, constipation, nausea and blood in the stools. Whatever your symptoms, see a gastrointestinal specialist.*

---

When I was 18 and still a virgin, I had horrible experiences with the first two women I tried to have relationships with. Perhaps because of this, I tried the gay life for several years. Anyway, it hasn't worked out. I don't feel any satisfaction, and I want to try the hetero route again. But I'm uneasy around women, and I can't seem to turn them on. Any advice?

C.Y.
Palm Beach, Florida

*In a sense, women are like infants; that is, when someone tries to pick them up, they know intuitively whether or not they're in experienced hands. Clearly, you've never developed a healthy familiarity and self-assurance with women. Coming out is often easier than diggin' in. First, we suggest personal counseling to help you clarify your own sexuality and build up your self-esteem as a sexual being—before you try to force any sexual preference on yourself. A men's awareness or bisexual rap group in your area might ease your insecurities and broaden your perspective. Also, spend some time with women in nonsexual situations, just to get used to them. You might even tell them your problem—a legendary gambit in its own right.*

---

My roommate tells me that aerosol deodorants, if inhaled, can be harmful to your health. Is there really any danger? Are pump sprays or roll-ons safer?

F.A.
Tempe, Arizona

*Generally, aerosol sprays only endanger persons with hypersensitive airways—i.e., those susceptible to asthma, hay fever or upper-respiratory-tract infections. Not surprisingly, the common symptoms of overinhalation of aerosols are chest tightness and/or shortness of breath. The precise cause and long-term effects of the reaction are unknown. The FDA does advise avoiding antiperspirants containing zirconium, and it questions the safety of sprays containing aluminum chlorhydrate. The Feds suggest that pumps present a lesser inhalation risk, and roll-ons, none at all. Note: Anything with aluminum chloride can irritate the skin. And keep in mind that pure sweat is nature's own sexual stimulant.*

---

*The Doctor is in every month to answer your questions. Write: Dr. OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

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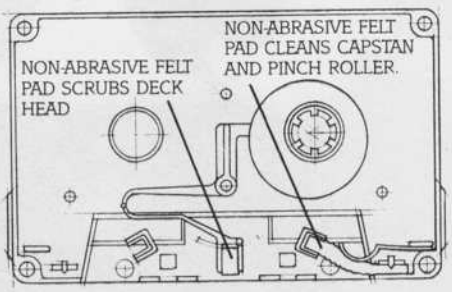


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# OPENERS

JANUARY

# AMAZING PREDICTIONS!

## *Amazing How They Just Didn't Happen*

Every year, with the regularity of bowl games, broken resolutions and monumental post–New Year's hangovers, those sleazy national tabloids issue pronouncements on the coming year. AMAZING PREDICTIONS FROM TOP PSYCHICS! scream the headlines on the supermarket racks. Of course, two weeks later, these predictions fade into dim memory, overshadowed by newer "news" about three-headed test-tube babies and Clem Mullen's abduction by Venusian saucermen.

So, for the sake of candid clairvoyance, *Openers* decided to take a look back at the predictions for 1980 to see how well the "ten leading psychics" of the prestigious *National Enquirer* fared at forecasting.

Psychic astrologer Fredrick Davies came up with some lulus: "Lawrence Welk will be named U.S. Ambassador to Poland."

"Paul Lynde—tired of the showbiz life he's been leading—will enter a seminary and begin studies for the priesthood." (We always knew Paul was a secret square.)

RICHARD ARRINDELL

"The ghost of John Wayne will materialize at the Alamo before the disbelieving eyes of visitors."

Clarisa Bernhardt predicted that "a cult of maniacal Elvis Presley fans will steal his coffin and kidnap his daughter, Lisa. Their only demand will be to close Elvis' Graceland mansion to the public so his spirit can roam in peace." Anyone remember this? No? Oh, well, the Memphis police probably hushed it up.

"Bob Hope will be named the U.S. Ambassador to China and become tremendously popular over there," announced New Jersey seer Dorothy Allison. But seriously, comrades . . . maybe Ambassador Hope can get together with Ambassador Welk for some flat champagne and stale jokes.

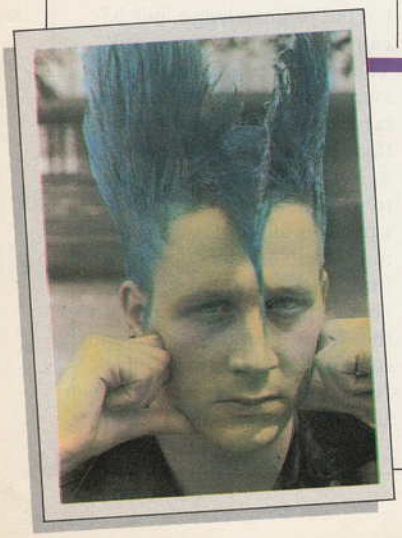
From Irene Hughes, self-avowed clairvoyant from Chicago: "Suzanne Somers will be kidnapped in May and held for $1 million ransom. After three days in a log cabin in Northern California, she'll be released unharmed when FBI agents capture her abductors." We can't seem to remember this. Does anybody out there know if Suzanne Somers disappeared for three days in May? Does anybody care?

Jack Gillen, psychic astrologer from Orlando, Florida, also saw a blonde TV star fall into the clutches of the bad guys. "Thugs will kidnap Lassie and release her unharmed only after their demand for $1 million is met." Jack's third eye evidently needs glasses; guess he can't tell the difference between Suzanne Somers and a collie.

Also on Gillen's list of forecasts:

"A massive earthquake—worse than the one that hit San Francisco—will crumble parts of Los Angeles in early 1980." (Strike two.)

"Cheryl Ladd will cause a horrendous chain-reaction car accident while filming a *Charlie's Angels* scene in which she's

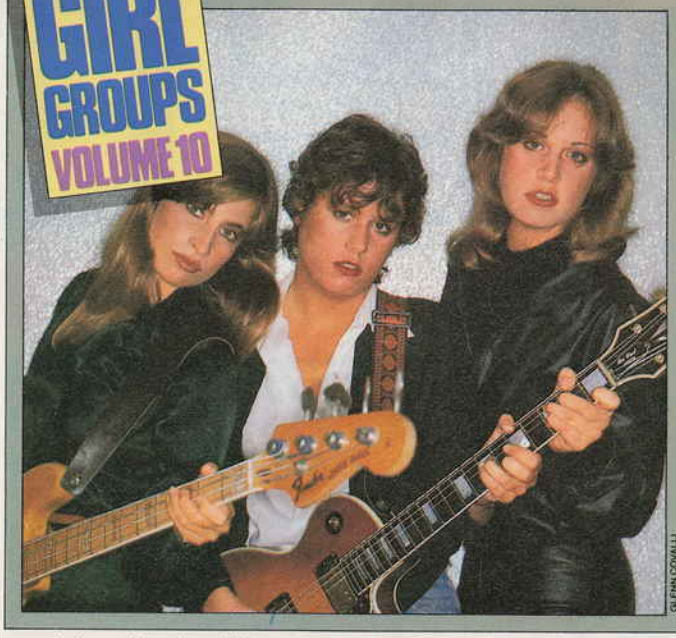


## Fowl Fashion Forecast

Look! Out on the curb. It's a blue jay! It's a porcupine! No. It's England's first punk superhero, Cockatoo Man! Armed with two hair dryers and a full can of blue lacquer, mild-mannered Mitchell Whitehead spends two and a half hours a week giving himself what he calls the "kingfisher cut." Bald-eagle cut is more like it, warn dubious hair experts, who predict that Mitchell's weekly paint-and-blow-dry preening will soon result in an unfeathered nest. Mitchell, a teetotaler from Lanchester in County Durham, gives his mockers the bird. "I like the Kojak look," he says. Yet another reason why the sun has set on the British Empire.

PHOTO TRENDS

MEET THE GIRL GROUPS VOLUME 10




## Those Girls

Meet a rock-'n'-roll band even your mother would love—Those Girls. They pride themselves on being sweet, innocent nice girls who just happen to play rock. "We don't wear sexy outfits, we're not a tits-'n'-ass band and we're not gay. We're just three girls who play rock 'n' roll." And what about all those stories of decadence, drugs and sex? "Don't ask us. We just play our pop/rock and then go right home to bed." Sounds like what every other rock band does after a gig; however, Those Girls insist that they actually go to sleep. Oh well, at least their music isn't boring.

—ANTHONY MORA

hitchhiking on an L.A. freeway." (Strike three, yer out, Jack.)

Probably because of the horrendous accident she caused, sweet Cheryl moved on to safer pastures. At least, that's the prediction from Miami's Mickie Dahne. "Cheryl Ladd will quit *Charlie's Angels* to pursue a singing career and will be replaced by a black angel—Donna Summer."

Atlanta-based seer Bill O'Hara glimpsed this bit of 1980 scandal in his warped crystal ball: "The Pat Boone family will be outraged when Debby Boone poses for a poster wearing a skimpy bathing suit." Since Debby had a baby in midyear, the Boones would've had every reason to be outraged, what with a swollen belly before and stretch marks afterward. But there was no poster, no skimpy bathing suit and no Boone outrage. Another prophecy bites the dust.

New York psychic Shawn Robbins ("Who has stunned authorities with her amazingly accurate plane-crash predictions," boasts the *Enquirer*) had this to say about 1980:

"Erik Estrada will be kidnapped [another one?] by a band of Hell's Angels who'll demand that all outlaw bikers be released from American jails. But the cunning Estrada will steal a motorcycle and make a safe escape."

"In a cool-headed act of heroism, John Travolta will take over the controls of an airliner, moments after the pilot is stricken with a heart attack. John will land the plane safely."

"Captain Kangaroo will be attacked and slightly injured by a wolverine on his show." (We can't confirm or deny this one; we watch Bugs Bunny.)

Arizona psychic Page Bryant predicted that "Bing Crosby's widow, Kathryn, will marry Andy Williams." (Left unsaid was the follow-up prediction that jealous ex-wife Claudine Longet would break up the new marriage, once again claiming she didn't know the gun was loaded.)

As vastly (or half-vastly) as the *Enquirer*'s seers differed on most topics, seven of the ten tabloid fortune-tellers (O'Hara, Dahne, Bernhardt, Robbins, Gillen, Bryant and Florence Vaty) agreed on one thing: Teddy Kennedy would win the Democratic nomination, then the Presidency. With a woman running mate. By a landslide. Remember their names next time you need a good tip at the racetrack.

The *Enquirer*'s predictions were amazing, if not so amazingly accurate. But what do you want from unknown psychics? Who ever heard of Clarisa Bernhardt? Or Mickie Dahne? To get the real scoop on the future, *Openers* dug back into the past and checked the forecasts of the One, the Only, Criswell Predicts, star of stage, screen and *Plan 9 from Outer Space*. In his book, *Your Next Ten Years* (published back in 1970), old Cris predicts several prodigious prognostications:

"I predict that in 1980, we will have not nine old men on the Supreme Court—but nine old women!" (Some people would agree.)

"I predict that the homosexual capital will be Des Moines, Iowa; the bisexual capital will be Pasadena, California; and the heterosexual capital will be Erie, Pennsylvania!" (Criswell lives near Pasadena.)

"I predict that watermelon wine will become the new gourmet rage!" (Thus Orson Welles' famous line, "We will sell no rind before its time.")

And last, but unfortunately least accurate: "I predict that by 1980, marijuana and LSD will be legalized!"

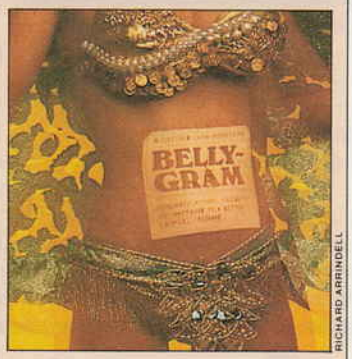
How the hell, you might ask, do these people become "world-famous psychics"? Obviously, not on the basis of their psychic scorecards. Most use the buckshot approach to prognostication: Predict enough screwy events, and one or two might just come true. "When you read someone's predictions," observed John Kenneth Galbraith, "you can be sure the response is not out of knowledge, but because that person got asked." That sums up why these looneytune omen readers and tarot dealers get their predictions in the paper—the *Enquirer* asked for them. And as to why the *Enquirer* (and its various tabloid brethren) never reminds its readers of the failed forecasts from the previous year—that, too, is obvious. In the words of that old sage and soothsayer, Mahatma Kane Jeeves, aka W.C. Fields, "Never smarten up a chump."

—TED NEWSOM

# Navel Communications

Here's a media message that'll give Marshall McLuhan something to think about: the Belly-Gram. R.E. Associates will deliver your message anywhere, anytime, and will deliver it in style—written in eyebrow pencil across the writhing midsection of a costumed belly dancer. Or if Diamond Head, pineapples and Jack Lord are more your style, try sending the Belly-Gram's Polynesian cousin, the Hula-Gram, which features a grass-skirted *wahine* flashing a personalized ALOHA on her undulating umbilicus. More conservative dancers deliver Tap-a-Grams, Singing-Grams, Animal-Grams (from aardvark to zebra) and even Roller-Grams.

These choreographed *communiqués* are the brain-children of Rhea Linda, whose credentials include a master's degree in dance from N.Y.U. and a stint as a Playboy Bunny in Miami. For $75–$125, Rhea will send one or more of her troupe of dancers, with accompanying taped music, anywhere in the world—airfare extra, of course.




So the next time you want to send a message, give Rhea a call at (212) 881-0705. Remember, a Belly-Gram is the next best thing to being there—and a helluva lot more exotic than Western Union.

—SHAY ADDAMS

# Benedictine.
# The near-perfect mixer.

## Club soda.
Benedictine, lime and soda. The best of friends. Great drinking buddies.

## Mistletoe.
Give your love a bottle of Benedictine under the misletoe. Then, don't just stand there—do something!

## Dickens.
You say you've had it up to here with Tiny Tim? Try it one more time with Benedictine. If it doesn't work may we suggest Boccaccio.

## Rum.
Benedictine, pineapple juice and rum over ice. A winner.

## Carols.
Pour Benedictine into dessert glasses containing shaved ice shaped like snowballs. Gather round the piano. Sing.

## Vodka.
Good ole vodka, ice, orange juice, and enough Benedictine to make the whole thing work.

## Chestnuts.
Chestnuts roasting on an open fire while you're sipping your Benedictine on ice. Forget Jack Frost.

## Driving.
Definitely a No-No.

## Stockings.
A great idea for the fireplace. If you can get our fat bottle into a stocking it'll be some trick—but worth it.

## Orange Juice.
O.J. and Benedictine bring you warmth and sunshine in the middle of December. A tropical trip.

## Milk.
Would you believe milk and Benedictine on ice? Don't knock it till you've tried it. It's fabulous.

## Tonic.
Benedictine and tonic will change your ideas about what really goes best with tonic.

## Eggnog.
Eggnog with Benedictine. What could be more natural. What could be more better. More better?

## Bing.
Benedictine and Bing. A great duet—For a smooth, festive and memorable white Christmas.

## Gifts.
Once you've learned who your friends are, give the best of them this beautiful bottle filled with Benedictine. It says everything.

80 proof. Imported by Julius Wile Sons & Co., New Hyde Park, N.Y.

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# Golden Lights.® You really know you're smoking.

## Give up double digit tar. But don't give up the pleasure.

Kings and 100s.
Regular and menthol.

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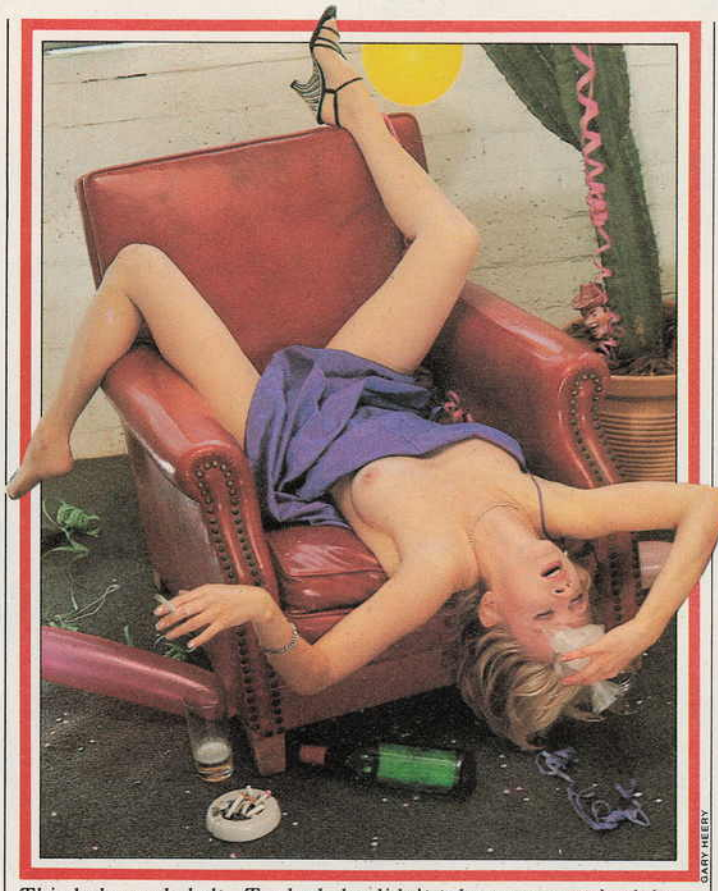
# *The Openers Guide to Hangover Cures*

# THE MORNING AFTER

Good morning. It's 10 A.M., January 1. Do you know where your stomach is? Of course you do. It's probably somewhere between your throat and your gums, pressing upward in a savage attempt to drive your brain through your forehead.

But, Good Lord! The bowl games are starting any minute, and you can't even *see*! What to do? Plenty.

In the interest of reducing morning-after suicides, *Openers* sent resident nomad Hank Nuwer to seek advice from some of America's living legends of liquor, in a search for the perfect hangover cure. So if you can focus, read on. If the first one doesn't do it, maybe the next one will. Or the next one. Or the next . . .



GARY HEERY

*This lady needs help. Too bad she didn't take our experts' advice.*

"Start the party over again."
ED MCMAHON
Johnny Carson sidekick
Burbank, California

"Make a Bloody Mary with lots of Tabasco sauce—the hotter the better. Tomato juice is a sure cure for any kind of headache, and vodka is the only alcohol that doesn't upset the system."
BERNICE GOLDSTEIN
Bartender, Gilley's Club
Pasadena, Texas

"We country boys believe in having a little more hair of the dog that bit you. Also, I always like to drink lots of liquids and stay quiet."
ROGER IN ADVERTISING
Jack Daniel Distillery
Lynchburg, Tennessee

"Ooh, Jesus! Man, it's only noon, and I feel like shit. Could you call me tonight and ask whatever it was you need?"
JOHN MERWIN
Enthusiastic patron,
Burley's Place
Idyllwild, California

"Try a Ramos fizz. It's really quite tasty, and you're soon stoned all over again. In a mixing glass, put one scoop crushed ice, one shot of gin, one egg white, two teaspoons fine sugar, one ounce sweet-'n'-sour mix, one dash orange-flower water. Fill the remainder of the glass with cream. Put in blender, strain, pour into chimney glass. You may not sober up but, then again, you won't give a damn."
JAN MYLES
Associate Director of Publicity
Caesars Palace
Las Vegas, Nevada

"This is an old Italian cure. In the morning, take two or three green peppers to restore the strength and energy that was drained the night before. One hour later, have some zucchini cooked in olive oil with plenty of fresh garlic to get back mental alertness and to revive the senses of smell and taste lost to a hangover. One hour after that, eat three-quarters of a cup of green—black won't do—olives to restore spent passion. Sometimes you need a whole cup if you spent a whole lot of passion. If all this doesn't work, take a cup of hot Ovaltine as a last resort. It'll remind you of what your mother told you would happen if you tasted alcohol."
ROSE ADKINS
Associate Editor
*Writer's Digest*
Cincinnati, Ohio

"To cure a hangover, simply don't drink."
DEAN MARTIN
Singer and well-known
temperance advocate
Hollywood, California

"A hangover? Sure. Take vitamin C, and lots of it, before you start drinking and after you finish. Booze drains your body of vitamin C."
DALE MOORE
Bartender, Tumbleweed Saloon
Roundup, Montana

"When you feel awful the next morning, try Campari and soda with a wedge of lemon. If you can get *that* down your throat, you can keep anything in your stomach. This is if you hate to throw up."
JEAN JOLY
Bartender and American
Airlines stewardess
Covington, Louisiana

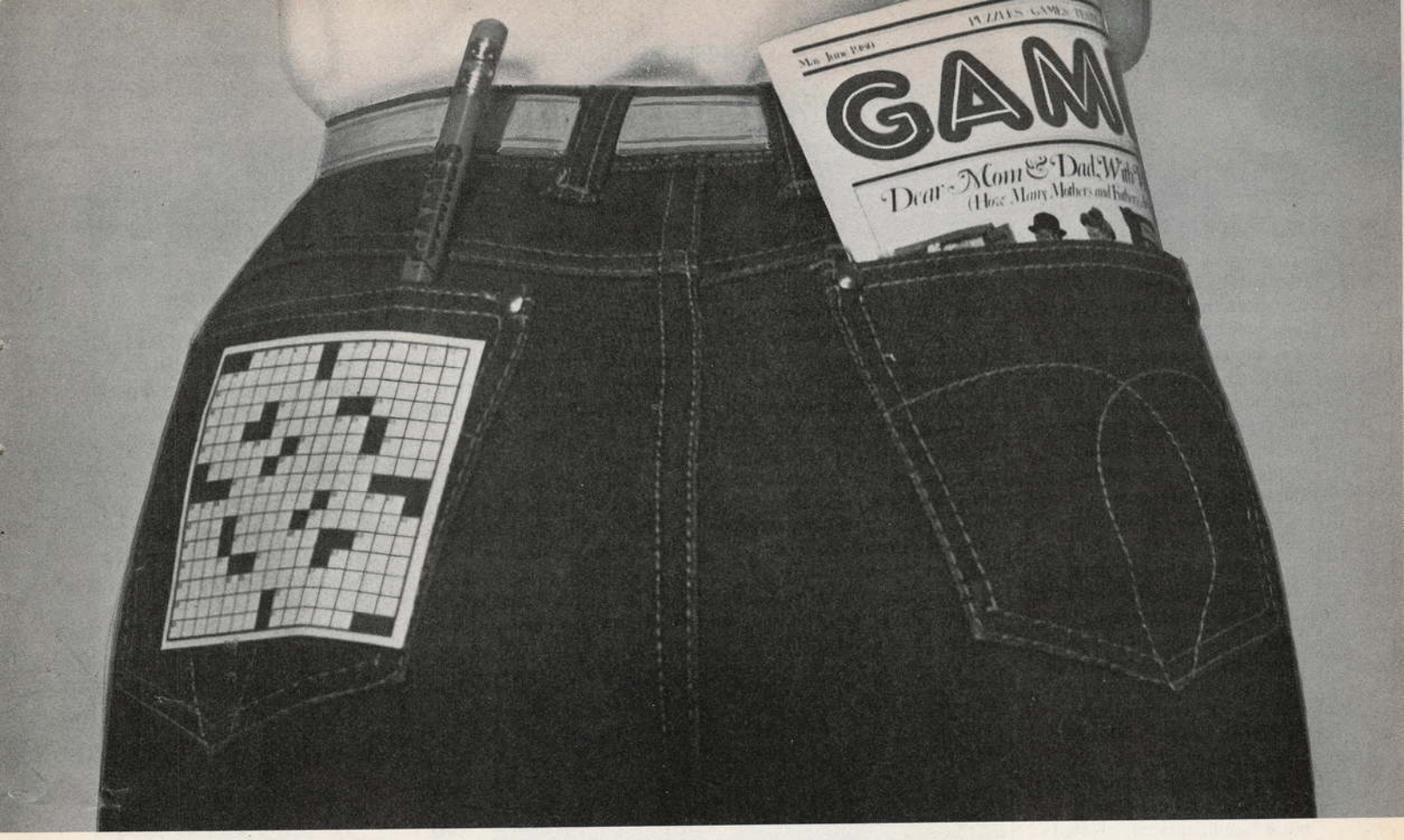
"Buttermilk and raw eggs. It's the most disgusting thing you can imagine. It makes you sick real quick, and right away you feel better."
RAYMOND HICKS
Manager, the Oak Ridge Boys
On the Road, U.S.A.

"I have one recipe from old Mexico. Very early in the morning, have a shot of tequila. Follow with some menudo—beef tripe and hominy soup—with onions, lemon and a little oregano. It's the traditional thing in my family to have the morning after a party."
AUGUSTINE QUINONES
Manager and margarita-maker
El Jardin
Chicago, Illinois

"First, take a multiple-vitamin tablet to build yourself up before you go out. When you have a hangover, take two aspirin for the gastric system and another vitamin to build up sugar. Top off with Alka-Seltzer to settle the stomach."
KATIE
Bartender, Elaine's
New York, New York

"Find one big-breasted girl just before midnight on New Year's. Take her home and get drunk. In the morning, take one boob and press inward on your temple. Do same with second boob. Repeat as often as necessary."
SWAYZE MARAJAK
Patron, Crazy Al's
Indianapolis, Indiana

"I always fix a tuna-and-Scotch casserole."
MARTIN MULL
Ex-talk-show host
Hollywood, California

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*Rock 'n' Roll Returns to Its Roots*

# Rockabilly Rebellion

Rockabilly has been around for more than 25 years, but it's just now being discovered by a whole new generation. In 1980, its impact on rock music can be seen all the way from homegrown second-generation rockers like Rocky Burnette to old-line, *Sturm und Drang* dinosaurs like Queen.

Rockabilly's influence is cropping up all over.

The first rockabilly singers were rebels: Elvis Presley with his sideburns and grease; Jerry Lee Lewis and his wild, romping piano playing; Gene Vincent and his lean, tortured face. These young hellcats paved the way for rock as we know it today.

But these artists faded when the public's tastes became more "sophisticated." Now, in the Eighties, when rock music has been refined and amplified beyond recognition, interest is turning back toward its original, primitive roots. For example:

Queen's *Crazy Little Thing Called Love* was their biggest hit ever. It contained precedent-setting Fifties echoes and a recognizable rockabilly guitar break. And on their U.S. tour last summer, they added an L.A. rockabilly band, the Blasters, as their opening act.

Rocky Burnette's *Tired of Toein' the Line* was the first hit of the Eighties with rockabilly roots. His father, Johnny Burnette, was one of the wildest rockabilly pioneers of the Fifties.

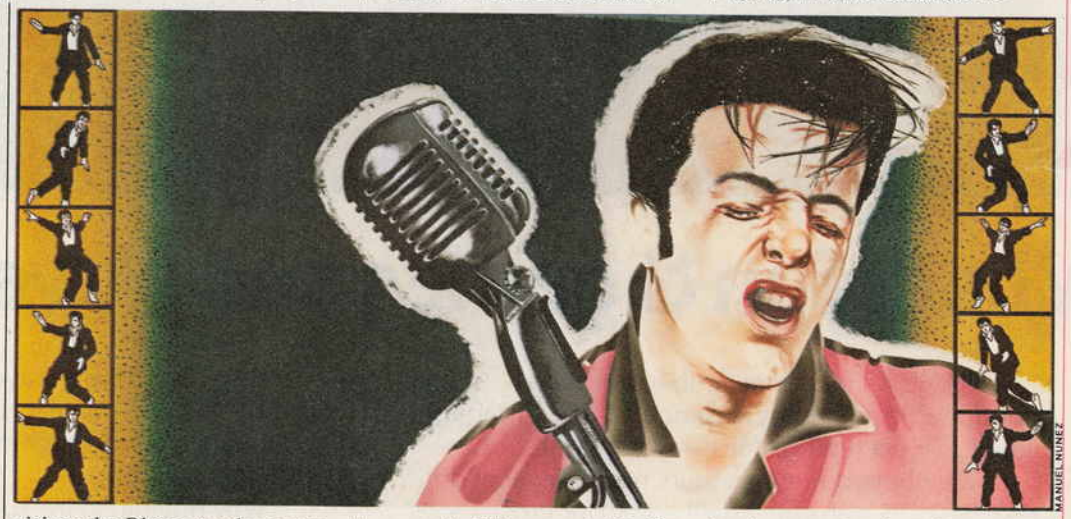
The Clash, a chameleon group if there ever was one, did a U.S. tour in early 1980 to promote their *London Calling* album (with its clear Fifties-rock homage), dressed in Fifties rocker gear—upturned shirt collars, greased hair, "brothel creeper" shoes. On their fall 1979 tour, they added the rockabilly group the Rebels to their show.

And there are rockabilly groups springing up all over America. In New York: Robert Gordon, New Waver–turned–rockabilly; the demonic Cramps; homegrown-band the Zantees, featuring ex-Cramps drummer, Miriam Linna; Buzz & the Flyers, boasting rockabilly's only black lead singer; the Stray Cats, née Brian & the Tomcats, née the heavy-rock Bloodless Pharaohs, who recently blasted London with rockabilly energy; and others. In Los Angeles: Ray Campi, whose trailblazing tours of England set the pace for a rockabilly uprising; the Blasters, whose own *Marie Marie* has become a top pop hit for Shakin' Stevens in England; Keith Joe Dick, "The Rockabilly Romeo"; Colin Winski, late of Campi's band, recording for Takoma Records; American Patrol, featuring Jumpin' Jerry Sikorski, also late of Campi's band; the Bobcats; the Kingbees; and many more. And throughout America: the Magnetics (Seattle); Charlie Burton & Rock Therapy (Lincoln, Nebraska); Tex Rubinowitz & the Bad Boys, Billy Hancock and John Seaton (Virginia); and the Memphis Rockabilly Band (Boston).

Why the sudden rockabilly explosion?

"People are fed up with namby-pamby acts like the Shmeagles and Barry Maniblow," says Rockin' Ronny Weiser, whose Rollin' Rock Records in Los Angeles has been the national center of the rockabilly crusade for nearly ten years. "Young people today don't want to waltz or listen to Jackson Browne-nose singing about his troubles. They wanna rock!"

Weiser's straightforward, often tactless approach to rockabilly's inevitable (he says) takeover has made him less than welcome at many of the cautious major record labels. But he has kept his label afloat with more than 20 albums of raw rockabilly recorded in his home garage/studio.




Much of his support comes from England, where rockabilly has never died. English Teddy Boys have long been the guardians of rockabilly's eternal flame, and they've gained notoriety for their uncompromising approach to anyone who champions *any* other kind of music. The wildly dressed Teds (they still favor long, colorful draped coats with velvet trim, chartreuse socks, Western string ties and jelly-roll hairdos) have been infamous for brawling with fans of whatever opposing music that came down the pike, whether it be mod, psychedelia or punk. Though the Teddies were the "bad guys" in *Quadrophenia,* many people sympathized with the singing of *Be-Bop-a-LuLa* in the bathtub.

The English kept rockabilly alive by extending their welcome to performers such as Gene Vincent and Carl Perkins, when nobody in America wanted them. They also supported their own rockabilly bands, such as Crazy Cavan, Pat Cupp and the Flying Saucers, Matchbox and Freddy "Fingers" Lee—just a few of the literally hundreds that thrive throughout Britain. And lately, rockabilly material has been turning up in New Wave record shops and repertoires, an unforeseeable development that is uniting, at least temporarily, two warring musical camps. (A good example of someone with his fingers in both pies is Dave Edmunds, especially with his *Get It* album.)

Look at things this way: Rockabilly was invented by people who were fed up with the lifeless pop and country music of the early Fifties. The same thing's happening today. Country's going bland with crossover records by artists like Anne Murray and Kenny Rogers. The pop charts are trading disco for more Manilow, Olivia Newton-John and Paul Simon. And the music business is shrinking because of it. But there is hope, a thundering of hooves from over the horizon.

Wake up, America—the rockabillies are coming.

—Art Fein

# FINAL EDITION

## Take This Tape and Shove It

So you wanna be a rock-'n'-roll star? Give up, sucker. Even if you've got the soul of Miles Davis, the songwriting knack of Steely Dan or the commercial appeal of Neil Young, you probably don't have a prayer of getting signed by a major label. And if you don't believe us, ask a few red-faced A&R men at CBS, A&M or EMI. According to the British rock journal *New Musical Express*, an Edinburgh man named John Meyer decided to prove that most of these highly paid talent spotters were "not men at all, but really ostriches."

Using some low-fi cassettes purchased at a neighborhood discount shop, he recorded "demo" tapes of some of the biggest names in pop music. He then sent the tapes off under fictitious names to the labels that had originally released the records. CBS, with over 40 Miles Davis records in its current catalog, said thanks but no thanks. A&M's Charlie Eyre turned down one "Joseph Shaughnessy" (aka Steely Dan), with this curt comment: "Repetitive and uninteresting. It would be two years before they were of any use to a record company." And RCA failed to notice the uncanny resemblance between "Ross Fisher" and Neil (*Rust Never Sleeps*) Young.

All we want to know is, where were these guys when the Knack was sending out demo tapes?

—Ed Bott

## God Save the Imam

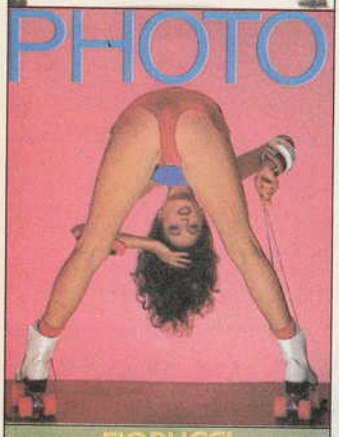
The English rock band the Cure learned a bit about their country's dim self-image at a recent concert date. At a college near Birmingham, the lads were told that they wouldn't be allowed to play their hit single, *Killing an Arab*.

Actually, the song is based on an incident in Camus' *The Stranger*, and it doesn't advocate the liquidation of *any* race or creed. But there is a large PLO contingent at the college, and the band's safety couldn't be guaranteed.

Rather than drop the song from their set, however, the band merely changed it to *Killing an Englishman*. There wasn't a single complaint. Commented one English concertgoer, "What's to complain about? I think they have a point. Most of us are unemployed, stupid and generally a burden on the world economy. It's been all downhill since the 18th Century, anyway. I say put us out of our misery."

## A POSE IS A POSE IS A POSE...

We saw it on the cover of our French sister publication *Lui*; then it turned up (or under) in German *Playboy*. The fine *Photo* magazine (see page 93) ran its version and, finally, America's own *Fiorucci* got into the act. Just wait till you see the cover of next month's *National Geographic*.



# "FORGET THE SEVENTIES" QUIZ

It's already been a year since December 31, 1979—the night we collectively drove a stake through the heart of the Seventies. Yes, the decade of disco, Watergate and Pet Rocks is dead . . . or is it? The sane among us have put the Seventies behind them, realizing that we're going to need every ounce of mental well-being we can muster to cope with the Eighties. But not everyone has made this transition. So in the interest of cerebral serenity, we've devised this quiz to test your mental hygiene (i.e., your ability to forget the Seventies). The lower your score, the better off you are. However, if you get them all correct, well, don't throw away that white disco suit yet. It could be just the thing to wear around that padded cell.

1. What was Garp's full name?
2. What was the subtitle of Michael Douglas' novel *Dealing*?
3. What is Christo famous for?
4. What best-selling book of the mid-Seventies is obsessed with "quality"?
5. What artist invited everyone to her *Dinner Party*?
6. In the film *All That Jazz*, who was the actor who portrayed Dustin Hoffman portraying Lenny Bruce in the film *Lenny*? Hint: He was also the actor who played *Lenny* in the Broadway production.
7. Why shouldn't "Colored Girls Consider Suicide"?
8. Name the four gentlemen who designed different versions of the Lincoln Continental.
9. This fashion fad was also supposed to be a medicinal panacea. What was it?
10. What fashion trend often led directly to orthopedic surgery?
11. Everyone remembers the Thrilla in Manila. Where was the first Ali–Frazier match held?
12. John Lennon called this book "The greatest book I've ever burned." Name it.
13. The inventor of this piece of apparatus called it "A mass in a room that would mold itself to you." What is it? Hint: It's not a tub of Jell-O.
14. Dallas was the only N.F.C. team to win the Superbowl during the Seventies, and they did it twice. Whom did they beat?
15. Where did the famous Fischer–Spassky chess match take place?
16. Name all four sites of the Olympics during the Seventies.

17. Al Pacino has yet to receive an Oscar, although he was nominated five times in the Seventies. Name the films.
18. Everybody remembers Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*, but can you name the actress who mouthed some of her lines?
19. Who accepted Marlon Brando's Oscar?
20. What famous song of the early Seventies was about Buddy Holly or the J.F.K. assassination or . . .?
21. Who played in The Band? Too easy? OK. What was the group's first name?
22. Name the unofficial rock song of New Jersey.
23. Most people remember that Dan White killed San Francisco's Mayor George Moscone, but what's the name of the city's first gay supervisor whom he also assassinated?
24. What did Grace Slick and Paul Kantner name their child?
25. The Seventies made *Charlie's Angels* famous, but who were Charlie Manson's three "angels"?
26. Congress had its share of "sexcapades" in the Seventies. Who did in Wilbur Mills? Wayne Hayes?
27. What happened on June 17, 1972? Hint: If you miss this one, you must have spent the Seventies in a coma.
28. *Making Our Dreams Come True* is the theme song of what show? Too easy? Who sings it?
29. What was the first ABC series ever to rank number one among all TV programs for a full season?
30. What was Archie Bunker's address?
31. What happened to N.Y.C. on July 13, 1977?
32. What could you do on the Concorde?
33. Where was George Wallace shot?
34. Where was Biafra?
35. Where did Legionnaire's Disease get its start?
36. Where did *Roots* end?
37. Everyone knows who married Julie Nixon. Who married Tricia?
38. Nixon made a number of appointments to the Supreme Court. Who were his two appointments the Senate failed to confirm?
39. Who changed her name to Tanya? Too easy? Who was the original Tanya?
40. Who was Ronnie Zamora?

—HOWARD LEVINE

For answers, turn to page 31.

## 10 MINUTES WITH

# James Woods

*Hollywood's Newest Heartthrob Talks about Girls, Sex and His Geeky Looks*

James Woods was on full scholarship at M.I.T. when he decided to pack his bags, move to the big city and be closer to the things he really loved—acting and girls. Years later, after much acting exposure (and who knows how many girls), Woods has turned in some outstanding performances. He played the sputtering boyfriend of Barbra Streisand in *The Way We Were* and the doomed Jewish artist/husband of Meryl Streep in *Holocaust*. A hot new star whose talent and "geeky, weasel looks" have proved perplexing for Hollywood's casting treadmill, he made his big break as the psychotic cop killer in Joseph Wambaugh's *The Onion Field*. Currently, he's starring in *Eyewitness* with Sigourney Weaver and Bill Hurt. Craig Modderno files this report:

JEFF SCALES

**OUI:** Why did you start acting?

**WOODS:** I was going to M.I.T., where everyone wore white socks, had slide rules hanging out of their belts and walked around with crewcuts—in the Sixties, no less! I started participating in the drama department because that was where the girls were—I followed my dick, as it were. Then I quit school and hitchhiked to New York to become an actor. I worked my way through a lot of theater. Then I came out to Hollywood. I'll live here until things get good enough to move back to New York.

**OUI:** Are you having any problems with people recognizing you as Greg Powell, the killer in *The Onion Field*?

**WOODS:** Gregory Powell was such an insane person that by even approximating him on film, I'm bearing the brunt of it. But I'm not a scary guy. I'm just a little scumbag running around like the rest of us, hoping to have a good dinner and maybe get laid once in a while.

**OUI:** Have any of the film producers who previously rejected you done an about-face regarding your star potential?

**WOODS:** Great reviews in a hit film are the greatest cause of amnesia for a producer in Hollywood. Actors whom they have done everything short of murder to are now greeted affectionately by these producers, who want you to instantly become their best friend. Suddenly everyone in the film community is enlightened about you. I'm now getting offers to star in roles that normally would go to your walking blond, surfboard types. I can hear the news promo now: "Geeks replace Hollywood pretty boys. Film at eleven!"

**OUI:** Have you ever been surprised at the response you've gotten from a role?

**WOODS:** Audiences are always much more perceptive than either Hollywood or the film critics ever give them credit for. I drove cross-country recently and was amazed at how the regular people I met knew more about the idiosyncrasies of *The Onion Field* characters than most critics did. Film critics hate it when a picture they didn't like, such as *Grease* or *Saturday Night Fever*, becomes a huge hit. When that happens, the critics try to blame the public for having bad taste and then proceed to write down to them.

**OUI:** Have women been attracted to the many sleazy lowlifes you've portrayed?

**WOODS:** Sure. But I'm not

# TEENAGE LUST

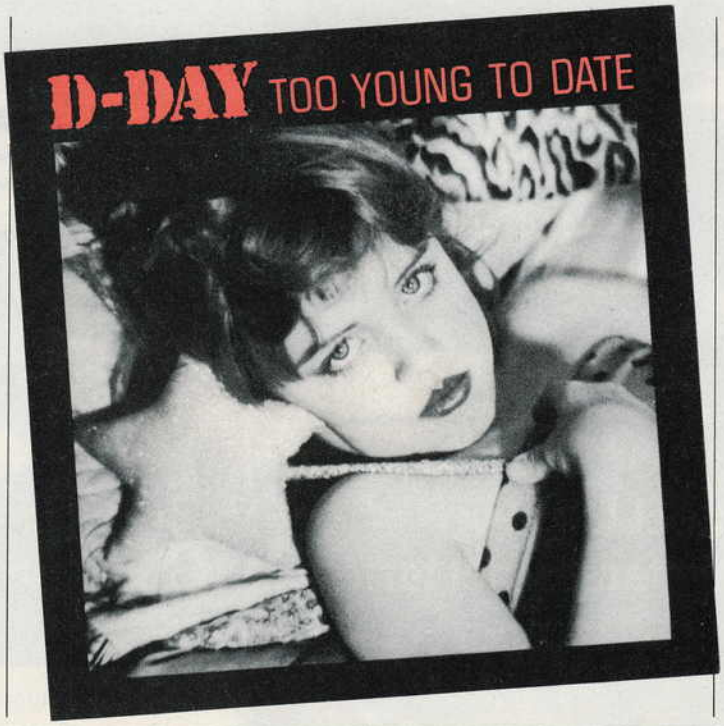
*It's hard to ignore the boy next door*
*He's such a dream but I'm only fourteen.*

*Too Young to Date*, the new single by D-Day, starts out innocently enough. I mean, here's a song about a sweet little girl going through puppy love.

*He's got a car and we might go far*
*But he took off my training bra, and it got back to my ma.*

Well, maybe it's not quite puppy love. In fact, many radio stations around the country have come to the conclusion that the song is downright dirty and have gone so far as to ban it from their playlists. Even some of the country's most progressive stations have decided that the song is a no-no.

D-Day is a Texas-based rock band made up of John Keller, David Fore, Stuart Hillyer and De Lewellen, who wrote and sang the already infamous tune. "It's an honest song," says Alisa Erin O'Leary, the band's producer. "The lyrics are singable and danceable. I remember going through that very same thing."




*Got an older guy and his name is Michael*
*He just told me about my menstrual cycle.*
*Says the blood on his fingers wasn't from a cut*
*Maybe someday I'll be a teenage slut.*
*Said he didn't really want to marry*
*He just wants to pop my cherry.*

Well, it's good to know that there's finally a band to champion the plight of the sex-crazed teenage virgin.

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# CAMEL

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going to give your horny readers any phone numbers, if that's what you mean.

**OUI:** Then we won't reveal your home address as you demanded. Why would women be interested in the cop killer you played in *The Onion Field*?

**WOODS:** I guess women like to have the shit kicked out of them in this society. I don't know why they saw Gregory Powell as a sexy guy. He's just another heartless, cold-blooded killer to me. A lot of women told me they thought my character was strong, wiry, lean and mean and all that horseshit. Women's libbers are the worst. The meaner you are, the more they think it's sexy. They have some weird double standard where they think it's all right to be fucked by truck drivers but it's wrong for a guy to pay for their meal.

**OUI:** Does overnight success bring an aura of irresistible sexuality?

**WOODS:** Sure. You wait 11 years to fuck your way through the Rockettes or something, but just about that time, you find someone to fall in love with. I can't imagine ever wanting to fuck someone who wanted to fuck me just because I was up there on a movie screen. It's the same thing hookers must feel. You're not being fucked for yourself, but for another reason. It's really strange when women look at you and their eyes glaze over. I've met women who've had maybe a ten percent interest in me; then they find out who I am, and they go into overdrive. The next thing you know, you're trying to reach for your drink and you have some lady sitting on your face. To me, that's ludicrous and lonely.

**OUI:** Do you enjoy reading about yourself?

**WOODS:** So often the things that you are quoted as saying may not be valid things. You have three drinks and a bad day and you're just pissing and moaning about some things, and then it's taken as litany. Especially if you do 250 interviews in 20 days and, by the last one, you are saying, "Santa Claus should be napalmed." I can see the headline of the article now.

**OUI:** What do you miss most about New York?

**WOODS:** There are all the great theaters that show old movies. Now, in a 42nd Street theater, you can hear classic lines from the audience, like someone in the balcony yelling, "I'm sorry," and then you hear someone answer them back, "You're sorry? You just pissed on my baby and you say you're sorry?" You don't hear that in Hollywood.

**OUI:** Can you be successful and outspoken in Hollywood without making enemies?

**WOODS:** Not with the nuts who run this business. They want you to be mediocre and manageable. Hollywood is a bullshit, silly little town. All the good-looking tough guys who were Mr. Popularity in school and put me down are now pumping gas and looking at their dumpy wives and their 2.7 kids. I say fuck you to all my enemies. If your classy magazine puts me between pictures of lovely naked women, I can't be too ugly a movie star, can I? ■

## T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH

GARY HEERY

**Hey, high roller! Nevada has a lot to offer besides Las Vegas, Lake Tahoe and atomic-testing grounds. Like 33 legal whorehouses—all listed on this wash-and-wear address book. Just make sure you don't lose *this* shirt at the crap tables.**

## Answers to the Seventies Quiz

1. T.S. Garp, as in Technical Sergeant
2. *The Berkeley-to-Boston Forty-Brick Lost-Bag Blues*
3. His 24½-mile-long running-fence sculpture displayed in Northern California
4. *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*
5. Judy Chicago
6. Cliff Gorman
7. Because "The Rainbow Is Enuf"
8. Blass, Cartier, Givenchy, Pucci
9. Copper bracelets
10. Platform shoes
11. Madison Square Garden, N.Y.C.
12. Yoko Ono's *Grapefruit*
13. The waterbed
14. Miami and Denver
15. Iceland
16. Munich and Montreal for the summer games, Sapporo and Innsbruck for the winter games
17. *The Godfather*; *The Godfather, Part II*; *Serpico*; *Dog Day Afternoon*; . . . *And Justice for All*
18. Mercedes McCambridge
19. Sacheen Littlefeather (aka Maria Cruz)
20. Don McLean's *American Pie*
21. R. Robertson, L. Helm, G. Hudson, R. Danko, R. Manuel; the Hawks
22. Bruce Springsteen's *Born to Run*
23. Harvey Milk
24. God (aka China)
25. Patricia Krenwinkel, Susan Atkins and Leslie Van Houten
26. Fanne Fox; Elizabeth Ray
27. The Watergate break-in
28. *Laverne & Shirley*; Cyndi Grecco
29. *Marcus Welby, M.D.* in the 1970–1971 season
30. 704 Howser Street, Queens, N.Y.
31. A major blackout followed by a crime spree
32. Because it was the supersonic transport, you could, by flying east to west, arrive before you left.
33. Due to the ambiguous nature of the term *where*, two answers are acceptable: the lower back or a shopping mall in Laurel, Maryland.
34. In southeast Nigeria
35. A convention hotel in Philadelphia
36. Out of court
37. Edward Finch Cox
38. G. Harrold Carswell and Clement Haynsworth, Jr.
39. Patty Hearst; Che Guevara's revolutionary moll
40. A 15-year-old Florida boy who killed an elderly neighbor and claimed in his defense that he was "intoxicated by TV."

# PLAYBOY'S CHOICE

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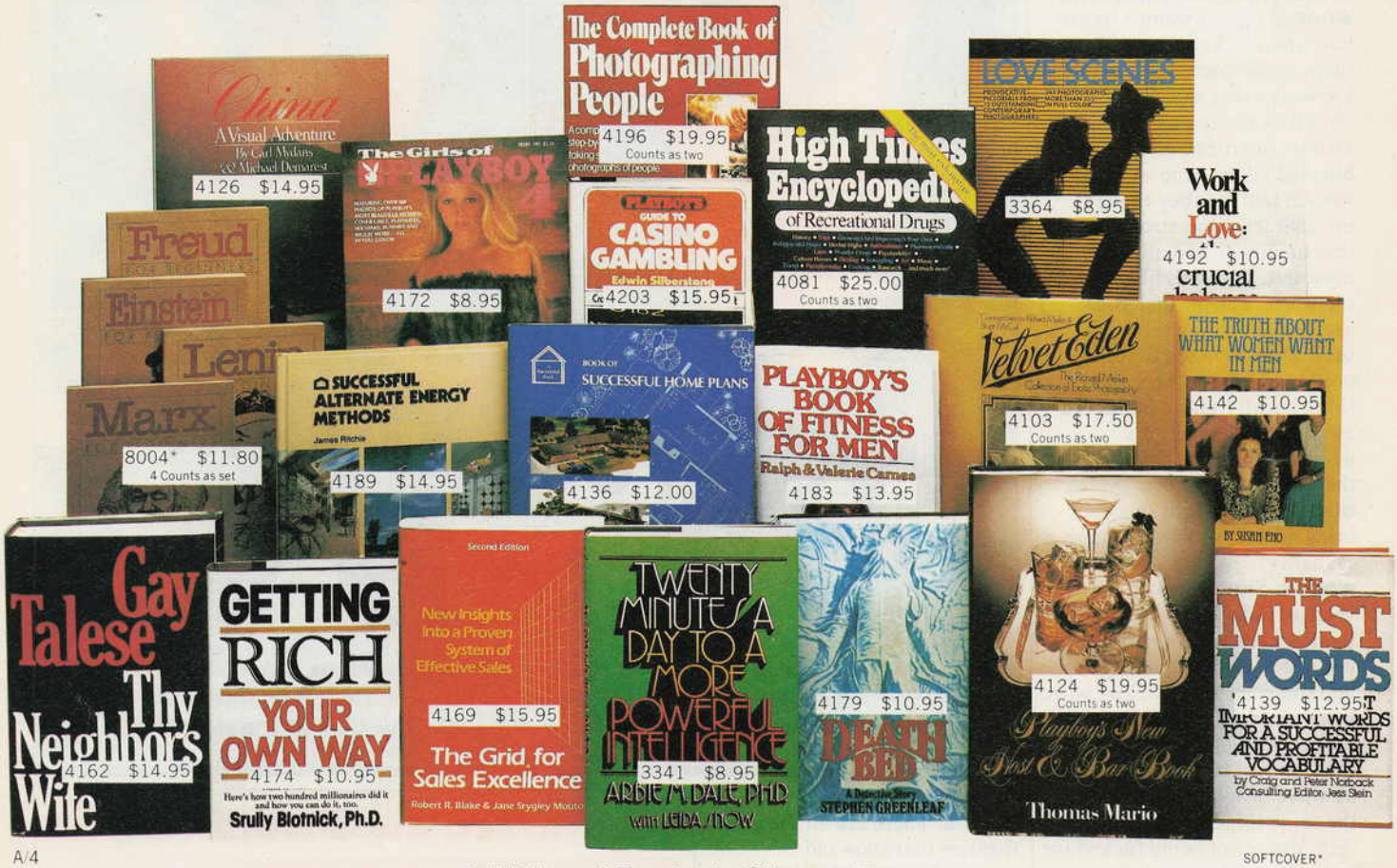


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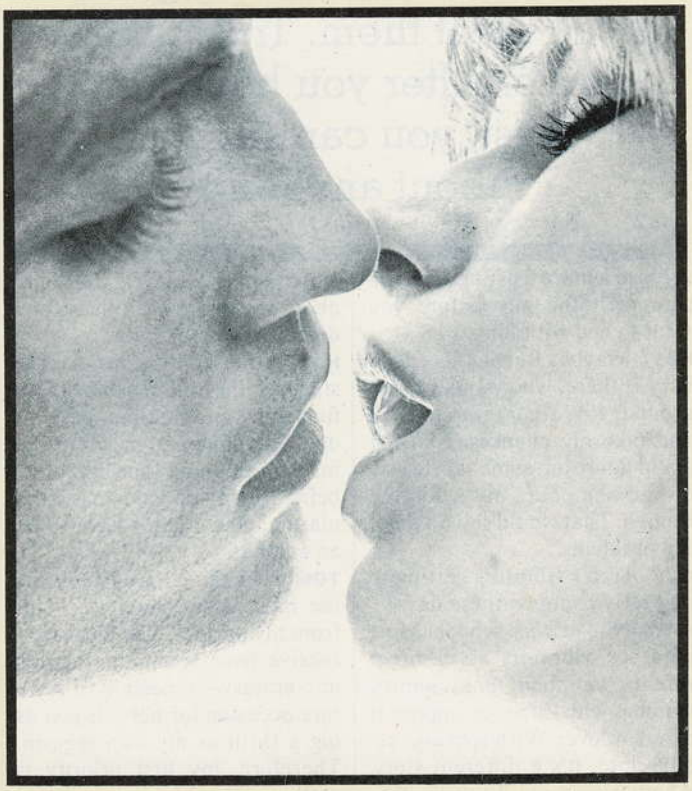
# Speak Easy

## THIS MONTH: HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT

*If there is one subject upon which sexologists seem to agree, it would have to be this: There can be no excellent sex without effective communication. Since individual sexual response varies widely, one person's agony may well be another's ecstasy; there is no way of knowing who likes what without some sort of verbal or nonverbal exchange.*

*Unfortunately, large numbers of generally truthful people become liars, either by omission or commission, once they get between the sheets. Sex therapists admit that it's a rare woman who has never faked an orgasm at least once. And it is not unusual for either sex to pretend to like sexual activities that they actually find uncomfortable.*

*For most of us, the reasons behind many of our sexual-communication problems go all the way back to childhood. Little girls are taught to be tactfully passive, little boys to be strong and aggressive. Although most of us are intellectually sophisticated enough to know that sex is a fifty-fifty proposition, cultural conditioning runs deep. And too many of us are afraid that sexual communication will inevitably turn out to be sexual criticism. However, the imaginative answers of the people we interviewed prove that this does not have to be the case. They also indicate that sexual communication is almost as much an art as lovemaking itself.*



*(Andrea, 24, is a graduate student in the music department at UCLA. Kay, her roommate, is a 21-year-old senior, majoring in psychology.)*

**OUI:** We hear a lot these days about the importance of honest sexual communication. How do you go about telling your lover what you want?

**ANDREA:** I don't think that *telling* is the right word. Too much talk can spoil everything, especially early in a relationship. I can just imagine getting into bed with somebody for the first time and having them say I ought to do this or that. I'd become frigid—or pissed off. And I can't imagine telling the guy what to do, either. He'd probably get so nervous, he wouldn't be able to get it up.

**KAY:** I agree. Talking about sexual specifics would definitely spoil the mood. I'm a natural-born romantic. Telling someone what to do or listening to them order me around would make me feel as though I'd gotten involved in some sort of bizarre Masters and Johnson experiment. There are ways of communicating without words. And that's true of everything about sex, from the initial proposition to making love. I mean, if I leave a party or a singles' bar with some man and head for his apartment, we're probably going to get it on. But that doesn't mean I want him to say, "Hey, baby, let's fuck." He should make me feel desirable and special, even if it's just for one night.

**OUI:** You make it sound as though the man were always the initiator.

**KAY:** He usually is. I have to admit that I like being chased.

**ANDREA:** That's nice for the ego, but it sure cuts down on the possibilities. If I'm interested, I let the guy know it by looking into his eyes and touching his hand or arm. Or I tell him that he has terrific insight into something. Guys love it when you imply that they're more sensitive than most people realize. I'd rather flirt a little than just sit around and wait to be hit on. Besides, I rather like shy guys.

**OUI:** How about when it comes to making love? Do you initiate specific sexual techniques, or do you leave that up to the man?

**ANDREA:** A little bit of both, I guess. There are certain things I really like—having the back of my neck bitten is one of them. And I just love it when a man nibbles the bottom of my foot and runs his fingers between my toes. It drives me crazy. Or when he kisses the undersides of my breasts. Rather than tell the guy what I like, I'll just do these things to him. Most of the time,

he'll reciprocate. Of course, I also pay attention to what the guy does to me, and I try to give it back to him. I think that most people do unto others what they want done unto themselves.

**KAY:** That's generally true, but a person can get into trouble that way. What if a guy doesn't reciprocate? Or what if he misunderstands what you want? Most men seem to think that women are very fragile creatures; they almost always handle me too gently. I happen to have a clitoris that is very recessed—a guy really has to work to get to it. I'm not kidding. I usually don't even bother with oral sex, because it's so frustrating. A few tickles, but no real stimulation. Well, one night I decided I'd show this new lover exactly how I wanted it done, so I maneuvered him around to a sixty-nine position and used my teeth on the head of his penis. He let out a scream that was probably heard all over the campus!

**OUI:** So there are moments when words might be more appropriate?

**KAY:** Yes, but only when it concerns something that might be painful.

**ANDREA:** You know, I rather enjoy the frustration that comes from silent experimentation. Sometimes a man might be playing with my breasts in a way that is really tantalizing, but the tension of *wanting* him to touch me harder or softer or whatever actually gets me even more aroused.

**KAY:** I know what you mean. If you told a guy exactly how to touch you, it wouldn't be any more exciting than masturbation. It's the surprise of not knowing what he's going to do next that really gets me hot. I've found that the longer you both take getting turned on, the better the eventual orgasm.

**OUI:** Do either of you have trouble reaching orgasm?

**ANDREA:** Practically never—unless the man is drunk or something.

**KAY:** I have trouble sometimes. It's because I've got that armored-car clitoris. There are times when I just know it's not going to happen. I know it's not the guy's fault, so I just fake it.

**OUI:** Doesn't that set a rather bad precedent for future sexual experiences with that particular fellow?

**KAY:** It might if I did it all the time, but I don't. A man's sexual ego is real delicate, especially in the beginning of a new relationship. You don't want him to get the idea that you're a hard case, or he might give up before you've even had a chance to get to know each other.

**ANDREA:** You know, you might not have that problem if you developed a more trusting relationship with the guy before you went to bed with him.

**KAY:** Maybe. But if the chemistry is there, who wants to wait around? I'd rather jump right in and take my chances. I wish I could figure out some subtle way of getting out my vibrator, though. That would solve a lot of my problems.

**OUI:** Aren't vibrators getting to be pretty common these days?

**KAY:** Not at *this* school. Most men see vibrators as a direct threat to their masculinity, which is why I'd never suggest it to a new lover. With someone really close, it's a different story. About a year ago, I lived with a man who was a terrific lover, and he understood that sometimes it's almost impossible to make me come by the ordinary methods. So I'd masturbate myself with my Swedish vibrator, and he'd enter me from behind. Those orgasms were incredible. I think it's important to remember that sexual communication is just like any other kind of communication. You just don't expose your soul to someone the first night you meet them. Trust takes time. But after you have that trust, you can say almost anything. When I had my live-in lover, some mornings I'd wake up feeling horny and simply ask him, "How about eating me for breakfast?"

*(Tom is 26, divorced and a real estate agent in Springfield, Illinois. Harrison, 25, a law student and Tom's tennis buddy, has never been married.)*

It's important to know that sexual communication is like any other form of communication. You just don't expose your soul to someone the first night you meet them. Trust takes time. After you have that trust, you can say just about anything.

**OUI:** How do you tell your lady about the things that please and displease you sexually?

**HARRISON:** It depends on the stage of the relationship. On a first-time or one-time basis, I don't demand—or need to demand—anything special. Just being with a new woman is stimulating. She doesn't have to be an acrobat.

**TOM:** The thing that pleases me the most is the response I get from my partner. The pleasure I receive from sending a woman into ecstasy—especially if it's a rare occasion for her—is just as big a thrill as my own orgasm. Therefore, my first priority is getting a woman to open up and tell me what she wants.

**OUI:** OK. So how do you go about doing that?

**TOM:** It's a little tricky. You can almost never come right out and ask the first time you're together. I've found that the best way to get a woman to relax and speak openly is to bring her to orgasm first and then ask.

**OUI:** You're right. That *is* tricky.

**TOM:** It's like this. I know from experience that many women have more trouble climaxing from intercourse than they do if you touch them with your hands or give them head. So I try my damnedest to make a new lover come by one or the other of these methods before I even enter her.

**OUI:** All this is done without talking specifically about it?

**TOM:** Yes. It's called building trust. If she knows that you're determined to give her an orgasm—that you won't give up until you do—she'll probably trust you enough to let go and have one.

**HARRISON:** I usually just ask them what they'd like me to do.

**TOM:** Unfortunately, I've found that if you ask a woman what she wants, she'll give you some wishy-washy answer like "Everything" or "What you're doing now is nice." Women seem to think that if you wanted to be doing something else to them, you'd be doing it.

**HARRISON:** You're right about the wishy-washy answers.

**TOM:** Think about it. Would you have the nerve to tell a near stranger that what you're really dying for is to have your balls licked? I suspect not.

**HARRISON:** Hell, I don't even have the nerve to ask my regular girlfriend—or rather, my ex-regular girlfriend—those things.

**TOM:** Exactly. I doubt if she could ask, either. When it comes to oral sex, I never ask the woman in advance if she likes it. Most women feel uneasy about being so vulnerable. I just go down there, even when they tell me not to. I've learned that when they say, "Don't do that," they really mean, "Don't hurt me." So I promise them I'll stop if they don't like it, and then I pay close attention to their reactions. If the woman stiffens up, I lighten the pressure of my tongue. If she starts breathing heavily, I just keep doing what I'm doing. If she lies there passively, I move my tongue around until I find the right spot. Sometimes I put my finger or thumb inside her at the same time—there's no mistaking her climax, then.

**HARRISON:** There are a lot of women who do try to fake you out. It really pisses me off. Just last week my girlfriend broke up with me because she wasn't getting off on the sex. Turns out she'd been faking it all along. She never even gave me a chance to improve or to try other things.

**OUI:** Do you think that faked orgasms are symptomatic of a more general dishonesty in female sexual communication?

**HARRISON:** Obviously, if they are faking a climax, they're faking everything else about lovemaking. Some of these women should be getting Oscars, they're such amazing actresses.

**OUI:** When a woman does give you explicit instructions, do you feel threatened or grateful?

**HARRISON:** It depends on how she goes about it. I picked up a woman at a party recently—actually, she picked me up—and when we got to her apartment, she pulled out an array of sex toys that could have stocked Macy's. This was before we even took off our clothes, mind you. All my sexual desire went right out the window.

**TOM:** I would have found it rather exciting to meet such a woman. Any woman that free and open must like sex an awful lot.

**HARRISON:** Hey, Tom, if you know so much about women, how come you're divorced?

**OUI:** Good question.

**TOM:** My problem was I liked too many women. Every time I overheard a woman complain about the men in her life, I took it as a challenge. I just have this compulsion to show women that there's at least one man who cares how they feel.

---

*(Sally, 26, teaches sex-information classes at a public-health-care facility in New York City, and Leonard, 24, is a rhythm guitarist in a rock band. They have been living together for five months.)*

**OUI:** Do you think that communication is one of the keys to a good sexual relationship?

**SALLY:** Absolutely. If you don't communicate, your sexual relationship will be lousy, or static at best. There are things I adore in bed that some women would hate. Unless I let Lenny know what I want, our relationship can't achieve its fullest potential. He can't read my mind.

**LEONARD:** My sexual relationship with Sally is the best I've ever had with anyone. We never get bored. We're always trying something new. I've never done so much talking about sex as I have with her. In fact, talking about sex has actually become a kind of foreplay. I'll tell her about some fantasy—or she'll tell me—and then we'll act it out. Just talking about it gets me aroused before I even touch her.

**OUI:** Have you had this kind of communication right from the beginning?

**LEONARD:** To tell the truth, I was terrified of going to bed with Sally once I found out she was some kind of sex expert. When you play in a band, you usually get to make it with a lot of women, but none of the ones I met before Sally knew any more about sex than I did—we were too busy being cool. I'll never forget the first time I went to Sally's apartment. There seemed to be a million sex books lying around the place—*The Story of O*, *Fanny Hill*, even one called *Homosexuality in Perspective*. When she told me what she did for a living, I got really worried. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to satisfy her.

**SALLY:** Actually, Lenny was a bit of a prude when we first got together. It was really surpris-

## SPEAK EASY QUESTIONNAIRE

*Mail to: OUI Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069*

Your answers to these questions will be discussed in an upcoming *Speak Easy* column. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know how you feel about sexual communication.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and state: _____

FOR MEN:

6. Women who ask that I perform a certain way. . .
   a. intimidate me.
   b. turn me on.
   c. are helpful, as long as they don't *demand*.
   d. have never turned up in my bed.
7. I communicate my own sexual needs by . . .
   a. guiding my lover's hands to the right places.
   b. turning my request into a game.
   c. telling her exactly what I want.
   d. doing to her what I want done to me.
   e. Other: _____.
8. If I try hard to satisfy a lady and nothing works, I . . .
   a. ask her if there's anything else I can try.
   b. bring out the sexual gadgets.
   c. give up.
   d. This problem doesn't happen to me.
   e. Other: _____.
9. The only time my lover and I really talk about sex is . . .
   a. when I'm pissed off and ready for an argument.
   b. when I'm ending the relationship.
   c. when we're in bed making love.
   d. in neutral situations, such as riding in the car.
10. I wish I could tell my lover about . . .
    a. my secret fantasies, such as _____.
    b. my desire that she initiate sex.
    c. certain habits of hers that I hate.
    d. nothing. We're very honest with each other.

FOR WOMEN:

11. If I told my lover what I really want, I'm afraid he'd . . .
    a. tell me I'm not normal.
    b. try to do what I asked, but botch it up.
    c. reject me.
    d. think that I don't really love him.
12. The best sexual communication happens when . . .
    a. we're so in tune that he reads my mind.
    b. he directly asks me what I want.
    c. I'm honest with him about my needs.
    d. it's a one-night stand—I feel freer then.
13. The hardest thing for me to tell my lover is . . .
    a. "You're hurting me."
    b. "I faked a climax that time."
    c. "What you're doing is nice, but I'll never come this way."
    d. "I'd like you to go down on me."
    e. Other: _____.

FOR BOTH SEXES:

14. The best way I've found to improve sexual communication is (use separate page to explain):

ing, considering some of the lyrics in the songs the band plays.

**OUI:** Can you elaborate on that?

**LEONARD:** Well, I didn't want her to look too closely at me. I'd always made love late at night, after taking a fair amount of drugs. I was much happier in my fantasy world than I was dealing with another person. I didn't want to face up to certain sexual realities, such as the fact that I usually came too fast. I didn't really care much with groupie types but, with Sally, it was different. I took her out for nearly a month. We necked like crazy, but I always came up with some excuse about why we couldn't go to bed. Finally, she said, "Lenny, do I have to rape you or what?" And out came all this stuff about my repressive childhood and my sexual fears and delusions. It was probably the first time I'd ever talked honestly about sex to anyone.

**OUI:** Did she offer explicit instructions?

**LEONARD:** It was funny. Once I'd expressed my feelings, I felt incredibly relieved—let off the hook somehow. Then she said, "Let's do something your parents would never approve of. Let's go to a porno movie." I was still a little nervous, but it turned out to be a terrific idea. As we watched, I asked Sally if she wanted me to do to her what they were doing in the movie. I kept my hand between her thighs, and when they were doing something that really turned her on, she'd kind of clench her legs tightly together and grind against the seat. It was quite informative. At one point in the movie, I could feel the lubrication coming right through her jeans.

**OUI:** At what point was that?

**LEONARD:** It was when the guy was playing around with the girl's ass while they were getting it on. That gave me a couple of ideas.

**SALLY:** It was kind of weird going to a porno movie with someone I'd never even gone to bed with. But believe me, after we got home, it didn't take us long to jump into bed. Once he let go of his inhibitions, his true sensual nature came out. Let me put it this way—Lenny has a musician's hands and a rock singer's tongue.

**OUI:** Do you still go to porno movies?

**SALLY:** Sometimes. But mostly we just play with our own fantasies. Like the other day. A friend of mine told me that her husband had tied her to the bed and talked dirty to her before he went down on her. She came three times. Well, I couldn't stop thinking about it, and I told Lenny the story that night. Two days later, he showed up with silk scarves and an anal vibrator, and that weekend he tied me up and did all sorts of incredible things. It was one of the most satisfying sexual experiences I've ever had.

**OUI:** And the premature-ejaculation problem Lenny mentioned earlier? That just disappeared?

**LEONARD:** Not exactly. That's where Sally's sex books came in handy.

**SALLY:** I didn't really mind, because he could always get hard again real fast. And besides, there were still those fingers and that tongue.

**LEONARD:** But *I* minded. A lot. I thought it was some sort of curse until Sally showed me the squeeze technique.

**SALLY:** That's something I read in Masters and Johnson. The man signals the woman just before he's about to come, and she squeezes his penis with her thumb on the underside of the penis near the head and two other fingers above the thumb. It's kind of like holding back a sneeze by pressing a finger to the bridge of your nose.

**LEONARD:** Anyway, by using that technique, I was able to gain full control over my climax. That, to me, was the fulfillment of my greatest sex fantasy.

**OUI:** So you two don't see anything wrong with talking about any aspect of sex?

**SALLY:** No, but there is a time and a place for everything. ■

# SPEAK EASY LETTERS

*Although some women are definitely exceptions to the rule, our recent survey on voyeurism shows that men are five times as likely as women to be turned on by visual stimuli. Ninety percent of the men who responded to our questionnaire said that watching others make love is their favorite "spectator sport." Most of the other 10 percent said that they'd like to, but that they have never had the opportunity to indulge their fantasies. Our readers were split down the middle in their choice of a favorite voyeuristic practice: Half preferred watching their wives or girlfriends do a striptease, and half got turned on by incautious neighbors who sunbathed in the nude. Although 60 percent of the women who wrote to us said that they would rather touch than watch, many admitted a growing interest in voyeurism as their relationships progressed. As one lady d.j. pointed out: "Why not use all your senses to their utmost when making love?"*

All through high school and college, I kept a sharp eye out for a woman's cleavage or the sight of a teacher bending over to pick up papers. So voyeurism has long been one of my favorite spectator sports. I can even remember going to summer camp as a kid and looking through the boards into the girls' showers. There's something about the mystery of what's hidden that is sexually intriguing. I'd rather see pictures of a woman dressed seductively, maybe flashing a little tit, than totally naked.

> Voyeurism is one of my favorite spectator sports. There's something about the mystery of what's hidden that's sexually intriguing.

Just recently, I was driving my van, which is mounted high up off the road and, as always, I was glancing down at the drivers as they passed on my left. In the past, I've seen some necking and fooling around but, this time, I saw a female head bobbing up and down on the male driver's lap. I quickly sped up to get another look, but the driver must have spotted me because he sped up, too.

About that time, he must have told his girl what was happening, because all of a sudden, he deliberately slowed down and allowed me another view. The girl rolled back her head, smiled at me and then continued her blow job. I got so turned on, I almost had an accident and had to slow down. I just couldn't believe how that girl got off on being watched—she showed no sign of embarrassment whatsoever. What a lucky guy that driver was.

AL J.
Boston, Massachusetts

In my psychology class, we've been reading a lot lately about sociobiology. It's a new theory that proposes that man is less the product of his environment than he is the product of his genes, even where social behavior is concerned. This theory is supposed to explain why, for example, men are the aggressors in sex and women are passive. "Women aren't turned on visually," say the experts, "so if it were up to them to initiate sex, the species would probably die out." This is also supposed to explain why men buy so much pornography and women don't.

Well, maybe I'm a genetic mutation but, if so, I've got lots of company, because most of my girlfriends agree with me that this theory is a lot of hogwash. I know that I check out men's bodies all the time, pretty much the same way they check out mine. I love the sight of a shapely ass in tight jeans or the bulge of chest muscles under a T-shirt. I don't necessarily go to bed with a guy because he's got a great body, but it certainly helps as part of the initial attraction. And most of the women I

*(Continued on page 125)*

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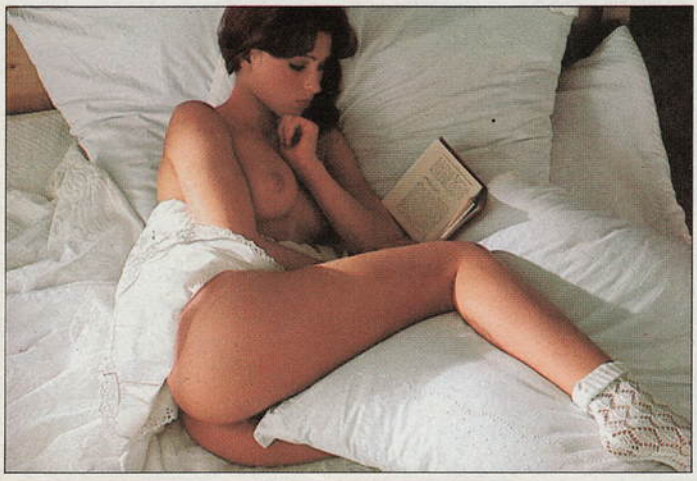
# RENATE LÜNSMANN

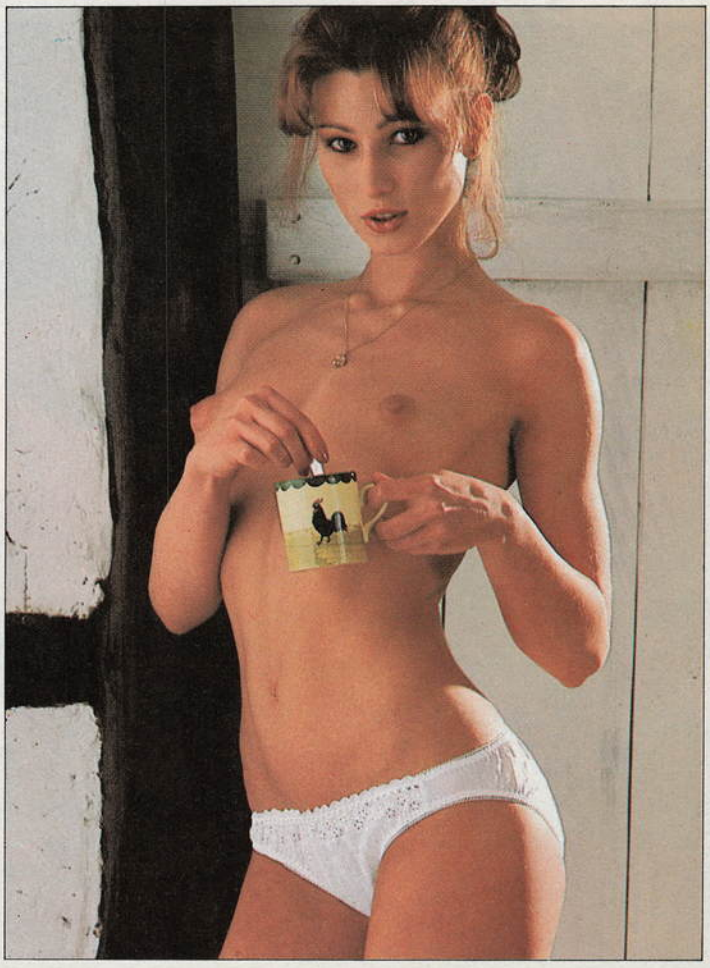
## An Alpine Vision

**Photography by Wolfgang Klein**

"A man doesn't have to be good-looking in the traditional sense for him to appeal to me," explains 21-year-old Renate Lünsmann. "But he must be very sure of himself—as a person and as a man. I like men with a casual charm about them, and a sense of worldliness." And Renate should know: As a tourist-office guide in Bern—the capital of her native Switzerland—she's met all kinds of guys: young and old, single and married, American and European. Her job has led to interesting encounters with more men than she can remember.

"Usually, they're very polite, especially the Americans. They'll ask me if I'm busy after work, if I'd like to *really* show them the town. But I hardly ever go out with any of them. I know they're just here for a day or two and it would be nothing more than a quick fling. I tend to gravitate toward more stable, long-lasting rela-



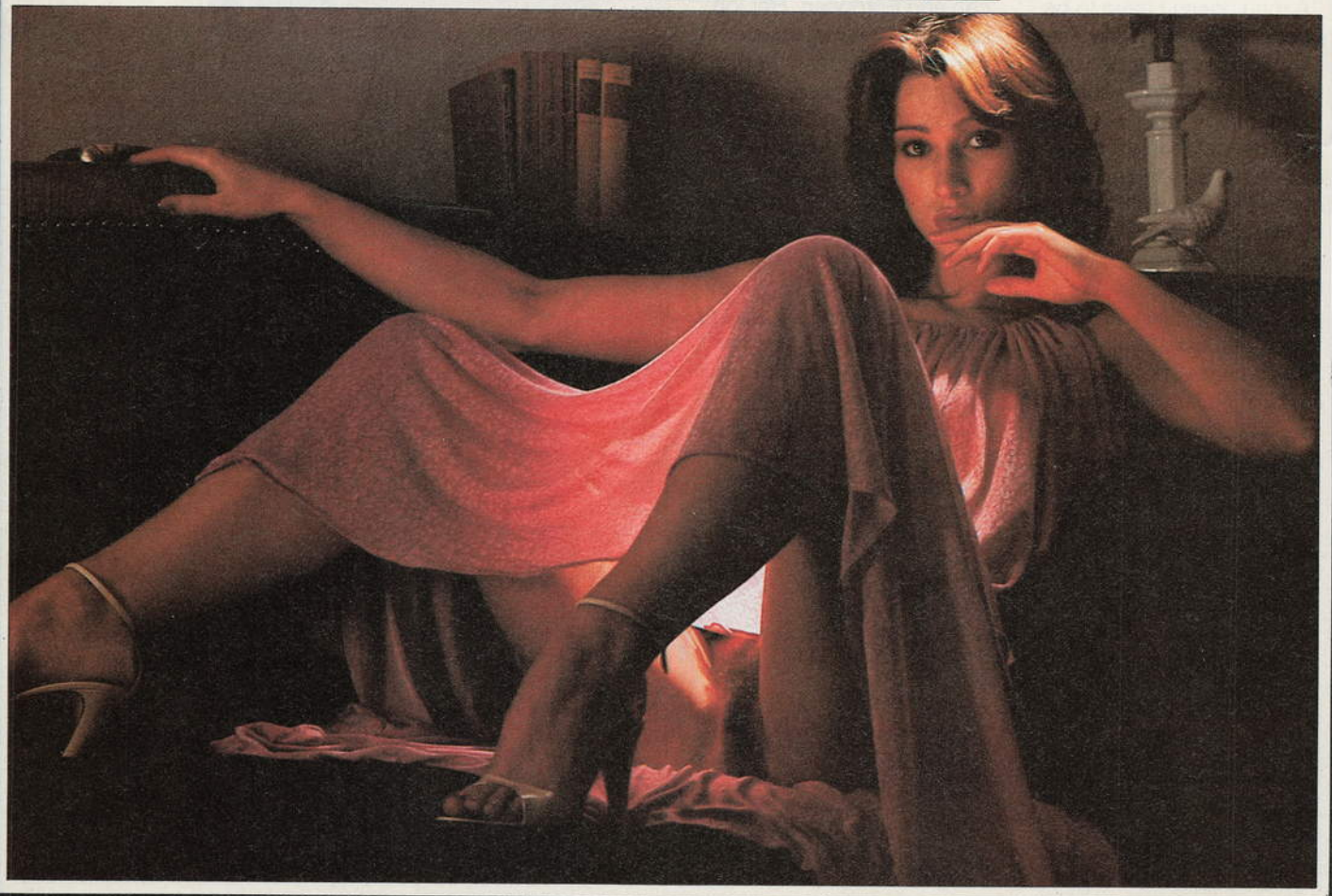


tionships. But," she pauses, smiling, "there have been one or two exceptions."

Fluent in three languages—English, French and German—Renate is very much an independent, modern-minded woman. But she also has very definite ideas when it comes to men and sex. "Nobody can tell me that women are less intelligent and less productive than men. But as far as sex is concerned, it's all right with me that a man be superior—the more aggressive one. I want to feel protected. I believe a man needs to have the feeling that he possesses a woman, and I have the need to feel possessed."

Pounding the old cobblestones of the Swiss city three times a day with dozens of camera-clicking foreigners in tow is hard work. We wonder if Renate has any energy left for more amorous pursuits? "Of course I do, though I'm not involved with

"Sometimes it feels nice to be alone—if you know how to keep yourself occupied."



anyone right now." How can someone as gorgeous and gregarious as she not be deep in the throes of passionate love with some lucky fellow? "Well, I'm on a hiatus from romance. I just returned from a vacation in the Seychelles with a boyfriend . . . well, a former boyfriend; we decided to call it quits. Now I'd just like a little time for myself, to be by myself. Sometimes it can be nice to be alone—if you know how to keep yourself interested and aroused."

You've aroused us, that's for sure. And piqued our geographical curiosity, too. Where on earth are the Seychelles? "They're these islands in the Indian

"I believe a man needs to have the feeling he possesses a woman, and I have the need to feel possessed."

Ocean, near Madagascar."

Oh, sure, that's right. People are lining up in droves to get there.

"Actually, they are," insists Renate. "It's the latest resort spot for Europeans. It's warm; there are miles and miles of beaches and even a few lively night spots on the island of Mahé. And there's plenty of time to go swimming, drinking and dancing. Switzerland can get *very* cold in the winter. It's nice to be able to escape."

Does Renate harbor any plans of escaping from the land of the Alps for good? we wonder. "No," she answers emphatically. "I love Switzerland. Even in Bern, which is much smaller than Zurich, the feeling is very international. Men from all over the world come here, and I take great pride in impressing them with our sights."

And who wouldn't be impressed with sights like these?

"I tend to gravitate toward long-lasting relationships—but there have been a few exceptions."

oui
JANUARY 1981

# *OK, Now You've Got Her Attention— Where Do You Go from There?*

# BEYOND THE OPENING LINE

*Article by Eric Weber*

*Seventeen surefire tips for carrying on an intelligent conversation with an attractive lady for more than five minutes*

**CONGRATULATIONS.**

You've picked up a woman. Well, sort of picked up a woman. So far, you've *addressed* a woman, caught up with her at the punch bowl and blurted out, "D-d-d-d-don't I know you from somewhere?"

Now you've got a problem. Instead of responding, "Yes, let's fuck," or "No, thank God," she has simply stared at you curiously and said, "I don't know. Maybe."

Now, you've actually got to stand there and talk to her—make words come out of your mouth. Which is something you may not be prepared for. In fact, if you're like most guys, you've probably devoted 90 percent of your creativity to thinking up a clever opening line, without giving much thought to what comes after it. And that's a mistake. Almost anything can work as a conversation opener, from "Hi, my name's Biff" to "Let me see your papers." The real art comes in sustaining conversation, in starting a dialogue between you and her that builds to a harmonious, passionate, symphonic pitch.

If all of this seems somehow overwhelming, don't despair. I've done a fair amount of experimental field-testing in this area, and I've found the following 17 shortcuts to intimacy to be rather effective—sometimes, in fact, almost *frighteningly* effective. Of course, I don't expect all 17 to be perfect for you. But then, when it comes to enriching your love life, one idea is all it takes.

## 1
## HANG IN THERE

The temptation of most men, upon finding out that their job is not done as soon as they deliver their opening line, is to flee, as if they'd just punched some big bruiser in a bar fight who, instead of going down, had simply blinked and grunted. But don't flee. Just stand there. Your silence is neither as awkward nor as strange as you might think. Letting a minute or two go by without ticking off a string of familiar questions says some pretty good things about you: You're not a blabbermouth; you expect her to talk, too; you didn't rehearse your approach ahead of time (even if you really did).

Furthermore, she, like you, will feel an urge to fill the void. Maybe she'll think of something clever to say before you have to. That, of course, will solve your problem of not having thought of anything else but your opening line.

The important thing to remember is this: Don't panic. Don't run away. Remember, you're the strong, silent type. Simply take a deep breath and hang in there. Smile. If you can do that, you'll be a giant step ahead of your competitors, most of whom will back off at the first hint of a lull in the conversation, interpreting it as a sign that the girl they've approached doesn't like them. That's often far from the truth. Unless a man looks like Richard Gere or Quasimodo, chances are good the girl doesn't yet know how she feels about his presence. She's got to spend some time talking with him.

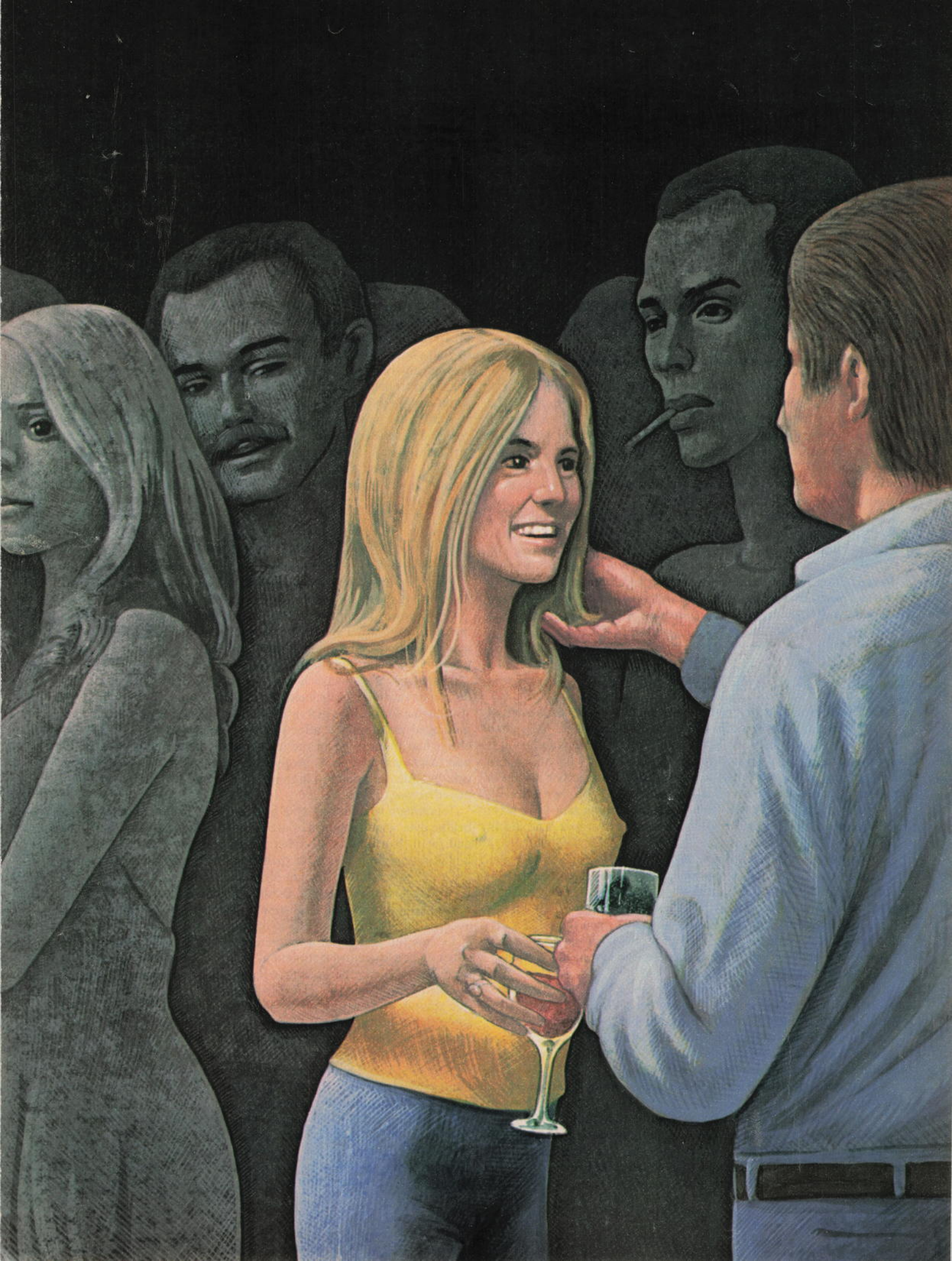
## 2
## SAY SOMETHING TRITE

What has made the pickup such a fearsome bugaboo in many men's minds is the mistaken belief that it can only be accomplished with dialogue that is clever, witty, disarming. After all, that's how it's done in movies. You never hear Cary Grant saying, "Excuse me, but didn't you sit next to me in business math at Kenosha High?"

The cinematic scenarios notwithstanding, the reality is that millions of women are picked up every week with conversation that would make a Shriner yawn. "Nice weather for ducks." "Is there a



ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES SHIELDS



# The harder you try to look sexy, the less sexy you look. So wipe that grim expression off your face.

post office around here?" "Who do you like in the Preakness?"

Maybe clichés are not your style, but the next time you're in the process of picking up a girl and the dark cloud of silence starts to settle around you, give one a try. Better yet, come armed with one or two. For example, if it was a rainy day, declare (ironically), "Great day today, huh?" She'll probably respond something like this: "I'll say. I got absolutely soaked on the way home from work. And wouldn't you know, I forgot my umbrella . . ."

Naturally, you don't want to go on this way all evening long, or even for five minutes if you can help it. But if the pressure of the situation has you momentarily tongue-tied, don't think you're going to blow it by saying something trite. Contrary to Hamlet, life is not played out on a stage, but in elevators with Hawaiian Muzak and in finished basements with checkerboard floors. And saying something ordinary may just trigger enough conversation on her part to buy you the time for your true, charming self to surface.

## 3
## ASK HER IF SHE MODELS

OK, your pickup is proceeding with moderate success. You and she are now talking up a storm about the hors d'oeuvres—how good they are, how lousy they are, how cholesterol is the root of all evil. It is time to pick the relationship up and carry it bodily to a more intimate plane. For most guys, this ain't easy. I remember myself in the early stages prattling on for hours about my job, her job, politics, everything I didn't want to talk about, nothing that I did want to talk about, as if I were caught in a rondo, an ellipse, and didn't know how to get out.

I wanted to have fun, laugh, talk sexy, kiss, hug, dance, get stoned; instead, I sounded more and more like a lawyer reading a rental agreement out loud. I can't tell you how many terrific-looking girls I bored into keeping their pants on.

Then I discovered an amazing question: Do you model? Or its close relative: Are you an actress? Preposterous, you say. Only a girl with an I.Q. under 75 (in which case you don't want her, anyway) would believe a come-on like that.

Oh, yeah? Just try it. I personally guarantee your remark will be greeted with the most heartfelt reaction: "Who me? Not really. Well, actually, I once did model a pair of flippers in an ad for my uncle Howard's sporting-goods store, but actually I'm a . . ."

Even if she acts a bit skeptical at first, she'll still be delighted, wanting to believe. And so just bang on.

"Yeah, you have those delicate features. You look like you'd be very photogenic."

"Why, thank you. Thank you very much but, actually, I'm a . . ."

Of course, with a line like this, you stand open to the accusation of being manipulative. But when you see the magic this line works—the smiles, the giggling, the melting that occurs—you'll say, like me, what's wrong with a little manipulation?

## 4
## SMILE A LOT

I know a very pretty woman who, when she sees me checking myself out in a mirror, says, "You're making your 'hat face.' " And she's right. I suck in my cheeks, try to look real serious and macho. To me, this is the way I look most handsome. But do you know what about 95 percent of the women I've interviewed say about a man's face? It looks best when it's smiling. They find it sexier, more kissable.

Personally, I think I look goofy when I smile—childish, like a grinning idiot. And judging from the expression on their faces as they stand around in singles' bars, I'll bet most other men feel the same way—because what I see is a whole lot of scowling, as if somehow to look mean is to look sexy. However, the harder you try to look sexy, the less sexy you look. So wipe that grim, serious expression off your face and crinkle your eyes and let your lips ride up to your cheekbones and flash all your teeth and look happy. And do it often; not, of course, when she's telling you how her father was run over by a trolley car on his way to work, but whenever it's even the slightest bit appropriate.

While your buddies are all lurking about trying to look mean and cool and darkly seductive, you will be the one who's scooping up the girls, smiling all the while. Fact is, the very act will sweep *you* into its good-humored flow, lighten up your act and your conversation, make you feel friendlier and looser and more at home with the girl you're after.

## 5
## TOUCH HER

*Touch her!? I hardly know her. She'll knee me in the groin, spray Mace in my eyes, call for the cops.*

Calm down. I don't mean touch her there. Not yet, anyway. I mean her arm or her shoulder, her hair, even her cheek. Remember, you're trying to break the bindings of formality and stiffness, trying to establish feelings of intimacy and attraction.

Little girls are always being touched by their fathers, having their hair rumpled, their hands held, their fannies tapped. Big girls still have a lot of little girl in them, and the yearning to be patted, massaged and touched affectionately remains strong for life. So oblige her. Touch her arm and tell her about her smooth skin. Or her hair. And comment on its lovely color. Or her knee if you're seated side by side on a couch laughing over something funny that happened across the room.

Touching a woman sets up a bridge to her mind and her heart, a bridge over which feelings of attraction and warmth can pass back and forth. Not many guys have the guts to reach out and touch a girl's arm only minutes after their first meeting. You may not have the guts, either. But if you can forge ahead and do it anyway, you'll be astonished at the results. Being a toucher says you're physical, sensuous, sexual. And it says so in a way that's perfectly dignified, acceptable and easy for a girl to handle.

Let me tell you about a touching incident that happened to me when I was a 20-year-old student at N.Y.U. The person who sat next to me in my Shakespeare course happened to be a married woman of about 25. She had the softest-looking blonde hair I had ever seen, like spun gold. One day, while the professor was droning on about some thane or other, she leaned over and whispered that it was her birthday. She smiled embarrassedly, as if it were somehow immodest to have volunteered that fact. I was so turned on by the shy look on her face, I instinctively reached out and grazed the back of my hand across her cheek. Before I'd even brought my hand back to my desk, I was getting ready to apologize.

But you know what happened? The woman actually leaned into my touch, cooing softly as she did so. I could hardly believe it. Of course, in those days I was far too much of a wimp to follow up with an invitation to coffee, a drink, an afternoon at the Gramercy Park Hotel. But it did teach me a lesson. One is perfectly free to reach out

and touch nonprivate parts of a woman's body with damn near impunity. And in most cases, it yields surprisingly cordial results.

## 6
## GAZE DEEPLY INTO HER EYES

All right, you've got the ball rolling. You've asked her if she models, smiled a lot, touched her hand, her shoulder. You're half beginning to think she may actually find you tolerable. Now it's time to turn the dial up a notch, to add a little intensity to this budding romance. So look into her eyes when she talks to you. Not casually, as if she's a Hertz girl asking whether you want collision insurance, but deeply, warmly, romantically. Fixate on her irises. And try to pump as much passion into your own eyes as possible.

Like touching, this may require a bit of courage on your part. After all, gazing romantically into the depth of her soul is breathless stuff. It's hard not to blink, or turn away, or turn red.

Any discomfort you may feel, however, will be well worth it. Women like romance, mystery, intrigue. Most guys they meet are pathetically ordinary and colorless. It excites them to finally run across a man who doesn't feel bound by convention to be plain, to be unadventurous. Remember that the freer you feel to be different, to be romantic, to be impulsive, the more they will be attracted to you. No matter how skittish it makes you feel, just bear down and look into her eyes. It will make her dizzy. It will make her tremble. It will make her wonder what it's like to be held in your arms.

## 7
## TALK SEXY

Over the years, I have outraged countless friends by making blatantly sexy comments to women I hardly know. I wasn't always like that. When I was a teenager, I used to think girls liked men who were good. Upstanding. Fair. Polite. I would try to impress dates with my high ethical standards, my refusal to cheat on tests, my zeal in befriending nerds. Then I witnessed an incident that was to be a major turning point in my life.

I was riding on a bus. In front of me sat a stunning young woman with long, lustrous black hair. At the next stop, a man in jeans and a crew-neck sweater got on. He was interesting-looking but not handsome. The instant he spotted the woman with the black hair, he made a beeline for her, passing several empty seats on the way. Sitting down next to her, he immediately started talking. For the most part, it was idle chatter—what a slow bus, what a nice day. She answered him with what I perceived to be no more than minimal politeness. After a while, he asked what she did for a living. She replied that she was the president of her own small research company.

"Oh, yeah?" said the man. "Do company presidents fuck?" I ducked down in my seat. Surely, there was going to be an ugly scene, the culmination of which would most likely be the burly bus driver's throwing the young man off the bus. But the melee I was expecting did not occur. Slowly, cautiously, I sat back up in my seat. The woman was staring at the man with grim fascination. "Yes," she said quietly. They exited the bus together.

That was it for me. The beginning of a whole new way of talking. Women aren't turned on by goody-goodies, clergymen, celibates, moral leaders. Oh, they may admire them, but they don't have sexual fantasies about them. From that day on, I began to be much more open and sexual in the things I said to women: You have a terrific figure, bedroom eyes, a fantastic ass, incredible breasts—and this, often only minutes after first meeting them.

Know what? I've never been slapped or reported to the police. Oh, I've had some women sneer, walk away, look down their noses at me. But the vast majority has been pleased and, without bragging, I suspect they had their curiosity piqued. *What manner of man talks this way? He must be sexy. How wonderful that he appreciates my body so.*

Naturally, you can't say something sexy during the first five minutes of conversation to every woman you meet. Some will spit in your eye; some will gasp in horror. You have to use your antennae. You have to make an educated guess as to who will respond positively and who will think you're a pervert. But when in doubt, I say, go for it. The worst that can happen is a slap in the face. And the best that can happen, well, you know . . .

## 8
## BE NICE

No, this isn't contradictory to talking sexy. To talk sexy to a woman is to be nice to her, to let her know you find her appealing. Here are some other ways to be nice. Compliment her. Tell her that she has beautiful skin, soulful eyes, a classic nose, a sensuous voice, a pretty name. And use her name often. It's flattering, assures her you're talking to her and not just another pickup. Tell her you're having a good time talking with her, that she's different from other girls—more interesting, more fun to be with. Be creative. Tell her she's statuesque, Romanesque, Latinesque, whatever's appropriate. Pour it on. I know you'd think you're being manipulative. So what. Whatever works. And being nice works best.

Now, your pal across the room—he still thinks it's cool to act like Bogey. Mean. Quiet. Snarling. Insulting. Know what? That kind of behavior went out with the Forties, if it was ever in in the first place. Oh, sure, some women like tough guys, mean guys. About one in ten is like that: wants a man who will push her around, punish her, cheat on her, hit her. Which is fine for some. But you don't want a woman like that. You want a healthy woman, and healthy women like men who treat them nicely, with respect, with tenderness.

Just one caution: Don't use this as an excuse to go to pieces, to break down altogether and haul out your package of woes. That kind of crap'll get you nowhere. To be nice doesn't mean to be fawning, obsequious. It simply means having the confidence to verbalize your feelings of warmth and generosity toward the wonderful creature you've just met, to tell her she makes you feel good, to get her a drink from the bar, to offer her your jacket to combat the winter crispness.

So, if you're basically a nice guy, don't hide it. Your niceness is one of your greatest attractions. Let the other guys lurk against the wall trying to look like they're in the Mob. You'll get the girl, and they'll go home by themselves. Come to think of it, no wonder they look so cranky and mean.

## 9
## BE EXTRAVAGANT

Just as a lot of men feel it's cool to scowl, to spit out tough-sounding monosyllables, there are others who think it's hip to be suspicious, hard and stingy. Oh, they may feel an impulse to buy a girl a drink, but a moment later comes the counterimpulse: She's using me.

Let me give you a bit of advice: Stop worrying about being used. Women are turned on by generosity, by extravagance. For every woman who attempts to "use" you, there will be a dozen who are joyously, deliriously, lovingly moved by your magnanimous nature. I know it's corny, but watch what happens when you instruct your waiter to deliver a champagne cocktail to the pretty blonde across the room. She'll smile, blush, giggle, keep on turning to look at the mysterious, bighearted stranger who had the style and good taste to send over genuine bubbly!

If you're rich, of course, it's easy to be extravagant. But even if you're not, the few extra dollars it takes to be a sport are often well worth the investment. Let's say, for example, you've met a woman in a noisy singles' bar. The drinks in there may only be a buck and a half, but maybe it's an impossible place to talk, to weave your magic, to get well beyond your opening line. Drinks in the fanciest places are rarely more than a buck higher than in the seediest joint in the worst neighborhood. So why not suggest that the two of you hop in a cab and go to the poshest bar in town? Chances are, she's heard of the place but has never been there before.

Imagine the impression you'll make by being the first one to take

# Declare that if you could only see her naked, you would be quite willing to die soon...

her there. It'll tell her a whole multitude of good things about you: You're not afraid to spend your money; you think she's special enough to bring to the Oak Room, Polo Lounge, Ritz-Carlton bar or wherever you're going; you've got taste; you're going places.

Here are a few other ways to be expansive. Buy her a corsage from the flower lady canvasing the bar. Throw down your dip-covered carrot stick in disgust and say, "Yuck! Let's go out and get a decent meal." And do it. Take her to a good French restaurant.

Or rent yourself a limousine for the evening. It'll cost you about a hundred bucks. Big deal. Of course, as your driver deposits you and her in front of her apartment for the night, don't pretend he'll be there in the morning. Let your new friend know the truth—that you were just in the mood to indulge yourself. That's impressive enough.

Loosen up. Stop squirreling away all your grimy little green-backs. Inflation is eroding the life out of them. Might as well put them to use for a good cause.

## 10
## FEEL YOUR SEXUALITY

One of the most bizarre things that can happen to a man in the process of picking up a girl he's been after all night long is that his lust disappears. Not because the girl no longer appeals to him, but because he's terrified that the girl won't like him, the pimple on his nose is about to burst, his breath is bad. . . . It's tough to feel horny when you're scared. Which can be a problem. When your natural sexuality is suppressed, it puts a damper on your entire personality, your sense of humor, your sense of passion, your drive to bring the relationship to some kind of climax.

This is not fatal, mind you. As I said before, there's a lot more room for dullness and silence in a relationship than you probably ever realized. On the other hand, it isn't great, either. First of all, who wants to be thought of as dull and sexless, when he knows that deep down he's a hell of a guy? Second, after too long a dose of a boring man, even the politest of women can lose interest.

So here's something you can do about it: Feel your sexuality. No, I don't mean surreptitiously reach your hand into your pants. Instead, find a way to rediscover your desire, your healthy animal attraction to the girl you're trying to pick up.

Rather than listening to her drone on—she can be just as dull as you, you know—in answer to your question about the viability of a third major political party, let your eyes travel up and down her body. Look at her luscious lips, her full bosom, her long legs—whatever it was that drove you mad about her in the first place. Imagine the two of you alone on the sunbaked shore of a deserted island, naked, tan, breathless with desire. Try to feel all that mad, pent-up lust you carry around with you day and night, but which mysteriously fled your body the moment you started talking with this tantalizing goddess. Imagine kissing her, drinking in the smell of her perfume, watching her step out of her skirt.

Now, there—see if that doesn't wake you up a bit, bring a little sparkle to your eye, a touch of color to your cheek. And now that you're feeling your old horny self again, don't hide it. Communicate it to her. With your fantasies about you and her playing in your mind, stare into her eyes. From the dreamy quality of your gaze to your tongue's moistening of your lips, she'll sense exactly what's there. And though it might frighten her a bit, it will arouse her even more. For certain, it won't bore her.

Believe me, I've tried this technique myself over the years, particularly when I've felt inadequate, not handsome or rich or interesting enough. It's worked miracles. All of a sudden, instead of feeling sexless and unworthy, you'll feel your sense of potency and charisma come alive, no matter how intimidatingly beautiful the girl is.

## 11
## FIND SOMEONE WHO TURNS YOU ON

When I was in high school, there was a girl in my class that just about every guy in the place had the hots for. In fact, so powerful was the group attraction toward this young thing, I thought I had a crush on her, too. Curiously, though, whenever I had a sex fantasy—at 16, I had a fair number—they were never about comely Diana; rather, they featured a far less attractive girl who was my lab partner in biology. Although her nose was much bigger than Diana's and her bosom much smaller, there was something cute about Ginger, something that moved me.

Nevertheless, I ogled and leered at Diana like all the other guys, daydreaming about what a coup it would be to show up at the Turkey Trot with her on my arm. Ginger I paid little attention to—except, of course, in my nocturnal thrashings. What a fool I was. To this day, I remember the feel of pert little breasts pressing against my back as she peered over my shoulder, the better to watch me slice open our poor wrinkled frog. The pleasure I felt when I was with her! The good times we could have had!

The point of all this is that if you really want to progress beyond the opening line, you must pick out a girl who genuinely moves you—not one who is *supposed* to move you, not one whom your friend has described as dynamite but you find rather blah. Because if you're not really interested in a woman and have approached her only because it seems like a good idea, she'll sense it in minutes. And that's how fast your relationship will end—in minutes. She'll excuse herself to freshen her makeup, and that'll be the last you see of her. You'll be left standing at the punch bowl alone, feeling rejected and defeated. And for what? The truth is, you didn't really want her in the first place. But that's OK: There are a hundred million other girls to choose from. Next time pick one who really turns you on. You'll be thrilled at how much more energy and desire you feel, how much more appetite you have for the chase. And she'll sense it, too. And that'll make all the difference in the world.

## 12
## CONSIDER UGLY GIRLS

Now that you've made up your mind to concentrate only on girls who move you—as opposed to those who are *supposed* to move you—go one step farther. Consider the ugly girls. Study them. Concentrate. Take a second glance. Force yourself to look beyond her frizzy hair, her mild case of acne, her outdated dress, her horn-rimmed glasses. Check out her breasts, her backside, the color of her eyes, the sound of her voice, her facial structure. Let her whole gestalt flood across the surface of your mind, your body.

See if you feel any spark. I'll bet you do. In fact, far more frequently and intensely than you ever expected to. The smoldering sexuality and passion of a woman who has been overlooked for years because she does not have the obvious prettiness of a stewardess is just dying to be released, ready to come alive for the first man who whispers in her ear, touches her cheek. And when it does, watch out.

Finding a pretty girl is narcissistic, a signal to the outside world that you're capable of landing a sought-after prize. It often has little

to do with the quality of your sexual and emotional union with her. Conversely, you may have the most exquisite sex, the most soaring good times with a woman most men wouldn't stop to look at twice. But you're not picking up girls to please the guys. You're doing it for yourself. So next time you're at a party and all the other guys in the room are tripping over each other vying for a smile from Ms. Suzie Cute, give a long hard look at all the other girls in the room. You'll find at least one who, upon closer examination, moves you more than you anticipated. And I hope you have a lot of stamina. You're going to have the night, or maybe the season, of your life.

## 13
## BE NUTS

I wish I could give insanity lessons. Ninety percent of the guys I meet seem like they're busting their butts trying to be saner, more normal, to fit in better with the crowd. They want to wear the right after-shave, the correct jeans, to see the latest movies. What a waste of time! Women like madmen. Not rapists, catatonics, advanced schizophrenics or guys who drool or crap in their pants. What I mean by madmen is oddballs, mavericks, rebels—men who follow their own muse instead of everybody else's. If you're not afraid to do that, you'll not only get beyond the opening line, you'll get beyond her front door and just about any other barrier in your way.

If you have a tendency to be a little off the wall, don't try to curb it. If you feel an impulse to put the ice cube in your Scotch glass down the back of her blouse, or to snap her bra strap, or to put your cowboy hat on her head, do it. Think of it this way: She may have a dull job in a dull company, no boyfriends, dull girlfriends, dull parents and live on a dull street. Most lives are like that, you know. Chances are, hers is, too. Imagine what a breath of fresh, funny air you'll be if you follow your instinct to invite her to Plato's Retreat—or whatever outrageous sex club exists in your town or city—five minutes after meeting her. Who knows? She may even go.

Remember, there is a tremendous inertia to life. It's basic, bedrock. That's why there are Bill Murrays, Dan Aykroyds, Robin Williamses and Steve Martins. None of these guys is that classically good-looking, but they do attract women. Why? Because they make a girl feel alive, make her feel the potential that life has for excitement, kicks, drama. I'm not saying you should try to act like a lunatic if it's not really in you. But if you are an offbeat, eccentric, freaky fellow, don't hide it from the ladies. It's probably the most magnetic trait you have going for you.

## 14
## FIGHT BACK

Recently, I was doing a radio interview on the subject of my first book, *How to Pick Up Girls*, when a listener called in with an anecdote he thought I'd like. It seems that several months ago, the caller had stopped in at a local discotheque. After standing around for a few minutes, he'd spotted a group of women sitting at a table in the rear. One of them caught his fancy. He marched up and, in earshot of the lady's four gawking girlfriends, said, "Would you like to dance?"

"Hah!" she snorted contemptuously. "Not with you." Her friends all tittered.

"That's OK," said the man. "I have to go to the bathroom anyway." And with that, he turned and walked away.

Less than half an hour later, while he was sitting at the bar nursing a lonely beer, the woman who had just shot him down walked up. "I like your style," she confessed. The caller allowed that he and his new friend went on to spend one of the greatest evenings of his life.

The moral? If you do happen to get rejected when trying to pick up a woman, there's no need to go to pieces. You're even allowed to fight back. Sometimes your very anger will turn a woman on, show her you're not a man to be pushed around. I have a friend who, whenever a woman refuses to dance with him, responds in all innocence: "Oh, well, then I suppose a blow job is out of the question." He's been wrong a surprising number of times.

## 15
## MAKE HER A SEX OBJECT

Well aware that it flies in the face of all intelligent, enlightened thinking of the day, I write it nonetheless: Make her a sex object. As soon as you're ten or 15 minutes into conversation, tell her she has a fantastic figure and is giving you X-rated sex fantasies. Declare that if you could only see her naked, you would be quite willing to die soon, your life's dream fulfilled beyond all expectations. Remark upon her unparalleled behind, her sensuous hips, her lips that are making you thirsty for her kisses.

Yes, a few uptight, overly intellectual, cranky women will be annoyed. But most healthy, outgoing, life-loving women will be flattered and, in many cases, turned on. Beneath our highly socialized, civilized exteriors, we are all still animals, she as well as you. Don't ever forget it. The man who knows this, not just intellectually but in his bones, his cells, his blood, will never have trouble succeeding with women.

Above all, on our most basic biological level, men are sex objects to women and women are sex objects to men. That is what spurs procreation, ensures our survival as a species. And don't let anyone ever tell you different. People may not *want* life to work that way. But that cannot alter the fact that life *does* work that way.

## 16
## MAKE HER FEEL SPECIAL

Well over half the women I know said the most important thing a man can do is make them feel special. In short, a woman is vastly less interested in the way you appear to her than in the way you make her feel about herself. If a man makes a woman feel beautiful, interesting, superior, then it's not so important for him to be superior himself. Get it? How you make a woman feel about herself is pretty much how she will come to feel about you. If you make her feel that she's unique, then she will decide that you are unique. So tell her. "There's something special about you. I noticed you the second I walked into the room. You have a very unique voice—unusual, different. I can't explain it. You're more than just pretty. There's something very original about your looks."

And don't let it slip your mind. Before you go out tonight, commit the following to memory: *There's something special about you.* Then don't be afraid to use it. At the first sign of a lull in the conversation, say, "I don't know, Susan, but there's something special about you." Watch how she smiles and lights up.

## 17
## CIRCULATE

I have a friend who commissions scripts for a big television producer. He says he often looks at 200 ideas before giving a writer the go-ahead. A man I play tennis with buys multi-family real estate developments. He usually has to look at over 25 properties before he finds one that appeals to him.

What does this have to do with getting beyond the opening line? If you're having a rough go of it with one particular woman—she's unresponsive, suicidal, headed for a nunnery—move on. Cut bait. Find someone else.

You can't appeal to every woman you approach. And not every woman you approach will wind up appealing to you. So don't turn a five-minute introductory conversation into a strained, forced, full-evening's chore. It's no disgrace to call it quits and excuse yourself. In fact, better you beat her to the punch. Just mosey on to the next lady who catches your eye. And if that doesn't work, move on again.

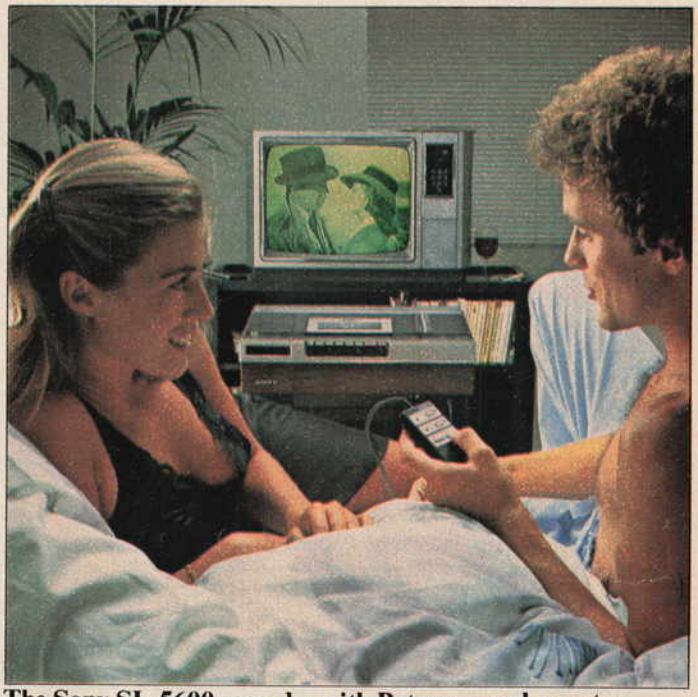
Random attraction is one of the mysteries of life. Just when you're sure there's not a woman in the entire world who's going to be turned on by you, you'll find a dozen, maybe more. So keep circulating. Not every girl can like you. But how sweet it is when you meet the ones who do. ■

# MONDO VIDEO

*Everything you want to know about video—from bottom-line basics to the biggest, best home systems*

**ARTICLE BY NEAL WEINSTOCK**

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICK WOLIN-SEMPLE**



**The Sony SL-5600 recorder with Betascan and remote control ($1350). Attached is the RCA VEM575 19-inch color monitor - quality video monitor/receiver ($680).**

Home video? That's a TV set, right? Well, not exactly. A television's just one basic component in what eventually can lead to the ultimate home-video setup. Second necessary ingredient is a videocassette recorder—henceforth known as a VCR. Third step . . .

Wait. Why are we already conjuring up the summital tangle of TVs, decks, consoles, cameras and cables, when most folks don't even own a VCR yet? Good question.

One answer is that the cost of an ultimate system five years down the line might just be equivalent to the cost of one of the cheaper home-video players available today. Presenting one of the few areas of life in which things keep getting cheaper and better at the same time.

Of course, five years can be a very long time, and all of the technological wonders to be discussed herein are available *now*—starting at around $1000 or so for a basic recorder and color television, and then onward and upward. Well, we could perhaps gratify every little voyeuristic video impulse and whim for something in the vicinity of $10,000. But your ideal home-video system probably lies somewhere between the extremes.

The most basic you can get is just a recorder and TV, but you will probably want a timer attached to that VCR, which is why almost every VCR is sold with a built-in tuner/timer. I tape movies in the middle of the night when the schedules are often "subject to change without notice," and sometimes I miss half the film. A friend of mine tapes every football game, and his wife tapes the ballet over them—usually before he gets a chance to watch the game. Yes, you can reuse any tape up to a hundred times. And yes, it does help if you tape things in person when possible: You can chop out the commercials that way.

Another way to chop out commercials is to transfer the original tape to another by re-recording it through another VCR. When you come to a commercial, hit the pause button for the tape that's being made, run the original tape on until you reach something you wish to record, then un-pause. This is known as editing. It's essentially what the pros do to make the kind of cuts we're used to seeing.

That may not be reason enough to buy two VCRs, but then consider this: A video camera and a portable deck will let you shoot your own programs at about the same cost as a fine home-movie system. And the more you shoot, the cheaper it gets; Super-8mm film and processing runs $15 to $20 for 15 minutes, while videotape sells for $10 to $20 for up to six hours of tape.

All right, given a two-VCR system, one should be portable and the other should have a tuner/timer. Now there's also a choice of tape formats, with Beta and VHS decks mutually *in*compatible. Both are cassettes and both offer about the same quality, despite rumors to the contrary, and both are now produced by the major audiotape manufacturers, such as Ampex, Maxell and TDK. (Most of these companies also make cleaning aids, akin to audiotape-cleaning products.) Each format has its own advantages: Beta machines can scan forward and backward very quickly (the new Toshiba V-8000 scans at up to 40 times normal speed); VHS decks can run six hours in the extended-play mode, while Beta only goes five.

Another benefit of Beta, if you have a Sony machine, is the optional AG-300 stacker. The AG-300 will stack and automatically load up to three tapes, for a maximum of 15 hours' play. That's not as esoteric a feature as it may seem: If you leave for a long vacation or are enjoying a marathon bedroom session, then you may just want to record that much.

A couple of the most

exemplary portables, both VHS units, are the Panasonic Omnivision PV-3100 and Akai's ActiVideo system. Both will record and play in either two-hour or six-hour modes. The Omnivision unit is the lightest half-inch portable around, weighing in at a little over 11 pounds. The Akai VPS-7350, though a few pounds heavier, is the first home portable to provide stereophonic sound with Dolby. Each comes with an optional tuner/timer that is equally compact—when deck and tuner/timer are placed end to end on a shelf, they take up about as much room as the standard stereo receiver.

Lest everything appear too simple, other choices are entering the arena. For the first time, there's a VCR using quarter-inch tapes that is lighter and more portable than any VHS or Beta deck, both of which use half-inch tapes. Made by Funai in Japan and marketed here by Technicolor, it is only the first of a new generation of lighter, even more adaptable units. How much more adaptable? For one thing, it weighs only seven pounds. The image quality, while not quite the equal of half-inch at its best, seems as good as a tape used in the six-hour mode. Technicolor's tape, made by Fuji, runs a half hour, and an hour-long tape will soon be on the market.

You can edit between a Technicolor deck and a VHS deck, or a VHS and a Beta, or a VHS and a VHS, and so on. All that's absolutely necessary to edit are any two decks and a cable in between. But it can be pretty tedious going, trying to make a lot of cuts in such a manner. An editing controller will help immeasurably if you want to accomplish anything more than the most rudimentary editing. If you fancy yourself a disciple of Sergei Eisenstein, then take a look at the Panasonic NV-A960. With frame-count (yes, video has frames just like film, even though you can't see them) and footage-count display and a joy stick to move forward or reverse, you'll find using this as easy as using a typewriter.

Any TV can monitor the proceedings but, of course, some do it better than others. The RCA VEM575, 19-inch monitor-quality set does just fine. *Monitor quality* is a term we're going to hear more and more often regarding televisions, and it will be used loosely. It *should* mean a set durable and accurate enough to be a professional monitor, having all the connecting jacks that a monitor must have: connections for a couple of VCRs, for a standard antenna and coaxial lead (that's the thick cable with the little wire running inside), and connections for your own external speakers to improve on the tin-box sound of most TVs.

OK, let's say we're not using a monitor, but merely a regular TV like Hitachi's five-inch CK-200. This sleek little number features a rather uncommon automatic-tuning search, making it easy to seek out those out-of-the-way and exotic UHF stations. As beautiful as it is, the CK-200 is just a bit too little to accommodate anything but the tinniest of tiny speakers. What's a poor video addict to do? Why, merely make tracks to the nearest electronics emporium and shell out a couple of bucks for a cable with a mini-plug on one end and an RCA plug on the other. Hook the wire into the earphone jack on the TV and to the auxiliary input on the back of your stereo receiver. Then use the gain on your stereo, and switch the receiver to mono so the sound comes out both speakers.

Of course, you may not want your TV in the same room with your stereo system. To the rescue comes Sanyo with their catchily named 91C94N, a 19-inch set with the best sound in TV-land, which is produced by a 5-watt high-fidelity amp and four drivers. Someday TV will be broadcast in stereo. Until then, at least we have 91C94N.

Although TV isn't broadcast in stereo now, there *is* a way to get stereophonic sound to go with your picture box. Just truck on down to the nearest video store and pick up a video album. For about $25, you can purchase a movie or a symphony or a rock concert or a tennis lesson—you bring it home and slide it into your videodisc player. *Voilà*—great stereophonic sound and an

**Our valiant cinematographer tells the Hitachi VK-C770 camera ($1050) what to look at, with invaluable support from the E. Leitz Tiltall tripod ($129). Hooked up to the RCA 25-inch color GER790ER TV with special console cabinet ($1180) is the Toshiba V-8000 recorder ($1245). To its right: Hitachi's portable CK-200 color set with auto-tuning ($449.95), the VT-7500A portable deck ($1250) and the VT-TU75A tuner/timer ($450).**

**Muscle in stereo: Sanyo's 91C94N color TV with excellent audio ($700). It's a good match for the Akai ActiVideo system, which offers Dolby stereo. Shown is the ActiVideo VC-65 camera ($995) attached to the Toshiba V-8000 VCR ($1245), along with the Pioneer LaserDisc video player ($749). Strewn about are various Beta and VHS tapes from Maxell and TDK ($13–$26). The Technicolor one-quarter-inch portable VCR and battery pack ($995) takes a rest on the chair.**

image incredibly sharper and more vivid than any you've probably seen. Pioneer and Magnavox have been selling their mutually compatible disc players since last summer. MCA makes the discs.

Other, very different videodisc systems are scheduled to come out soon from RCA, JVC and Panasonic. It should be fun figuring out which is best, because they're all pretty good. OK, whole-hog ultimate: There are just three more earthly desires left to gratify (in this bailiwick, anyway): lights, camera and action.

As far as lights go, Berkey Colortran (under whose auspices many of our favorite epics have been shot) has a home-sized kit of professional quality known as the Mini-Pro. How much do you need them? Likely not at all. But then, some things worthy of remembering have been known to happen at night. How much lighting you need depends on your artistic goals and also on the camera you're using.

Speaking of which, what you know about lenses from making Super-8mm flicks holds true for video as well. The lens is numero uno, the most important component of the camera. There's no shutter and no film in a video camera, just something called a vidicon tube. It's an electric eye that works on the same principle as the human eye. Most video cameras are fitted with automatic-exposure control—just like us cyborgs. Prices start at around $500 for something with just the basic features and no more—no manual exposure override, no color balance, sharpness or other image controls (a camera needs these just as a TV set needs them for quality results). You may not wish to be bothered with all these variables, but then expect your movies to look like home movies, not professional productions.

Along more sophisticated lines, try through-the-lens viewing, which is a feature you can find on a mid-priced camera like the Sony HVC-2010. The CRT viewfinder is another step up: a little TV screen/viewfinder that shows what is on the tape as it's being recorded. A CRT can be found in cameras like the Akai VC-65 or the Hitachi VK-C770 (shown here with the VT-7500A portable recorder). Both feature sharp 6:1 zoom lenses and very sensitive microphones. (With the average home-video setup, the mike and the camera usually come together.)

For tripods—gizmos that haven't benefited much from advances in microelectronics—we present photographers' workhorses from famed old E. Leitz, Inc., who ought to know what makes a good one.

Which brings us, finally, to the only ingredient that remains just as good as it was before the French invented the photograph. Let's see now: Lights are set, mike in place, tripod set, recorder running, monitor on, camera ready. OK . . . action! ■

**Shooting itself is the Panasonic PK-800 camera ($1250), with the image on the already mentioned Sanyo TV. Above is the Panasonic NV-A960 editing controller ($2995), which may just be controlling the rest of the Panasonic Omnivision system: the PV-3100 recorder ($1150) and PV-L35P tuner/timer ($350). To the left are the Magnavox Magnavision videodisc player ($775) and the JVC GX-77U camera ($1050). Below are the VP-7350 recorder ($1200) and VU-7350 tuner/timer ($395) from the Akai ActiVideo system. Standing all about are the Berkey Colortran Mini-Pro lights ($667). Top right: The Hitachi CK-200 really gets around with yet a third starring appearance.**

THE FILMS OF THE FORTIES
IRELAND

# A SHORT COURSE IN SPORTS BETTING

**How to pick a winner, play the spread, deal with bookies and tell the difference between smart and sucker bets. A guide for the gonzo gambler.**

## Article by Roger Dionne

When I was told Sammy would be sitting in our Friday-night poker game, I was delighted. There's an old and very true precept in poker: If you don't see a sucker at the table, you're it. When Sammy played, no one else at the table had to worry about being it. That night, as usual, he dropped over $100 in the $1-limit game.

"Boy, was I unlucky," Sammy said as we walked to our cars.

I smiled, following another old precept: Never give a sucker an even break. "You're a real gambler," I said, patting him on the back.

It was then that Sammy told me about his pal Hank. "The guy bets football, basketball, baseball, hockey, you name it. He's a junior copywriter for some advertising firm and he's only twenty-six, yet he bets hundreds, maybe thousands, of dollars every week. Now, there's a real gambler. I don't know how he does it."

"There are two types of gambler," I said, "and they're almost diametrically opposed. The first is the chronic risk-taker who lives with this feeling in his bones that someday he'll strike it rich. He doesn't study what he's doing; he just gambles. He loves shortcuts. He puts fifty dollars on the nose of a hundred-to-one shot at the racetrack. He flings chips all over the layout at the crap table. He dumps his whole bankroll into a

ILLUSTRATION BY DAN QUARNSTROM

NFL
Playoff Pool

# Like most intelligent gambling, sports betting is a science of small edges, not walloping triumphs.

poker pot, chasing an inside straight. He bets his paycheck on the home team straight up, when he knows they're three- or four-point underdogs. This type of gambler worships Lady Luck, always confident that sooner or later she'll cast her blind eyes upon him, that with each new spin of the roulette wheel, he'll get his big break. If by some fluke he does win, he has his momentary thrill, and then he plunges in all over again. Inevitably, he's a loser. Bookies just love guys like him."

Sammy was slowly shaking his head in sympathy with all the losers of the world.

"I know what you mean," he said.

"The second type of gambler does everything in his power to *reduce* the element of luck," I continued, rather pontifically. "He gambles on his skills, and he never makes a serious wager unless he figures he has an edge going in. He might bet that hundred-to-one-shot horse, but only if his handicapping tells him the true odds are, say, thirty to one. He might draw to an inside straight, but only if he knows the odds of making the straight are shorter than the amount of money he could win by calling the bet. He studies endlessly the game he's playing. If he's a sports bettor, he reads everything; he keeps records of all the teams he's betting and he only bets when he likes the point spread and has a solid opinion on the game. He may lose because of a last-minute fumble or any number of things, but he's satisfied because he knows he was on the right side of the game, whatever the outcome."

"I'd rather win the money," Sammy said.

"I suppose you would," I said. "I suppose most people would."

"So what am I—the first type of gambler or the second?" Sammy asked, his face glowing with anticipated approval.

Charitably, I changed the subject. "What about your sports-betting friend Hollywood Hank? What type is he?"

"He's a nut," Sammy said. "Look, he's invited me over on Sunday to have a few drinks and watch the game. Why don't you come along?"

I readily agreed.

## A VISIT WITH A PRO

Wrapped in nothing but a bath towel, the woman who opened the door of the home high in the Hollywood Hills that Sunday morning a half hour or so before game time was not simply beautiful; she was one of those rare beauties who takes your breath away, who causes your tongue to twist into a pretzel so you feel like a stammering, self-conscious 15-year-old all over again. She smiled at our mumbled greetings and led the two of us through Hank's living room and dining alcove and out onto the patio with its hot Jacuzzi, which bubbled invitingly. Sammy and Hank were old college friends, but here in Los Angeles they saw each other infrequently. The breathtaking beauty—her name was Katie—directed us to Hank's game room beyond the patio and Jacuzzi and said she'd get us drinks.

"Tequila Sunrises OK?" she asked.

We nodded enthusiastically. We would no doubt have nodded enthusiastically had she suggested shots of cyanide on the rocks.

There was a pool table in the center of Hank's large game room, a dart board up on one of the walls, a poker table in one corner and a backgammon table in another. Along the far wall were not one, but *three* large, built-in television screens, in front of which was arranged a blue, spongy playpen of furniture. Hollywood Hank was sitting at one end of the playpen, talking on one of the two telephones on an end table. He motioned for us to join him.

"Run 'em," he said into the telephone receiver.

Hank had a rugged, pockmarked face with sharp, blue, serious eyes. He was wearing a loose velour shirt and Sasson jeans. His feet were bare. Scattered on the end table and on the floor in front of the playpen were *Pro Football Weekly*, *The Sporting News*, the Sunday *Los Angeles Times* and several other publications, as well as a loose-leaf folder filled with handwritten statistics. Hank was holding a *J.K. Football Schedule* in his left hand and a ballpoint pen in his right.

"OK, I'll give you one hundred dollars on New England," he said into the phone, noting down the amount on his schedule, "two hundred on Denver and three hundred on Dallas. I'll pass on the totals for now, but let me know if your line changes on the Pittsburgh game."

Hank was clearly one of the more serious sports bettors among the 40 million-odd Americans who, according to a 1977 Lou Harris poll, bet on football every season, even though in most states it's illegal. Before the afternoon ended, I realized he was a rarity among those 40 million—a consistent winner. If his advertising job didn't provide him with the good life, his gambling certainly did. And the accoutrements of his game room suggested that betting wasn't the only way he won money.

As soon as Hank hung up, Sammy took about a dozen football cards from his pocket and passed them over to his host.

"What do you think of my picks, Hank? If any one of these combinations comes in, I'm richer by two hundred dollars."

"I don't believe this," Hank said. "You never learn. Football betting cards are the worst sucker bets in sports."

"They only cost a buck apiece, Hank. At least I'm not betting two and three hundred dollars a game like you are."

"You can thank God for that," Hank retorted.

Katie brought in our Tequila Sunrises and a Perrier for Hank. Then she withdrew to the Jacuzzi. I turned my head just in time to see the towel slip from her body as she immersed herself in the gurgling water.

"So what makes football cards so bad?" Sammy persisted.

Hank sighed and gave Sammy his first lesson of the day.

"Do you know what a parlay is?" he asked.

"Sure. Who doesn't?" Sammy said.

"Well, the sports books in Las Vegas have big signs promoting parlays, which should be a tip-off that they're bad propositions," Hank explained. "In a parlay, you bet that two or more events will occur—for instance, that the New England Patriots will beat the Buffalo Bills by the spread and Denver will beat Oakland by the spread. If either team loses, you lose. If one team wins and the other ties, you tie. If both win, you get twelve or thirteen dollars, depending on the bookmaker, for every five dollars wagered."

"That's a nice payoff," Sammy said.

"It's a lousy payoff," Hank corrected. "The true odds are three to one or fifteen dollars to five dollars. You're giving the bookmaker at least thirteen-point-three percent of all your winning wagers."

"But football cards have even bigger payoffs," Sammy said.

"And even lousier odds," Hank replied. "Football cards are simply enormous parlays, with the added disadvantage that all ties lose. You could have selected only three teams, but you selected ten. All right, suppose you miraculously pick ten out of ten winners."

"I collect two hundred smackeroos," Sammy said.

"But do you know what the odds of picking ten out of ten are?" Hank asked.

"Who cares?" Sammy said.

"Ignoring ties, the odds are exactly one thousand and twenty-three to one. You should be getting one thousand twenty-four dollars back for your dollar, instead of only two hundred dollars. That's giving up more

than eighty percent of what you should win. I'd call that a pretty horrendous proposition."

Sammy was mute. I took the opportunity to speak up myself. "If you want to bet sports, Sammy," I said, "maybe you should leave football cards alone and find yourself a bookie."

"Yeah, and get a pair of broken thumbs when I can't pay up," he replied.

Hank sputtered up the Perrier water he was drinking. "Bookmakers only use violence in the movies, Sammy," he said. "In real life, there are no bookie stereotypes. They are not Mafiosi. Ninety-nine percent of them are independent businessmen—stockbrokers, real estate agents, what-have-you—except that, in general, I'd say they're more honest."

"So how do I find a bookie I can trust?"

"The same way you find a stockbroker or a real estate agent," Hank said. "Through friends, through guys at work, through guys in your poker game or at your club, even through your local bartender. Once you've made a connection, you both check each other out."

"What do you mean?" Sammy asked.

"Sports betting is a multibillion-dollar business across the country," Hank explained, "yet it operates almost entirely on credit, based almost entirely on a person's word. So the bookmaker wants to make sure your word is good. He'll check your finances, your employment, maybe even your family's attitude toward your gambling. And you should make sure his word is good, too. Has he always paid your contact on time? How long has he been doing business in town? The longer the better, since someone new at the game may go broke and disappear. What's the maximum bet he'll accept? If he takes one- and two-thousand-dollar wagers, he's apparently pretty well capitalized—though that might also mean the minimum he accepts is too high for you. Once you get a bookmaker, you should settle up with him every week. Besides keeping him honest, you want to keep yourself honest. Don't get stuck so badly you'll have trouble paying up."

"And get my thumbs broken," Sammy repeated.

Hank ignored the comment and took a sip of Perrier.

"Why not be safe and give the bookie some money in advance?" Sammy asked.

Hank looked at him as a mother might look at her child leading a Gila monster into the living room.

"Don't ever do it," he said. "A friend of mine in Orange County, an experienced sports bettor who bets pretty high, once had a bookmaker come to his office. 'Front money,' the bookie said. 'I need front money.' Since the guy had come highly recommended, my friend gave him one thousand dollars and called him the next day to place his bets. A woman told him to call back later. He called later. Still no bookmaker. My friend never did place a bet. He never saw the guy again. Nor his one thousand dollars."

"Tough break," Sammy said.

Hank looked at his watch, then called another bookmaker to place a few last-minute bets. When he finished, the first TV game was about to begin. Katie came in from the patio as though on cue, now freshly dressed in a white blouse and pink Jordache jeans. Hank's serious wagering was over for the day—though we did bet a few dollars among ourselves—and now he could settle down and sweat the action out on his three television screens. He probably didn't enjoy the games as much as usual, though, since he spent much of his time lecturing Sammy on the fundamentals of betting not only football, but basketball, hockey and baseball as well. On the other hand, like most people, Hank probably found pleasure in explaining a subject he understood thoroughly to someone who, at best, only thought he did.

It would certainly try the reader's patience to retrace all the steps of Hank's explanations as they sank slowly like the rungs of a rope ladder into the muddy waters of Sammy's mind. So I'll summarize.

### THE VIGORISH

Unlike our friendly wagers around his playpen, when Hank bets with a bookie, he has to lay $11 to win $10. A bookmaker is in business to make money, not to gamble, and

*(Continued on page 123)*

# SMART BETS

*Want to boost your chances of winning? Keep basic records, advises Vegas sports-betting pro Gary Austin. Smart bettors, he adds, look to their records and discover things that aren't obvious to sucker bettors—like home and away advantages and overpriced and underpriced teams. At OUI's request, Gary consulted his own voluminous files and selected the following examples of how basic record keeping gave him an edge on the oddsmakers. How would you have done?*

### DENVER BRONCOS VS. SEATTLE SEAHAWKS

The Denver Broncos were the N.F.L.'s Cinderella team in 1977. As 4-point favorites at home in the season opener against the St. Louis Cardinals, they won 7–0. The following week, at home, they were 12-point favorites against the Buffalo Bills and won 26–6. In the third week of the season, the Broncos traveled to Seattle as 14-point favorites against the Seahawks, a lackluster expansion team. How would you bet?

*Austin's play was to bet Seattle. First, Denver's initial successes caused the line to move sharply against them—from −4 in their opener to a lopsided −14 in Seattle. Equally important, the Broncos would be playing the game away, without the support of perhaps the most vocal and enthusiastic fans in football that year. The result: Broncos 24, Seahawks 13. They won the game, but lost to the spread.*

### MINNESOTA TWINS VS. SEATTLE MARINERS

Four weeks into last year's baseball season, the Seattle Mariners, with Floyd Bannister pitching, were playing the Minnesota Twins in Minnesota, with Jerry Koosman pitching. Koosman was favored at $1.70 to win $1. How would you bet?

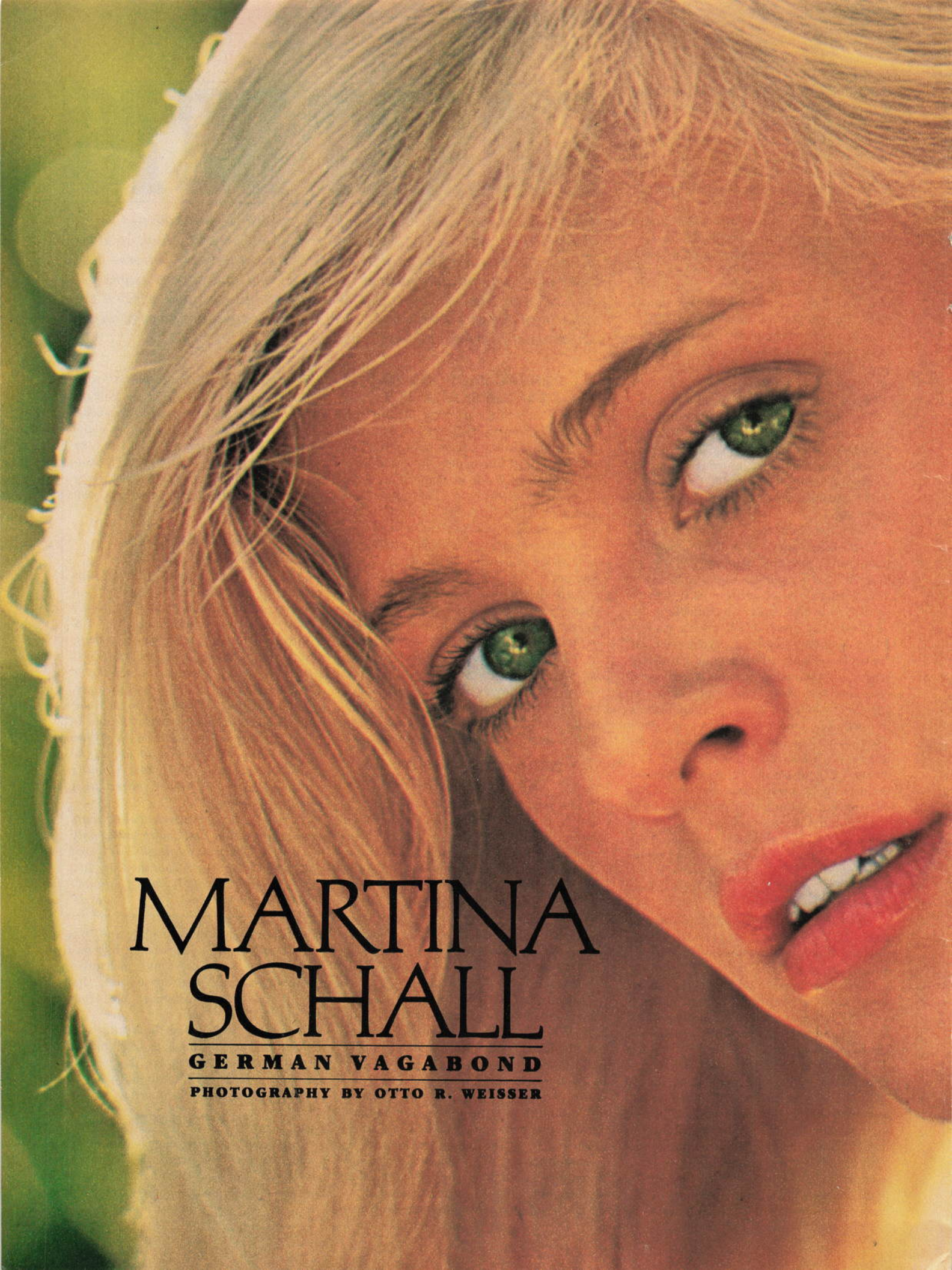
*Austin's records showed that in 27 innings of pitching, Koosman had allowed 11 earned runs, while Bannister had allowed only 4 in 30 innings. Furthermore, Seattle was 11 and 9 at the time, while Minnesota was 9 and 11. At best, the Twins had only a slight home-field advantage, so at $1.70 to win $1, they were way overpriced. Austin bet the Mariners, and they won 5–3.*

### CHICAGO CUBS VS. HOUSTON ASTROS

Late last August the Chicago Cubs were facing the Astros' Nolan Ryan in Houston. To bet Houston, you had to lay $2 to win $1. How would you bet?

*Austin made a big play on the Astros, certain that in spite of the $2 prices, he was getting very much the best of it. First, the Astros were 43 and 21 at home at the time, while the Cubs were 24 and 43 on the road, which reflects almost exactly the bookmakers' 2-to-1 odds. Additionally, Ryan was an impressive 7 and 1 at home, the Astros were riding a 9-game winning streak and the Cubs were mired in a 5-game losing streak.*

*"In reality, this game was about a four-to-one proposition, and you're laying only two to one," Austin explained. "It's a real cheap price. The Astros beat the Cubs two to one. It was close, but it counts. You still get the money."* —R. D.



# MARTINA SCHALL

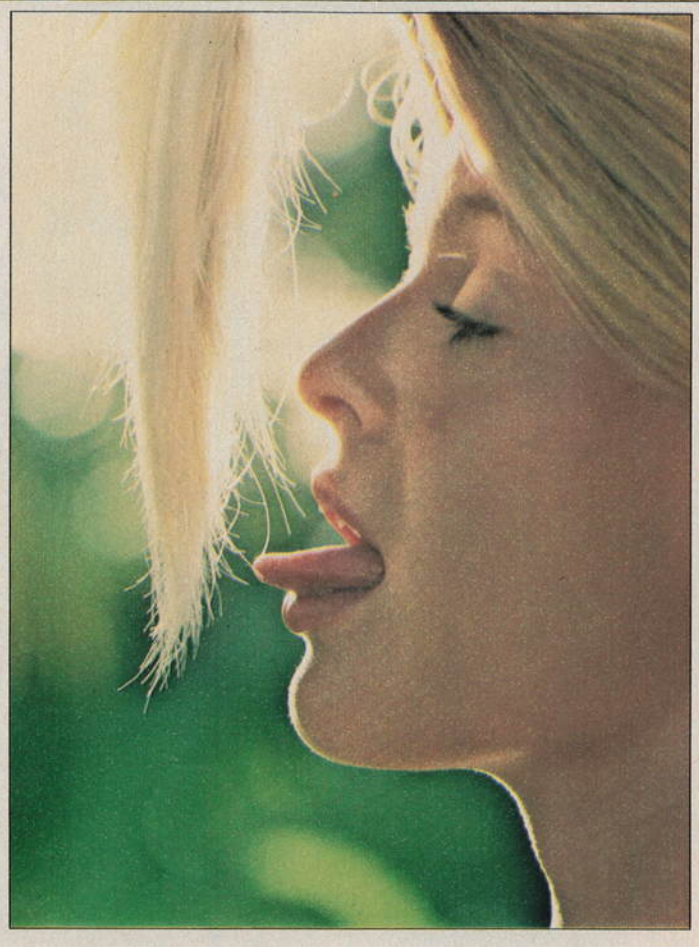
## GERMAN VAGABOND

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OTTO R. WEISSER

Most people are willing to accept winter and the colder weather that comes with it, but not Martina Schall. This 19-year-old German spends her summers working, so that when winter comes, she can spend her time island hopping the South Pacific with her friends.

"I wasn't quite ready to continue with school after last year," she told us, "and we were talking about coming down here. At first, I wasn't really serious about it, but after a while, I thought, 'Why not? This is something I should do while I'm young and free. I plan on going back to school eventually, and I may never get this chance again.' "

Born in Berlin and raised in Munich, this urban girl is still no stranger to the sea and the sand. "My family was one of those traditional clans who always took a month's holiday, and we would always go to the Mediterranean. Those were my best experiences as a child; so when I got the chance to travel, it was a natural. I think of how cold it must be back home, and here I am enjoying the



*"Sailing the South Pacific is something that I should do while I'm young and free."*

*"Now that I'm alone, I stay wherever I want and move on when I want."*

Southern Hemisphere summer. This is really a dream come true."

Martina began her Pacific travels last fall with a few close friends, but she soon found that they were limiting her freedom. "It was nice to be with people I knew, but if I wanted to stay somewhere, they would always insist on moving on. It was very frustrating. Also, I've found that the best way to meet new people is when you are on your own. So, finally, when they wanted to leave, I just stayed behind. Now everything is so much easier. I stay where I want, and I move on when I want. Plus, it's very easy to move from one island to another. I always seem to find someone who will give me a temporary crew job on their boat. In so many ways, it's much easier to travel if you're alone."

So how does a German girl who's crisscrossing the Pacific find her way to OUI?

"I was working on a boat chartered by the friend of a OUI photographer. I'm getting more mature physically, I'm certainly

not shy, the idea of being a model excited me, and I needed the money . . . so my answer was a strong *yes*. At the next island, he sent a telegram, and the rest is before your eyes."

Before we could even ask, Martina began to tell us about the romantic life of a young lady on the high seas. "When I'm on a boat, I have a job to do, so I don't have the time to play. But on the islands, there's nothing but time and eligible young men." We asked her if she could name what type of man she prefers, but her answer was a simple "It depends on my mood. Everyone is tan, and every male has been nice to me; so the only thing to be said is that I like blonds in the day and dark-haired men in the evening. There's nothing that compares to actually having my choice. Whenever I find an island that I like, I feel like the queen of the place after just a few days. I don't look forward to the day when I have to return home and lead a normal life. This has been an adventure beyond my wildest dreams."

***"On the islands there is nothing but time and eligible young men."***

oui
JANUARY 1981

A CONVERSATION WITH

# JERRY DELLA FEMINA
## WILD MAN OF MADISON AVENUE

**The hilarious truth about advertising, messages hidden in ice cubes, the "Year of the Ass" and his agency's $135-million sex party.**

Madison Avenue is America's least favorite street, and it's no wonder. Advertising people work on Madison Avenue. Gray-flannel minds producing sleazy campaigns: Men Will Rogers never met. Hard sells. Hard tactics. Hard to take. Nightly nausea.

Enter Jerry Della Femina, the advertising guy you almost want to believe. Yeah, he's a honcho-millionaire, Mad Ave. advertising exec, all right—the top dog in a dog-eat-dog business, and an A-1 huckster—but can you *really* hate a guy who named a feminine-hygiene spray after himself? He is the chairman of the board and basic bigwig of a $135-million advertising empire (which includes such clients as Beck's Beer, Emery Air Freight, Carte Blanche, *Inside Sports* and the New York Mets), yet he carries a little plastic Spider-Man in his pocket for good luck.

Madison Avenue *still* isn't sure about Jerry Della Femina. He looks Japanese, sounds Jewish and is really an Italian from the bowels of Brooklyn. Above all, he speaks his mind—which is encased in a shaved head. A graduate of Lafayette High School in Brooklyn, Della Femina skipped college, delivered packages for *The New York Times* for a while, then entered advertising in 1962 as a junior copywriter at Daniel and Charles Associates. He wrote some of the great bra-and-girdle campaigns of the early Sixties. He was also fired within a year. He took his gold typewriter with him.

Five years and three jobs later, Della Femina got together with fellow *paesan* Ron Travisano and started his own agency. After a rocky start and a big Christmas party financed with the company's last $3000, Della Femina began picking up business and writing classic campaigns for products such as Pretty Feet ("What's the ugliest part of your body?"), Feminique, Blue Nun wine and Kretschmer wheat germ. So what's the secret to his pitches? Simply, Della Femina doesn't force his products down the consumer's throat. He makes you think, chuckle and consider.

"Jerry Della Femina might be the greatest advertising copywriter in history," says OUI Contributing Editor Jon Denny, "but he has sold Jerry Della Femina better than any other product. When people on Madison Avenue talk about the cult of personality, they're talking about Jerry. In a business that thrives in committees and cherishes its Protestant-sounding names and Brooks Brothers fabrics, Jerry has emerged as its biggest and only star. His peers think he's crazy like a fox. He loves publicity and recognition and even gets a kick when people mistake him for Telly Savalas. Jerry Della Femina is in show business. He might be the only chairman of the board in America worth getting high with."

**OUI:** OK, first things first: Who is Jerry Della Femina and what does he do for a living?

**DELLA FEMINA:** I sell Jerry Della Femina for a living. What I am is a glorified, glamorized salesman. Actually, the whole joke is: I don't work. No one in advertising works. You do it all in seven minutes. I sit in my office alone doing absolutely nothing.

**OUI:** Nevertheless, you're considered the most famous advertising man in the world.

**DELLA FEMINA:** The other day I received a cable from Helsinki inviting me to address 2000 Finns. I didn't know there were 2000 Finn people. I told my secretary to reply that Jerry Della Femina doesn't want to go to Finland; he's too big for Finland. How's that for the height of ego? I'm too big for a *country*.

**OUI:** So how come you agreed to this interview?

**DELLA FEMINA:** Because I'm the Reggie Jackson of Madison Avenue. Plus the fact that publicity is the only free thing left in America. See, I have a theory about all this. It's called "Name the Three Guys Who Walked on the Moon Theory."

**OUI:** Meaning?

**DELLA FEMINA:** Meaning, those bastards risked their lives and no one remembers their names. If people can't remember who walked on the moon, how are they gonna remember that I made an ass of myself in an interview?

**OUI:** So, what separates Jerry Della Femina from the rest of the ad world, besides the facts that you're Italian, shave your head and will give an interview to a men's magazine?

**DELLA FEMINA:** In a business that's completely unnatural, I'm natural. Not being afraid also makes me stand out—makes me so fucking unique that they call me crazy. On Madison Avenue, the general consensus is that I'm controversial for the sake of being controversial. It's amazing: Advertising people will actually accuse *me* of manipulation. What I say, however, is the truth.

**OUI:** Are you saying that all the other ad people are afraid?

**DELLA FEMINA:** I've said it before: Adver-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM SHEA

tising people are like Wally Cox. That's especially true since I found out that Wally Cox was into S/M, and [the ad biz] is more Wally Cox than ever before. With this economy, most advertising people are living with a lot of terror. Ninety percent are hanging on for dear life. Loyalty in the ad biz has a 90-day cancellation clause.

**OUI:** According to one hot Madison Avenue rumor, your agency holds a yearly sex contest for its employees. What's the official, inside story?

**DELLA FEMINA:** We've had the sex contest at the agency since we began in 1967. I set aside one week a year and ask that each person in the agency—200 people—vote for the person of the opposite sex they would most want to go to bed with. They pick their top three choices and check off the ballot. The results are sealed like Oscars, then announced at a gigantic party that usually wrecks one or two Mexican restaurants in New York City. The first prize is a weekend at the Plaza Hotel. Second prize is one night at the Plaza Hotel. Third prize is a night in my partner Ron's office, because it has a fold-out couch. The winners are thrown together whether they voted for each other or not. They have no choice about anything. If they want to collect their prize, they have to go to bed.

**OUI:** Have you ever been a lucky winner?

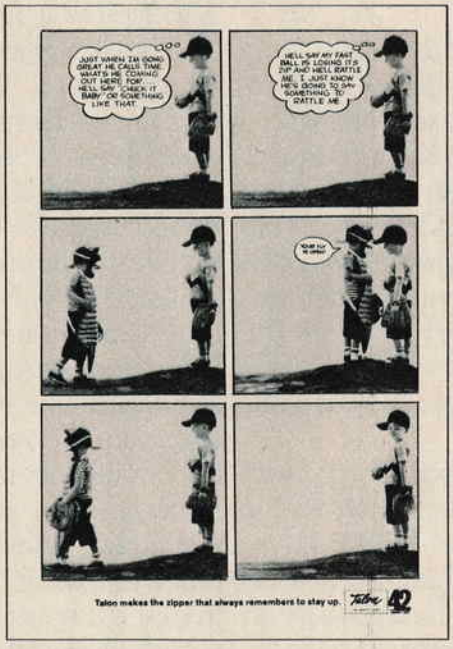
**DELLA FEMINA:** This year I added a second category: the Kink Award. Everybody votes for the person they want to commit their kinkiest sex act with. I won the kink category. In my years in advertising, I've been honored many times; I've won Clios, show awards, Advertising Man of the Year. But this was the greatest honor I've ever received: To have all the women in the agency decide that I was the one person they wanted to commit a kinky sexual act with—that's pretty heady stuff, so to speak.

**OUI:** It sounds like a fun agency.

**DELLA FEMINA:** Someday all business is going to be like ours. IBM can't survive much longer being IBM. Sure, they're feeling pretty powerful right now because they have the Seventies generation: They got them to bend; they got them to put on ties; they got them to put on the right suit. But little by little, the corporate facade is being scratched and eroded. I think we're a company of the future. I don't think we'll be so odd in 15 years.

**OUI:** Are you suggesting that IBM will hold office sex contests in 15 years?

**DELLA FEMINA:** Once, I was turned down by a major corporation because I showed up for my interview with a bright-red shirt and a pair of jeans. Their decision was: We're not interested in this sort of guy. Well, IBM has to live with that sort of mentality. But my feeling is that things have to change or business can't survive. The people who work for my agency can say, think or do almost anything. We're not concerned with the trappings. I really think the day of the eloquent sharpie, professional charmer is over.


JUST WHEN I'M GOING GREAT HE CALLS TIME. WHAT'S HE COMING OUT HERE FOR? HE'LL SAY "CHECK IT, BABY" OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
HELL SAY MY FAST BALL IS LOSING IT'S ZIP AND HE'LL BATTLE ME. I JUST KNOW HE'S GOING TO SAY SOMETHING TO BATTLE ME.
Talon makes the zipper that always remembers to stay up.

**Della Femina's classic campaigns** (top to bottom): Pretty Feet, 1969: "All we said was if you don't use Pretty Feet, you'll die a virgin." Talon zippers, 1965: "Good advertising sells security." Teacher's Scotch, 1974: "Give me an hour and I could write a hundred celebrity endorsements. It's as easy as striking out the pitcher."

And the fact that someone who stutters on the phone to groupies, someone as fucked up as I am, can make it is testimony that business is changing.

**OUI:** So you consider yourself screwed up?

**DELLA FEMINA:** I consider myself fucked up. I walk into business meetings and I have to have my lucky plastic Spider-Man in my pocket. I'm superstitious. It's lucky. I get new business from it. The other day I was in a meeting with four top corporate executives and I took out Spider-Man and held it in my hand. If I can put my hand in my pocket and come out with a fuckin' Spider-Man and still get an account, then it's starting to break down already.

**OUI:** What do you look for in an executive?

**DELLA FEMINA:** I look for incompetence. The secret to success in the ad business is surrounding yourself with as many incompetents as you can.

**OUI:** To make yourself look better?

**DELLA FEMINA:** To make me look *normal*. That's pretty much my secret of hiring. Many of the people who work for me couldn't be and haven't been hired at other places. I'm part of it, too. Who else would hire me? That's the principal reason we started our own agency—so that we'd never be fired. Maybe go out of business, but never be fired.

**OUI:** So you've mastered creative incompetence at Della Femina, Travisano & Partners Inc.?

**DELLA FEMINA:** It's the no-hassle school of advertising. You can work here stoned. There's no dress code. You're allowed to fall asleep at your desk. It's *Putney Swope*. What frightens the establishment is that it works: We make a lot of money, you see; as fucked up and crazy as this place is, it has an energy level. Why, the other day, I discovered there was a couple making it in one of the offices. I was proud. I really felt a sense of pride that I owned the offices, and people were actually fucking in my offices. That's nice. It means they feel at home or don't have a home. One or the other.

**OUI:** Do you look for anything else in potential employees besides a basic incompetence?

**DELLA FEMINA:** I look for the ability to drink. I almost didn't hire a guy a few days ago, because he drank two Perriers at lunch. I also look for a sense of humor, for irreverence, for style. In that order. Then you can work your way to intelligence, because if you have the other things up front, you'll have the smarts. The guy who doesn't give a shit who I am or what I do, and who doesn't

give a shit about who he is or what he does, will get hired a lot faster here than an ass-kisser.

**OUI:** Speaking of that part of the anatomy, what do you think of the "Jordache look" and other jeans ads?

**DELLA FEMINA:** In advertising, 1980 will be known as "The Year of the Ass." It was the year that the ass made millions of dollars for a lot of people. Let me tell you, it bothers me. I have no ass. I have a great chest and a bald head and wide shoulders, but I feel very inadequate over the fact that I have no tush.

**OUI:** So Madison Avenue is making you feel inadequate about your ass?

**DELLA FEMINA:** It starts with the fashion people manipulating Madison Avenue, then Madison Avenue manipulates the American public. Jeans on your ass are being sold like packaged goods. I find it fairly offensive. Not offensive in that I'm a prude or anything, but it's really rotten advertising. I don't like my ass to be the subject of some copywriter's manipulation. Damn, Jerry Della Femina's ass is being manipulated by a copywriter! I don't mind if they screw around with my mind—it's my ass that I'm really concerned about. My mind is up for grabs; my ass belongs to me.

**OUI:** What's the bottom line, pun intended, in the Great Jeans Ad War of the early Eighties?

**DELLA FEMINA:** The bottom line is that they promise if I wear a certain pair of jeans, I'm gonna get laid. It's worth the 34 bucks to find out, too.

**OUI:** You've used the word *manipulate* several times. Just how do advertising people manipulate the American public?

**DELLA FEMINA:** We find the intellectual way to the emotions. We find the button, the—I'll use a terrible word—weakness. Good advertising people are like the evil psychologist who knows how to get a patient to do something by using the right word or the right combination of words. Are people insecure about their body odors? We sell security. Are people interested in whiter teeth? We'll find a way to sell them whiter teeth. We deal in human needs and exploit them, but is that so bad? Would there be a deodorant business if it weren't for advertising?

**OUI:** Probably not.

**DELLA FEMINA:** Sure there would. It's part of evolution. We care about how we smell. Advertising deals in open sores. We come along and say, "Hey, there's a zit on your face." That's exploiting. But the fact is: Pimples weren't pretty before advertising, and maybe we're selling peace of mind. Peace of mind and piece of ass.

**OUI:** How else do advertising people play on our weaknesses?

**DELLA FEMINA:** Fear. Greed. Anger. Hostility. You name the dwarfs and we play on every one. We play on all the emotions and on all the problems, from not getting ahead, to not getting the promotion, to the desire to

This is dedicated to the guys who grew up watching Jackie Robinson torturing a pitcher just by leading off third base.
The New Mets. The Magic is back.

**Jerry's classics continued** (left, top to bottom): New York Mets, 1980: "We have to talk about the past and the future and hope that no one notices the present, or we're in a lot of trouble." Blue Nun wine, 1976: "I'm in the business of rationalizing. I have to convince myself the product is good." ABC's *Eyewitness News*, 1974: "I treat the consumer with a little more intelligence than others do. None of this I smile a lot, you smile a lot bullshit." Above: A dapper Della Femina in one of his "client suits" circa 1971.

be one of the crowd. Everyone has a button. If enough people have the same button, you have a successful ad and a successful product.

**OUI:** Do you believe in the products you push?

**DELLA FEMINA:** Oh yeah. Even if it means psyching myself up before I sell it so that I can believe it. But I'm in the business of rationalizing. I *have* to convince myself the product is good.

**OUI:** Are you saying that you'll sell anything and believe in anything?

**DELLA FEMINA:** No way. I turn down accounts. I turned down an account that billed 16 million dollars. The advertiser told me that my job was to get the suckers to buy the 90-dollar machine, and then he'd sell them the 320-dollar machine. I was very proud of turning that down. It said we were big enough to turn down 16 million dollars! I wouldn't do Jordache or Crazy Eddie or Cal Worthington or any of the guys who sell you furniture and records in the middle of the night. They're the people who make advertising dirty. They own the night. We're half-asleep, and we don't know what the fuck we're buying. They're terrific to watch only if you're stoned. That's advertising that should only be seen under the influence of drugs—preferably Valium.

**OUI:** How can you justify selling products like Feminique feminine-hygiene spray and Pretty Feet, the cream that removes dead skin from women's feet and asks the question: "What's the ugliest part of your body?" Both products were pushed by Della Femina.

**DELLA FEMINA:** We don't hold a gun to people's heads and say, "You have to use Pretty Feet." All we say is that if you don't use Pretty Feet, you're never going to get laid. We cut it to the bone: You'll never meet a guy, you'll never get laid, you'll die a fuck-

ing virgin, just because you didn't spend 90 cents on a fucking bottle of Pretty Feet. Can you imagine that? Now someone can say to themselves: "I'm a thinking human being. I don't believe it. It's a lot of shit." Products like Pretty Feet die because people don't believe it. All I can do is try every single rotten trick to get them to try it.

**OUI:** Wasn't Feminique one of your most notorious campaigns?

**DELLA FEMINA:** When it first came out, in the early Seventies, I was really beaten up over it. I was making predictions about champagne-flavored douches and pep pills for the vagina and everything. I remember I made a speech once and a lady raised her hand, got all upset and angry over Feminique spray. And I pointed out my theory: "Let's say there's one woman out there, just one, who isn't too confident, and let's say she should see a psychiatrist but doesn't want to or can't afford it. As it happens, she goes to the drugstore and picks up a bottle of Feminique. That night, she suddenly feels a lot more confident. Let's say that when her husband or boyfriend or lover walks in, she jumps on him and has a tremendous orgasm! If I am responsible for one extra orgasm in the world, I think I deserve the Nobel Peace Prize." With that, the audience came down applauding madly, the woman sat down, and I said to myself,

## DELLA FEMINA

## "If I am responsible for one extra orgasm in the world, I think I deserve the Nobel Peace Prize."

"Holy shit! You got away with another one, didn't you?"

**OUI:** Feminique was taken off the market, correct?

**DELLA FEMINA:** Yeah, and it was named after me, too. They wanted to call it Femina, but my mother wouldn't allow the family name to go on anything that did what Feminique did where it did it. We thought about calling it Jerry's Vagina Spray or Della, but we scrapped the great ideas.

**OUI:** Would you handle prophylactic accounts?

**DELLA FEMINA:** I won't handle prophylactics or condominiums. And they don't even cause cancer. I believe condom advertising has almost surpassed laxative advertising in the use of pointing fingers. He's doing it for me; he's doing it for her. Him, her, them. No one is doing it for themselves anymore. Since you can't show the product in use—can't even hint at it—it's difficult. Imagine a Martian landing, reading his first condom ad and saying, "Ah, this is a product that Earth people have to use when they walk into the woods."

**OUI:** What ads do you get a personal kick from?

**DELLA FEMINA:** I personally love the ad for that "unmentionable" woman's product: She can play tennis in them, she can swim in them, she can run in them! It sounds like the only person who needs the product is Billie Jean King.

**OUI:** What is marijuana's future on Madison Avenue?

**DELLA FEMINA:** I think the greatest advertising has probably been done under the influence of pot.

**OUI:** Oh really? Have you tried writing copy while stoned?

**DELLA FEMINA:** I've smoked, but I never tried to write under the influence. However, I know people who have. Of course, I find that some of their "great" ideas aren't all that great.

**OUI:** How would you handle the first national pot account?

**DELLA FEMINA:** First of all, let me say that in a few years, grass will be as big on Madison Avenue as ass is today. All the major

*(Continued on page 92)*

## MORE QUOTES FROM CHAIRMAN JERRY

### THE STEINBRENNER FLAP

"The advertising for the Mets was easy. We took a look at the team and decided to talk about the past and talk about the future—and pray that no one notices the present, or we're in a lot of trouble. If George Steinbrenner hadn't bit, if he hadn't blown up, there wouldn't have been any controversy. I caused it, but I could take the shit.

"I love to provoke George Steinbrenner. I'd like him to take a swing at me. Then he'd have to get out of baseball. It's amazing: I made so many new friends since that. People don't like George Steinbrenner. Of course, all this got back to baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn; so he sent out a former ad guy to investigate, and he had to do something so he fined me five thousand dollars. I'm just glad there's no commissioner of advertising. But it was worth it. Oh yeah, I also said that Bucky Dent did dumb coat commercials."

### HIS FANTASY AD

"I'd like to see Joe Namath for 'Right Fucking Guard.' And Joe saying, 'I'm not saying this will get you laid. But it won't hurt.' "

### CONTROVERSIAL ACCOUNTS

"My job is to sell Dow bathroom cleaner and Saran Wrap. Products that people use and enjoy. I don't back off. I'm not paranoid. I could say that paper mills are the greatest polluters of water and this magazine is made from wood pulp and so I can't do this interview. You can find a reason for not doing anything."

### THE GOD ACCOUNT

"If God called my office looking for advertising, I'd check out his references. You can never be too sure in this business."

### ADVERTISING AND THE RECESSION

"All recession does to advertising is to kill off the people who don't belong. The people just barely hanging on just go under, and they end up selling real estate. The people who don't make it in real estate end up as lawyers. *Anyone* can end up a lawyer if he fucks up enough."

### IMAGE BUILDING

"My agency had a period when we were so small, I took a tape recorder and recorded a lot of voices on it and put it behind a door. Then I walked potential clients through and told them: 'There's a meeting going on behind the door. Let's not disturb them.' I knew, too, that big ad agencies had *Fortune* magazines in their lobbies. It looked important. So I found some back issues of *Fortune* from 1936 and 1937, and I put them on the coffee table. I had guys sitting in the lobby reading about new companies like GM!"

### CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENTS

"Celebrity commercials are the last refuge of the aging copywriter. You don't want to work as hard; so you get someone to work for you. When Joe DiMaggio appears for Mr. Coffee, the first thing that someone thinks isn't that it's Joe DiMaggio for Mr. Coffee. No. They think it's Joe DiMaggio, he hit three eighty-one, he was always a good man, he's honest, so anything he touches has to be good. I can write a thousand celebrity commercials within an hour. It's easy. It's like striking out the pitcher."

### CLIENTS WHO DON'T PAY

"The Great Adventure Amusement Park people owed us six hundred thousand dollars. It's a good thing they didn't go broke; when an amusement park or a zoo goes out of business, they settle by giving you a giraffe. Or they give you a camel."

### FAME

"I got back from Japan recently and went through the toughest customs guy I've ever seen. There were four people in front of me, and he practically stripped them nude. He got to me, looked at my bag and said, 'I've heard this name before.' I said, 'Yeah.' He said, 'What do you do?' 'I'm in advertising.' 'You the guy with the 'Magic is Back'?' I said, 'Yeah.' He let me through right away. I could have made a major cocaine delivery." —J. D.

# YOUR Guide to HEALTHY DEBAUCHERY

## AND ALL-PURPOSE MORNING-AFTER SURVIVAL CHART

On a recent Sunday evening, I introduced into my bloodstream approximately two liters of Sudden Death gimlets, containing one and a half pints of tequila, one heaping tablespoon of hash oil, a hefty sprinkling of methamphetamine and a dash of lime. This potent decoction enabled me to, among other things, see my Saint Bernard leave his body and do some astral traveling. At one point, Pooch melted on my carpet, but I magically brought him back to life by clapping my hands. I had *powers*.

Monday morning I wanted none of these powers. I wanted, rather, to be able to add, subtract, reason and tie my shoes all by myself. And I was, in fact, able to perform both these and even more difficult tasks. Why? Because I know how to handle excess.

When most people make that claim, they mean they know how to *endure*. However, from a decade's study of nutrition, neurochemistry and metabolism—and two decades' use of recreational drugs—I have learned that it is quite possible to maintain optimum health, high energy and emotional stability, and still get higher than a goddamn kite on a regular basis.

You can do this by rebalancing your blood chemistry after the use of recreational drugs. This critical rebalancing is achieved by detoxifying, or cleaning out, the body by replacing the chemicals that the drugs have demolished and by compensating for the imbalancing impact that the drugs have had on the nervous system. The body, itself, will do these things automatically over a period of hours or days, but the process can be greatly speeded up, and the pain of hangovers or the danger of being fired significantly decreased.

The first step—rapid detoxification—is best effected by stimulating the liver and other organs of elimination and by ingesting some nutritional "policing agents," such as vitamins C and E.

The second step—replacing destroyed blood chemicals—is relatively easy, if you know which drugs destroy which chemicals. Agents that replace drug-destroyed chemicals include vitamins, minerals, amino acids, extracts of animal glands and herbs. Many of these agents help detoxify as well as replace chemical deficits, making them doubly valuable. Many also help rebalance the drug-jarred nervous system. Adrenal extract, for example, will help one get back "up" after a "down."

Now a word about the helpful chart on the following pages. Although it's unlikely that any of the substances or food supplements I have recommended can do you any harm, you may be the exception. Which is why it's *always* wise to check with a doctor before beginning a program of self-medication. Even so, recreational drugs can damage you, if you're carelessly overindulgent. And as a rule, the effects of the more potent drugs are harder to bounce back from.

By the way, the sovereign, all-purpose antihangover routine, whether for booze, pot or pill, consists of one to three grams of vitamin C, 300–400 percent the recommended daily allowance of the B complex, one gram of calcium, a strong cup of herb tea (guarana to balance a depressant, valerian to balance a stimulant), a sauna and a liver-stimulating coffee colonic.

A parting word of warning: You dedicated druggies may actually become addicted to the feeling these health-stimulating measures create. High health, I have discovered, feels like nothing so much as the initial takeoff after four lines of the best Peruvian coke. Best of all, it lasts all day.

ARTICLE BY CAMERON STAUTH

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM HEIMANN

| **RATINGS**<br>*For minor repairs only.<br>**Reduces the average health stresses.<br>***A must on any hedonist's shelf.<br>****You won't even feel last night. | **MARIJUANA**<br>(Including hashish and hash oil) General depressant to the nervous system. Stresses liver, lungs, brain's neurotransmitters. Disrupts blood-sugar balance. | **COCAINE**<br>Overstimulates nerves and certain hormones. Destructive to nasal membranes. Lowers levels of some vitamins. | **ALCOHOL**<br>Very debilitating to the liver; toxifies entire organism. Lowers levels of some vitamins and minerals. Can disrupt brain's neurotransmission. | **AMPHETAMINES**<br>(Including Dexedrine, Methedrine and Benzedrine) Overstimulates the adrenal glands and nervous sytem. Causes vitamin depletion. Can disrupt thought processes. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **VITAMINS** | | | | |
| **A** Great for irritated membranes; a strong detoxifier. | **(5000 units) Helps smoker's hack and bloodshot eyes. | ***(5000 units) Better A now than cauterization later. | *(2500 units) Will help you detoxify. | *7500 units to start. |
| **B** (Complex) Most potent natural agent for soothing nerves. | **Three times the R.D.A. (recommended daily allowance) | **Four times the R.D.A. | **Try four to six times the R.D.A. Best hangover nutrient. | **Four times the R.D.A. Calming. |
| **C** Best "policing agent" against foreign invaders. | ***(A few grams) Alleviates pot stupor. | ***(2 grams) Take your C during and after coke use. | ***(2 grams) Great for a bad hangover. | ***(1–3 grams) Why shake? Why rattle? Why roll? |
| **E** Strong "cleaning" vitamin; oxygenates cells. | *(500 units) Brings oxygen to the brain cells. | *500 units | ***(500 units) Circulates blood to the brain. | *300 units |
| **MINERALS** | | | | |
| CHROMIUM<br>Needed for blood-sugar balance. | **(50–100 micrograms) Good for the munchies. | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| MANGANESE<br>Needed for neurotransmission. | ..... | ***(15 mg.) Soothing agent. | *10 mg. | *(10–15 mg.) Makes you less irritable. |
| MAGNESIUM<br>A natural mood elevator. | *100 mg. | **150–200 mg. | *150 mg. | **150–200 mg. |
| CALCIUM<br>Very calming; levels decrease from drug-induced stress. | *1 gram | *500 mg.–1 gram | **1 gram | ***1 gram to start with. |
| **AMINO ACIDS** | | | | |
| GLUTAMINE<br>Restores energy and proper brain neurotransmission. | *(50 mg.) Not necessary but helpful. | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| TRYPTOPHAN<br>Deficiency severely disrupts crucial thought processes. | **25–50 mg. | *25 mg. | *10–25 mg. | ..... |
| MULTI-AMINO COMPOUND<br>Stimulates proper function of brain chemistry. | **1–10 tablets | *5 tablets | *3 tablets | *5 tablets |
| **GLANDULAR EXTRACTS** | | | | |
| LIVER EXTRACT<br>Stimulates liver function, which is all that stands between you and depravity. | ***1–2 grams | ***2–3 grams | ****(3–4 grams) Your liver needs lots of help! | ***(3–4 grams) Who wants a Swiss-cheese liver? |
| ADRENAL EXTRACT<br>Stimulates adrenal function; the perfect "up" after a down. | ***(1 gram) Wake up, little pothead. | ..... | ***1–2 grams | ..... |
| PITUITARY EXTRACT<br>Restores proper hormone levels. | ..... | *(50–75 mg.) Restores precious bodily fluids. | ..... | *50–100 mg. |
| **HERBS** | | | | |
| GUARANA<br>Highly invigorating; an Inca would not trade it for cocaine. | *1 cup of tea | ..... | ***(1–2 cups) Have a guarana break at 10:00 A.M. | ..... |
| MATÉ<br>Guaranteed to get you "wired." | ***Get that spacy mind cooking again with 1 or 2 strong cups. | ..... | **(1 cup) Much easier on your system than coffee. | ..... |
| VALERIAN<br>Will pull you off the ceiling. | ..... | *(2 cups) Works—ask the man who drinks it green. | ..... | ***(2–3 cups) Rest for the weary. |
| DAMIANA<br>Mellow, mellow, mellow. | ***Calms pot-ravaged nerves. | **1 cup | ..... | ***(2 cups) Got a rocket in your pocket? Get cool, man. |
| **DETOXIFICATION** | | | | |
| COFFEE COLONIC<br>Stimulates the liver better than anything else. | ***Unmuddles the mind. | ..... | ***Even better than B vitamins for a hangover. | *The coffee will actually calm you down. |
| SAUNA<br>A fast way to flush out accumulated toxins. | *Reduces mucus in lungs and throat. | ..... | *It works; ask Hemingway. | ***Take a hot, sustained bath if there's no sauna. |
| FRUIT JUICE<br>Stimulates kidneys and restores nutrients and blood-sugar levels. | **A quart of orange or apple will keep you out of insulin shock. | ..... | **Try a quart of grapefruit first thing in the morning. | ..... |

| **ORGANIC PSYCHEDELICS** (Including psilocybin mushrooms and peyote) Disrupts brain's neurotransmission. Overstimulates nerves. | **SYNTHETIC PSYCHEDELICS** (Including LSD, mescaline) Disrupts brain's neurotransmission. Overstimulates nerves. Can stress liver, especially if impure. | **DEPRESSANTS** (Including Seconal, Quaaludes, Darvon, Valium, Percodan) Highly depressive to the nervous system. Can upset hormonal levels. Excessive use stresses liver. | **OPIUM** Toxic to entire organism. Depresses nervous system. Can harm nerve transmission. | **AMPHETAMINE-BASED PSYCHEDELICS** (Including MDA, NRG and MDM) Destructive to brain's neurotransmission. Overstimulates nervous system. Stresses liver. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| ..... | ..... | *5000 units | *5000 units | ***7500 units |
| *Four times the R.D.A., including 100 mg. of niacin. | ***Five times the R.D.A., including 100 mg. of niacin. Good for acid-jangled nerves. | *Three times the R.D.A. | *Three times R.D.A. | ****Five to six times the R.D.A. Eat your B's like candy—they counter speed and psychedelia. |
| *1 gram | ***(3 grams) Chases "post-acid blues." | ***1–3 grams | ***1–3 grams | ***2–4 grams |
| ..... | ..... | **(400–500 units) Will boost your busted energy. | **400–500 units | *200–300 units |
| **50–100 micrograms | ***(200 micrograms) Helps with the jittery feeling. | ..... | ..... | *100–150 micrograms |
| ..... | *8–10 mg. | ..... | ..... | **(12 mg.) Unwires you nicely. |
| *150–200 mg. | **(250 mg.) Will help put your trip in perspective. | ..... | **200–250 mg. | ..... |
| ***(1 gram) Takes the waves out of your vision. | ***1–2 grams | ..... | *1 gram | ***(2 grams) |
| ***A gram a day keeps bad craziness away. | **50–75 mg. | *50–75 mg. | ..... | ***75–100 mg. |
| ***(50–75 mg.) Even organic can drive you nuts. | ****(75 mg.) Tune out, turn off, drop in. | ..... | ..... | ***(75 mg.) A valuable chemical for you "love-drug" lovers. |
| ***Eat 5–10 tablets. | ***(10 tablets) Put the lid back on. | ..... | *5 tablets | ***Eat 8–10 tablets during and after drug use. |
| *** 2 grams | ***2–3 grams | **** 3–4 grams | *** 3–4 grams | ***1–2 grams |
| ..... | ..... | **1000–1500 mg. | **(1 gram) Hey! You scratching your face, eat this! | ..... |
| *50 mg. | **(75–100 mg.) May help your mood. | ..... | ..... | *15 mg. |
| ..... | *1 strong cup of tea | ***(1 cup) Don't fight your stupor with cocaine. | ***2 strong cups | ..... |
| ..... | ..... | ***2 cups of tea | **Put a bunch in a dishpan and graze on it. | ..... |
| *1 cup | **1–2 cups | ..... | ..... | ***2 cups put you back at ground zero. |
| ..... | **(1 cup) Takes the edge off. | ..... | ..... | **1 cup |
| ..... | ***Great for that burned-out feeling. | ***Do a strong one. | **You're messing with hard drugs—don't expect miracles. | ***Detox earnestly. |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | *Why are there so few opium addicts in Finland? | ..... |
| ..... | ..... | *A quart of grapefruit will help you by acidifying your pH. | ..... | ..... |

## OUI's Guide to America's Ten Top Taverns

# ROADHOUSE U.S.A.

***Article by Hank Nuwer • Photography by Max Hellweg***

Recently, OUI sent Hank Nuwer, our resident editorial nomad, armed with a photographer, a Thermos full of Jack Daniel's and a bail bondsman's phone number, traveling for five months and 25,000 miles. Why? To find the ten best bars across the country, where the weary traveler can eat, drink and be merry without the fear of flying into the arms of hostile strangers.

Some three busts, two smashed cameras, one chipped tooth, three auto wrecks, two black eyes and two perforated livers later, our writer and photographer returned to Los Angeles with the following list: America's ten best roadhouses. There's something for everyone: a couple of cowboy bars, college hangouts, a jock hideaway, neighborhood gin mills and one good ol' honky-tonk. But all of these roadhouses have one thing . . . No, better make that two things in common: great women and good booze.

Tape this list to your sun visor next time you head out on the road. Like the man says: Don't leave home without it. And when you get to one of these bars, tell 'em OUI sent you. Except, of course, if the barmaid is pregnant.

### R.J. BENTLEY'S FILLING STATION
College Park, Maryland

*"We have the finest collection of good-looking waitresses."*

Three miles inside the Beltway north of Washington, D.C., you can find private-club exclusivity in a public bar at R.J. Bentley's. The clientele includes "University of Maryland students who have a little money on the average and young businessmen who appreciate the finer things in life," says bartender Pat McCormick. "This is a place you meet and mix." Top sellers at the bar are elitist-brand shooters (shots) of Grand Marnier, ouzo and Chivas, as well as the house specialty called Bentley Boomer (equal parts of Triple Sec, apricot and banana liqueur, and vodka laced with orange and lemon juice with a little grenadine for color). Even the food tends to attract gourmet palates. Try the souvlaki or shrimp salvadore with either bread pudding or French-fried ice cream for dessert. As you might expect, dress leans toward designer jeans and clean Adidas. "We have a dress code that's enforced," says co-owner John Brown, "but we encourage casualness. Wear a sweater and enjoy yourself."

As its name suggests, Bentley's decor is rich in autoerotica. Old-time license plates and vintage car parts line the walls. This roadhouse shines like an admiral's buttons: brass and chrome polished daily and spotless pegwood floors. Co-owner Rick MacPherson spent a year gathering authentic driving uniforms, turn-of-the-century gas cans and antique gas pumps. Other memorabilia is supplied by faithful customers. The bar even sends a restored 1926 Model T truck to escort fans back from

University of Maryland Terrapin sports events.

But *the* thing about Bentley's is its staff: a group of waitresses who look good enough to pop right into a Vegas chorus line. "We have the finest collection of friendly, good-looking ladies on our payroll," boasts Brown. "We take pride in the appearance of our staff and feel it's our strongest virtue." Because of its proximity to D.C. and Baltimore, Bentley's "gets a lot of people who are visiting and don't know anyone," says Brown. "The staff tries to make travelers welcome."

The hottest time in town is here at Bentley's after a Terrapin conference-basketball game when players and fans congregate together. Bentley's is also a classy singles' bar active on unusual nights. "Customers come in here from Monday to Thursday to pick someone up," says redheaded, lithe and lively hostess Cheri Stahl. "On weekends they're in here with a date."

R.J. BENTLEY'S FILLING STATION *A public bar with private exclusivity*

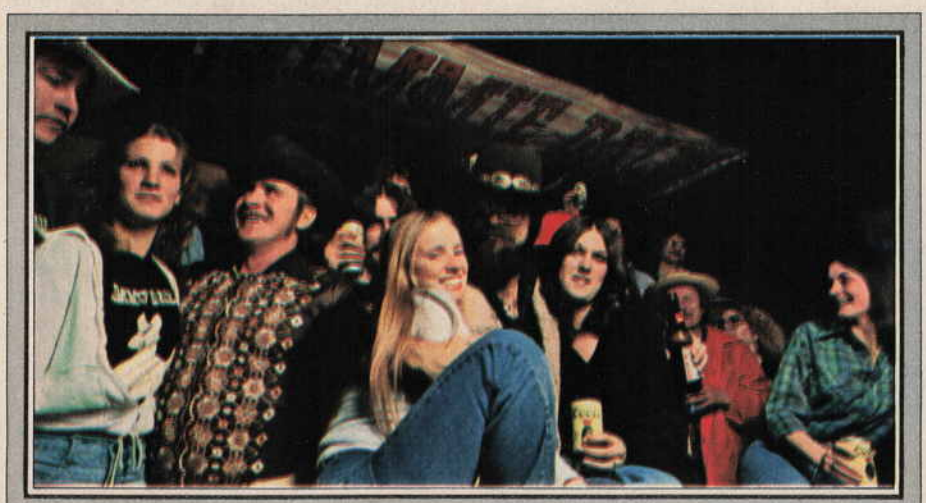
*"Home for local musicians when they come off the road."*

Shirley's is an expansive, single-room cabin set on a dirt road off Highway DD south of Kansas City. Necks are red here, but hearts are never blue. A monument in tribute to legendary temperance-advocate Carry Nation is nearby, but none of these country folk believes in moderation. They chug down boilermakers and red eye (tomato juice and beer) with alarming voracity.

Thus, even on a bad night, Shirley's ranks with the best of the Ma and Pa bars. Owner Shirley Huggins swings a mean fry pan in the kitchen. The fare includes KC strip steak, pork tenderloin and fried chicken. If you're just into nibbling, pickled pigs feet or a bag of pork rinds are available. If you become a regular patron, on your birthday Shirley will serve up—on the house—dozens of juicy Rocky Mountain oysters (bull nuts to you Easterners). If you're short of finances, Shirley will carry your tab for a month. And if you're feeling lucky, shake dice with bartender Melton to see who pays for Johnny Paycheck or Charley Pride on the jukebox. For a dime you can play shuffleboard, but avoid house pros who can stop a disk on a scratch. The bar is extremely peaceable except for one regular patron called Crazy Mike who wields a sledgehammer. Fortunately, he is tiny and easily subdued.

On a good night, everyone puts on their K mart best as Shirley's shakes, rattles and rolls. Local country-and-western bands, such as Jimmy Noble and his Wild Country bunch, bop in to party and throw spontaneous jam sessions till way back in the night. Noble, a stocky, two-fisted type who sings love and ribald verses alike, boasts that "Shirley's is home for Cass County musicians when they come off the road."

Since the town's population could easily fit into Burt Reynolds' shower stall, you feel like you're in the middle of nowhere at Shirley's. You are. Enjoy it.



SHIRLEY'S *Old-fashioned hospitality and down-home cooking*

*"The music's a helluva mixture."*

If you've always wanted to seduce a farmer's daughter, head northwest out of Minneapolis along Interstate 94 to Alexandria, Minnesota, for a night at The Barn. The roadhouse's name explains its appearance. A few years back, the building was actually used as a dairy operation. A lot of udder pulling went on inside back then, and still does. What was once the outside silo is now a giant frothy beer mug, and the spacious interior allows up to 600 people to pack themselves inside.

Nothing but beer, and lots of it, quenches the mainly German-American clientele. Patrons eschew glasses in favor of drinking from pitchers and 16-ounce canning jars called pounders. Customers are allowed to ingest all the booze they can for three bucks. Beer-drinking contests pit whale-gutted cowboys against one another to see who can slurp down whole pitchers in about seven seconds. Next to the bar, of course, the most crowded spot is the pisser.

Patrons jam into pickups from South and North Dakota, as well as Minnesota, to listen to one-buck-cover-charge bands on Friday nights. "The music's a helluva mixture," says manager Ken Neumann. "One week there's rock, the next there's country or bluegrass, and the place goes wild over everything." On one wall, a slide show popular with regulars flashes winter scenes in summer, and vice versa. Heads of moose and deer line the incredibly high walls, as do trophies won by The Barn's ferocious softball team. The only bad thing about the

tavern is its food, which is limited to cardboard microwave sandwiches and Tombstone (aptly named, in fact) pizza.

When you come to The Barn in summer, wear jeans, coveralls and a Jacques Seeds baseball cap. In winter, when the howling wind outside produces chill factors of −60 degrees and lower, wear a Franklin stove.

## OBERMEYER'S BAVARIAN TAVERN
Metairie, Louisiana

*"I like teaching people about beer."*

This shining example of Southern hospitality is conveniently located on Interstate 10 west of New Orleans. Take the Clearview exit and get on the I-10 service road, heading west. Obermeyer's is open seven days a week, from 3 P.M. until the last customer leaves, which is frequently at dawn.

The bar's cordiality is unlimited. If cute 'n' lively barmaid Jean Joly doesn't recognize you, she'll introduce herself. "Of course, we're interested in making a profit," says owner Edward August "Obie" Obermeyer, "but we're interested in having fun, too."

What also interests Obie, a former member of the elite Blue Berets, is alcohol. He has extremely rare labels of domestic and imported wine available in splits, as well as *un*blended Scotches, unheard-of liqueurs and death-defying, flaming tropical drinks. But what pleases him most is beer. He stocks over 100 imports, including Tsing Tao from China, Bulldog from England and Fischer from Alsace-Lorraine. "I like teaching people about beer," says Obie. "It's not a poor man's wine. Each beer has a different taste and sophistication from area to area, just as wine does. Hell, we *want* you to try one of the more exotic beers. If you don't like it, I'll give you another kind *free*." This plethora of beverages is complemented by a full line of ethnic foods, which is served *only* after 4:30 P.M. and includes German sauerbraten, French crepes, Belgian waffles and English kidney pie. Patrons are consequently an extremely mixed crowd dressed in anything from softball uniforms to tuxedos. Locals boast that Obermeyer's is also a millionaires' hangout, as well as being the local hot spot for the ragin' Cajuns, a fast college crowd drawn from Southwestern Louisiana, LSU and Tulane Universities. On some nights, you'll even see pro sportscaster Hank Stram. To accommodate everyone, the jukebox carries Glenn Miller, Doug Kershaw, Ol' Waylon and Pink Floyd. "There's only one thing we have in common here," coos hostess Debbie Lang. "We *all* swing."

If you find you're at a loss for words when you enter the bar, Obermeyer's also supplies more conversation pieces than a museum. On one wall is the best head in the world: Ol' Fred—a two-and-a-half-ton Cape buffalo shot by a German officer in North Africa after the beast rammed a seven-ton truck, killing all aboard. The Kraut shipped Fred to Texas for taxidermy work, despite the fact that it was 1941 and there was a war going on. The trophy was to be presented to General Erwin Rommel. Following Rommel's suicide, Reichsmarschall Hermann Goering hung Fred in a Bavarian chalet until the British bogarted inside. Subsequently, a friend of Obie's bought the head at a London museum auction and hung it in the bar. Now Ol' Fred reposes next to other prizes such as a Bornean headhunter's sword ornamented with orangutan hair, a great-white-shark jaw, the largest Alaskan bull-caribou trophy on record, Eskimo harpoons and a size-40D bra found one morning on the bar floor.

THE BARN *Good music and hot times*

OBERMEYER'S TAVERN *A hundred brands of beer on the wall*

## THE HOMESTEAD TAP
Highland Park, New Jersey

*"This is a place for intellectual bums."*

Philosophical tipplers hang out at The Homestead Tap, which is readily accessible from New York City. Take the New Jersey Turnpike south to Highway 287 west and then exit on Route 27 south. Here you'll find backgammon freaks, bookworms and dreamers. "Our customers come here to solve the world's problems," says owner Frank Perger, who has run this bar since 1952. "It's not unusual to see someone mount a barstool and give a speech." To pick up female customers at this joint, flex your brain instead of your biceps.

Even though The Homestead is a study hall for Rutgers grad students, don't let the lack of a sheepskin stop you if you're a closet scholar. "On any given night," claims Perger, "you've got a professor of English and a truck driver in a corner arguing semantics. Let's face it—this is a place for intellectual bums to congregate."

But while philosophies here may vary, some things do remain constant. The dress is either collegiate or bohemian. Also, everyone seems to smoke pipes. Even the

THE HOMESTEAD TAP *Dangling conversations and backgammon games*

girls. The clientele relishes the stable environment. Waitresses have double-parked here for ten years. The patrons all drink a concoction called Iced Tea, which ain't remotely like anything made by Lipton. Equal parts of gin, vodka and Triple Sec are added to sour mix, poured into an ice-filled glass and topped off with Coca-Cola. The mixture looks harmless but is potent enough to disintegrate dentures. Still, the bar sets limits. "If someone gets drunk and into an accident after being served here," says bartender Steve Perger (Frank's nephew), "we're legally liable under New Jersey's alcohol laws. Therefore we enforce those laws. We're not going to close down because of some drunk."

Yet despite The Homestead's genteel sensibilities, it remains a partying place. Egghead girls who argue the merits of Aristotle vs. Plato still need to get laid after closing time—even though they may psychoanalyze your every stroke.

Like its name implies, The Homestead's furnishings are mainly farm tools and implements. The bar is an antique shuffleboard table sawed off at one end. The small section remaining is a cutting board for Frank to create yummy, oniony, deeee-licious hamburgers. The rest of the place looks like it should host a chess tournament and, in fact, occasionally serves that purpose. Tables are as narrow as Anita Bryant's mind, and holding dominion over all is a funky cigar-store Indian.

THE STELLA TAVERN
Longview, Washington

*"We run a rough-'n'-ready sort of bar."*

To reach the rugged-but-peaceful Stella Tavern, either take Interstate 5 south from Tacoma or north from Vancouver, Washington. Exit on Highway 4 and head west along the Columbia River. Don't head east by mistake or you'll turn into a popular men's hand soap—Mt. St. Helens volcano is nearby.

Customers here talk tough and *are* tough. They're mainly professional loggers from the Pacific Northwest woods or students studying to become loggers at Lower Columbia Community College. When you walk in, order longneck Bud or Rainier, unless you choose to be branded a sissy. Food available includes chips, pretzels, boiled eggs and knuckle sandwiches upon request. The house refuses admission to males under six feet and 215 pounds. The women are cute loggers themselves, who'll treat you just fine if you don't make the mistake of calling them lumberjills.

"I run a rough-'n'-ready sort of bar where everyone comes to holler and whoop it up," says petite owner Elaine Waggoner. "But we're always looking to make new friends. We encourage our bartenders to be nice to new customers so they'll come back again." To prevent trouble among men strong enough to knock down trees *without* chainsaws Waggoner asks customers to police themselves. Arm wrestling is outlawed since it tends to lead to more drastic proofs of virility. But on Talent Night, held every first Sunday of the month, the Stella Tavern patrons really let go. Thus far, contestants have broken bottles on their heads, ripped off bottle caps with their teeth and eaten unopened Rainiers. One *impresario* drinks beer through his nose and devours hot dogs simultaneously. There's also a house streaker who parades nude with a bag on his head, but no one seems to mind.

"The talent show," insists Waggoner, "is just a gimmick to get people to entertain our customers. Really talented people show up to play the piano, harmonica and banjo. Others sing and dance. It's really loose and good fun."

As you might expect of a rough-'n'-ready bar, *everything* is made out of wood. The decor looks and smells the way it did 130 years ago, when The Stella attracted merchants who traded along the mighty Columbia River. The area makes for a helluva romantic walk at night through country where the men are men and the women are damn glad of it. Smooching and smoking on the starlined outdoor terrace outrank pool and pinball as the house's favorite sports. Be warned, however: The management condones *only* the smooching part.

NAROD'S
Chino, California

*"It's one of the best singles' bars around."*

Narod's is an urban-cowboy bar set in the middle of a mall near Highway 60, accessible from L.A., San Bernardino and Riverside. Over half of Narod's clientele is composed of divorcees and career women in their late 20s . . . at least until OUI readers hit this place. See, even if you look like Quasimodo, after a night at Narod's, you

THE STELLA TAVERN *Loads of lager for lumberjills and jacks*

NAROD'S *Single cowgirls get no blues here*

don't have to go home alone.

The management takes no shit in this shitkickin' bar. "You're barred for *life* or longer if there are any problems," scowls owner Gene Skiles. Few men wish to be 86ed, since their sex lives could quickly be cut down to nothin'. Narod's always has a lot of pickups, and we don't mean the Datsun longbeds parked outside. "What makes this place unique is the hell-raisin' we do," drawls beaver-hatted house-singer Jack Reeves. "You got a bunch of cowgirls around here who love to love and love to have fun. It's one of the best singles' bars around the area. There are always good-looking women in this place, so you're sure to have a good time."

**AUN'S FEED STABLE**
**Lexington, South Carolina**

*"Our women got the finest-finest-finest everythings!"*

Aun's Feed Stable in South Carolina has cornered the market on Northern transplants to the Southern Rim. Yanks interviewed here have traveled up to 40 miles just to party at Aun's. The bar is located near the intersection of Highways 1 and 6, a short spring from Interstate 20.

The first thing you notice at Aun's is the girls. The second is the chow. To put it simply, both are *hot*. "Southern girls make the best lovers, y'all know," drawls manager Fred Aun. "Our women got the finest faces, the finest-finest-finest *everythings*!" To fortify yourself for certain wanton abandonment later, the bar offers 50 brands of foreign brews and deli (short for *deli*cious) sandwiches bigger than Norman Mailer's ego. Aun's once sold Jimmy Buffett a 100-foot hoagie to munch on at a charity bash.

The bar itself is safer than ITT stock. Unless you wanna mess with burly owner Michael Aun and his five husky sons who work here, you'll mind your P's and Q's. "We've never had to call in the police once," boasts Michael. Nonetheless, the people here have a fabulous time. One reason is that local musicians are given a slack rein, even if the customers aren't. King of the musical litter is ballad-singer Leon Nelson, who held his wedding in the bar "because I spend all my time here, anyway." Leon sings real purty. Fans flock to hear his pseudosad love lyrics, such as the paean to the elimination of a troublesome female, which is entitled *Ah Flushed You from the Toilet of My Heart*. "Saw you floatin' in the bowl, just afore it sucked you down the hole!" When Leon live ain't available, the jukebox squeals bluegrass, country and Southern cookin' courtesy of the Dirt Band, J. Geils Band and George Benson. "You can relax or hoot 'n' howl," says Manager Fred. "Y'all don't have to pretend. You can be yourself. This is a throwback to the old neighborhood bar. You're not a stranger here. You're either a neighbor or friend."

The decor at Aun's emphasizes this folksy make-yourself-at-home attitude. The establishment was built by 69-year-old Michael, who looks half that age. The exterior is streaked with black and redwood paint to give it the look of a frontier trading post. You enter through a dirt pathway framed by live banana trees, a wishing well and a stuffed armadillo playing guard dog. The interior features a three-dimensional bas-relief depicting Indians battling cavalrymen, cowpokes corralling mustangs, settlers clearing trees for homesteads, and other Americana. Chairs covered with animal skins and a grass-covered floor complete the effect. In fact, the South Carolina art museum is so impressed with the interior decoration, they intend to display a photo exhibit of Aun's decor.

"Y'all can wear your cleats in here," jokes Michael.

**THE DELTA SALOON**
**Virginia City, Nevada**

*"Outrageous things happen here regularly."*

The Delta is located right along the main drag of Virginia City, a short gallop from Reno, Tahoe and Pa Cartwright's backyard. The bar's glorious past and old-fashioned decor make it a superior place to while away a pleasant afternoon. The management, to revive the feel of the Old West, recently shitcanned some ugly slot machines to install a ton of genuine antiques. Old-time paintings and photos behind the bar date back to 19th-Century boomtown days. It's a trip to hear hundred-year-old music-making melodeons making hundred-year-old music. The polished mahogany bar makes you want to slam down a shot glass and order sarsaparilla. All throughout the interior is woodwork constructed of now-priceless Spanish cedar. In the back is the Suicide Table, so called because $38,000 was once lost on the turn of a card and two Delta

AUN'S FEED STABLE *Fine food, imported brew and Southern belles*

owners committed suicide when lucky customers broke the bank. A third owner died when he, too, failed to pay up, but it's said an irate customer spared him the trouble of blowing out his brains.

Even the bar's most famous patron is dead. Mark Twain was a stool setter here during his days as a scribbler for the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise*. On December 12, 1863, under his real name, Sam Clemens, Twain penned a plea in his paper for the Delta bartender to mix him "a reporters' cobbler—an unusually long one—I think it would relieve my cold." Today's crowd? Well, imagine hundreds of weird-looking people milling about who've just divvied up Hunter S. Thompson's wardrobe . . . you've got the picture. There are scantily clad women from Frisco, slot-wrenching grandmothers, camera-toting tourists, party-anxious University of Nevada coeds, talented local craftsmen and off-road-vehicle enthusiasts. No matter what subject you bring up, there'll be someone to discuss it with; consequently, the noise level in the joint is as high as a Ted Nugent concert.

Another plus for The Delta is its convivial staff. The blackjack dealers are Nevada's friendliest. When you're sick of snooty treatment from the likes of the MGM Less-Than-Grand, haul ass up the mountain to bodacious, rip-roarin' V.C. Keep an eye out for Double Jackpot Time, when every slot machine pays off double.

The only danger you need worry about comes from practical jokers, however, not high rollers. The pranks that go on at the Delta are a holdover tradition from the old Comstock mining days. One yuckster baked a birthday cake made of frosted horse manure for a Delta employee. The birthday boy complained about its "lousy coconut." After a nearby A-bomb test set local citizens on edge, another prankster scared the Delta patrons shitless by bringing in a chicken he'd dyed green. "Outrageous things happen here regularly," admits Delta manager Donald Ayer.

THE DELTA SALOON *One-hundred-year-old pub still going strong*

The bar's popularity from Thursday through Saturday is reflected in the lines of humanity snaking all the way around the block. The liquor-store proprietor across the way sells tons of six-packs to those waiting for admission. Regulars of the bar beat the admission system by carrying in loads of ice, bypassing those in line who think a delivery is being made. But despite all the action, Moe Walsh steers a tight ship. "You offend any of my customers, you offend me," growls the hefty owner. "We have very few rules and regulations. Customers can scream their heads off, but if they pester someone else, they leave." Longtime bartender Tits McNally echoes the boss. "We run the bar as a house, and a house should be a home. Come in for a good time or don't come in at all." The bouncer is a 6' 9", 350-pound ice machine named Greg. Greg hates to argue.

The patrons are all mad dogs, each and every one. They include Butler University coeds; topless dancers; pro jocks from the Indy Pacers (basketball), Racers (hockey) and Reds (rugby); hotshot attorneys such as F. Lee Bailey; and uninhibited staffers from *The Saturday Evening Post*. The Bulldog is loyal to its own. "There was a longtime customer named John Riteris who was the world's longest-living kidney transplant," recalls elbow-bending regular Bruce. "Doctors warned him to use the kidney the way it always had been used to avoid a violent reaction. John used to say that he'd gotten the kidney from an alcoholic brother, so he was *forcing* himself to drink at The Bulldog every night. Anyway, John died after a particularly crazy Thursday night here and left his family a run-down house. After the funeral, the entire Bulldog staff and regulars fixed his house good as new in two days."

The Bulldog's rep as a drinking place stems from its ultra-low-priced pitchers of beer. Don't complain that the mugs are chipped. "If you lose one lip, you still got another, don'tcha?" says Tits the bartender. And there's nothing fancy about the place's three huge drinking rooms and two game rooms. When customers ask Tits for an ashtray, there's one stock reply: "You're standing on it." ■

## THE BULLDOG LOUNGE
**Broad Ripple, Indiana**

*"Come in for a good time or don't come in at all."*

Located at the Crossroads of America, a short drive from Interstates 70, 74, 65 and 69, and very near North Indianapolis, is The Bulldog—the nutsiest, most happening roadhouse in America. "If you can't get laid here, you can't get it *anywhere*," boasts owner Moe Walsh. "Girls wander in here—three, four, five at a time—because they feel comfortable." One customer named Steve claims he has never once failed to bring home a bed partner from The Bulldog. "Of course, I'm six-three, with blue eyes and *perfect* teeth," he explains.

THE BULLDOG LOUNGE *Lots of inexpensive beer and very few rules*

There is a pervasive, unspoken myth in our culture that men should be sex machines. Men are men only if they can *perform* anytime, anywhere.

# THE IMPOTENCE FACTOR & THE ANXIETY SYNDROME

ARTICLE BY DAVID ROTHMAN

It didn't even matter the first time it happened to me; I was too young to know what to do about it, anyway. No one had ever told me, and I had never asked. Fortunately, the girl was a little more experienced and took the time to show me what it was all about. We were together two years, and it never happened again . . .

Until we broke up. Then it happened. I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to do it with my second lover as well as I'd done it with my first. I didn't know it then, but sex researchers and therapists call it performance anxiety—I call it not being able to get it up. Luckily, again, the girl was patient and understanding and, after several attempts, we made it. And to my surprise, it was better than with my first girlfriend. A lot better.

It hasn't happened more than once or twice since. And when it does, it's less and less severe. As time has progressed and I've experienced different partners, I've been more straightforward in talking about it. I've had more confidence. I've brought more humor to the situation. I've been more at ease. As a result, I get harder faster each time.

Guys don't talk about it much, if at all, and I'm no different. I don't think I've ever discussed the matter with anyone—excluding the women involved—and I consider myself to be pretty open when it comes to talking about personal problems. But this one has always seemed to be just . . . too personal. So I decided, from the beginning, that I would work it out myself.

I'm lucky; I've succeeded. When I get involved with a new lady, I know there's a chance it might occur again, but I don't get uptight about it. I just go with it, let it happen if that's what my body wants (or doesn't want) to do. As she and I get to know each other more intimately—physically and emotionally—I know that everything is going to work out, and I get hard.

However, there are a lot of guys—and their lovers—who haven't been as fortunate.

There is no accurate clinical data on the statistics of impotence and most other male sexual dysfunctions, because only a very small percentage of American men are willing to fess up to the fact that they even *have* performance problems. There are also few clinics or groups that deal specifically with these problems. Why? There's very little to gain in dollars and cents from collecting such information and handling such dilemmas. What are you going to sell a guy whose mechanism fails once every leap year? A rubber duck?

Dr. Tom Moskalewicz is a 28-year-old M.D. whose practice emphasizes helping those with sexual dysfunctions. He received his training at the Sexual Dysfunction Clinic at Loyola University in Maywood, Illinois, a clinic that is following in the pioneering footsteps of the Masters & Johnson Institute. I asked Dr. Moskalewicz for some hard statistics on secondary impotence.

"The most important thing to understand about the statistics on impotence," he informed me, "is that you can get all kinds of numbers that say impotence is on the rise in young males, but none of those statistics will say anything about the sexual revolution, which started in the mid-Fifties with the Kinsey Report and continues to this day.

"As little as twenty years ago, it was considered an embarrassment and an insult to your masculinity if you had *that problem*. While it's very common among young men—almost every man has at least one bout with it—men all over the world were running around with this fear that it was only them and that it reflected on their very own masculinity. But with the sexual revolution, the TV reports on all kinds of sexual



ILLUSTRATION BY MARY SHERMAN

problems, sex education in grade schools, even porno houses all over the place, more men are admitting they've got erection problems once in a while. They're not afraid to ask about it. They know there's help available—if they want it."

How does the way these things are handled now compare with the way they used to be handled?

"The olden days are still here, although a smaller and smaller percentage of our population is still stuck back there. Back then, if you had a fight with your wife or got tanked one night and she wanted to make love after the fight or the drinking and you couldn't get it up, that could be a devastating event. Just one episode. It would be viewed as a threat: If it happened once, it could happen again. No one would even try to look at it as a medical and/or psychological problem that could be cured. They'd be too uptight even to talk about a cure."

Some men have experienced a detrimental effect on their sex lives because they are threatened by assertive women. They take a new woman to bed and find out she's demanding to have her orgasm, too.

"It definitely puts the heat on them," observed Moskalewicz, "but I don't think it means that more men are impotent now; it's just more acceptable to report it. There have always been plenty of sexually assertive women. It has just never been an issue before, because men refused to discuss the problem in the first place."

What are the statistics on how many men are afflicted with secondary impotence?

"I don't think statistics are relevant. If you're troubled with impotence, do you really care if twenty percent have it, or nineteen percent or if fourteen percent have it five times a year? You don't care about that. You just wanna know why it happened *to you* and how to treat it.

"Statistics are OK to be aware of, but when I look back on my medical education, I think of them as something I had to memorize for a test. Then I forgot them. Stats don't show anything except *maybe* a trend. But they have to be accurate to show that. Even if you could find some stats on impotence in young men—which you can't find, so don't try looking—they'd be useless. First, it's rarely reported by patients and doctors. Patients don't come in with a checklist, saying, 'I had a problem twelve times this year, as opposed to only twice last year. What's wrong? Could it be my diet? Do you think I'm part of a national trend?' What're you gonna do—attach an Impotence Addendum to the 1980 Census? Are you between twenty and thirty? Have you ever been impotent? If so, how often? Were you drunk or angry? Depressed? Overworked? Guilty because you just had an affair?

"But even then you wouldn't get accurate data. Would *you* give Uncle Sam that kind of info?"

What does the good doctor tell his patients when they ask if other men have this problem?

"I say, 'You don't have to be embarrassed. You'd be surprised how many men have this problem once in a while. It's quite natural.' Every week men walk into this office and ask me about impotence. They're embarrassed to talk about it, but that's because they don't know how common it is and how easy it usually is to cure. Once they learn that they're not alone, they can say, 'Oh, well, John Wayne must have had it once in a while, too.' Statistics should be used only to educate and reassure the patient. Especially to reassure him."

One 29-year-old friend of mine whose wife was expecting their second child when I talked to him said he didn't know anything about it. He actually couldn't remember a time when he wasn't able to get it up. He had heard rumors of such tragedies but, somehow, he had been blessed. I asked if he'd be willing to take a lie-detector test in front of his wife and me, and he wavered a little. "Well, it may have happened once . . . or *maybe* even twice . . . but it must have been so traumatic that I've blocked it from my memory. Or maybe it wasn't traumatic at all."

This is an important point. In all my attempts to get answers from my friends to one of the most unpopular questions for every man on earth—second only to the draft and taxes—there were basically two responses: (1) It has never happened to them and definitely/probably/hopefully never would. (2) Yes, it may have happened once or twice, but only because he may have had one too many drinks or had been working too hard.

Only one friend told me, in hushed tones, that he'd been unable to "perform" after leaving a longtime girlfriend—until, of course, he met "this incredibly foxy chick uptown . . ."

Not once, in questioning all my male friends under 30, did I find a guy who had the chops to admit that once or twice, or maybe even a whole lot of times, he just *did not feel* like making love, that he'd rather read a book or watch TV. One 36-year-old friend said it was a phase he had passed through, but that he had "come out on the other side as a ranting stud."

Most clinical sex therapists and researchers delineate between primary (chronic) and secondary (transitory) impotence. The percentage of chronically impotent men is considerably less than the percentage of men who are impotent only occasionally.

**Transitory impotence usually occurs when a guy is so worried about his ability to do it right that anxiety blocks the normal flow of sexual energy.**

It's an unspoken fact of life that almost all men are incapable of getting it up now and then. Transitory impotence usually happens when a guy is so worried about his ability to do it right that his anxiety blocks the normal flow of sexual energy. This performance anxiety produces extra charges of nervous energy that physically block transmission of the psychosexual messages. It's temporary because most men overcome their anxiety once they adjust to their partner's (and their own) needs.

Sex therapists have an easy way of remembering the most common causes of impotence—the four A's. They are anger, anxiety, alcohol (and other drugs) and adultery (meaning guilt from partaking in).

If you are angry with your lover, or angry about anything, and are unwilling to let that anger out in a constructive way, you may be unable to rise to the occasion. The principle is the same as with performance anxiety; the angry feelings block transmission of the good stuff. The solution? Get your anger out first; then go to bed. Or find a way to get it out in bed, but in a loving way. There's nothing wrong with telling your lover (*if* she's the type that can handle it): "I'm really angry today. I need to get my brains fucked." If the time is right for her, you may be able to avoid the problem.

Anxiety can take many forms. If you're worried about losing your job, you might have a problem in bed. If you're uptight about grades or getting into law school, you may find yourself a little too distracted to take care of business. The best advice is probably the hardest to take: Relax. Forget about your problems while you're with her.

All of the major sex studies of the last three decades cite alcohol and other drugs as one of the most frequent and most overlooked causes of transitory impotence. Herb Samuels, a practicing sex therapist at The Door, a walk-in clinic in New York City, believes more than 50 percent of the incidents of transitory impotence are caused by an overabundance of drugs in the blood—and that includes alcohol. Samuels should

know; he counsels 50–100 each month.

The list of drugs that can cause temporary impotence reads like a pharmaceutical digest, but the most common ones are those used for treating diabetes (the disease itself can cause impotence), high blood pressure and some heart conditions. An extensive list of potential impotence-inducing drugs can be found in Masters and Johnson's *Human Sexual Response*. Once you think you've found a connection between the drugs you're taking and your problems in bed, find a sex therapist or family doctor who is willing to explore such a connection and find alternative prescription drugs. And don't be surprised if you meet some resistance; people in authority often feel threatened by a citizen who knows anything about his own problem. Tough. Tell him or her that impotence is threatening your sex life and that you didn't ask for it when you were handed that prescription and, furthermore, you don't need its side effects and you don't deserve them. Neither does your lady.

Guilt is also an unspoken biggie among impotence inducers. When I'm cheating on someone I really love, most of the time it's almost impossible for me to keep it up. If I keep trying, I usually succeed. But sometimes I don't. Again, it's those extra charges of nervous energy that are causing the problem.

Some men claim that a sexually assertive woman turns them off. They say they are impotent only when they're keeping close company with a woman who has read and understood *The Hite Report*. They therefore blame the woman.

Wrong. Impotence is never anyone's fault. It's a natural reaction to an unnatural situation—a situation in which your whole body—not just a few ounces of it—feels uncomfortable. You could say it's self-defense: Your body doesn't want you to do it because it doesn't feel safe, so it's not gonna let you. It will get up only when you let your psychophysiological defenses down.

Samuels told me that "men's sexual problems have taken a backseat to women's sexual problems in the past twenty years. If men had urological examinations as often as women have gynecological examinations, we would see a lot more of what's really going on." In the past decade, he has seen men become temporarily impotent if they had lost their job, or their car had been stolen, or their apartment had been robbed. He blamed this form of impotence on the fact that, often, a man's self-esteem is tied up in material possessions. Lose the possession and the man loses part of himself . . . sometimes the sexual part. He also stressed the fact that society says men are supposed to have all the answers, are supposed to be able to take care of any contingency, and that sometimes this burden just gets to be too much. Kaput. Fuse blows. Sometimes it's the sexual fuse.

If a man walks into the office of any reputable sex therapist, he will be counseled to do the aforementioned thing that is universal to all cures for impotence: Relaxing. Relaxation techniques vary as widely as their practitioners, but they should always be suited to the individual's needs and attitudes. For example, one man may find it very easy to use meditation techniques to relax, while another may work out his tensions in a more physical way by walking, running, swimming or doing calisthenics. It's always the first step toward treatment, aside from the obvious fact that the man, and possibly his lover, must *want* to find a cure.

Dr. Domeena Renshaw, director of the Sexual Dysfunction Clinic at Loyola University, has long been an expert on the topic.

"In the past," she notes, "magic, medicine, surgery, hypnosis and psychiatry have all been singularly unsuccessful. Today, the new sex therapy offers hope and a high success rate.

"Treatment consists of explicit life and sex history, physical and sexological examination of the man and his committed partner. Sex education is given by a sex-therapy team to the couple, whose early sex inhibitions, misconceptions and relationship problems are openly discussed if necessary. To experience relaxation and sensual enjoyment, mutual total-body massage is initially suggested, taking the pressure off lovemaking. Performance anxiety and fear of failure are therefore alleviated. The man is encouraged to be receptive and relaxed and to overcome feeling threatened by sexual assertiveness in his mate. Both partners learn that acceptance of various pleasurable erotic stimuli results in erections that come, go and return. Success is self-reinforcing. Time and testing can then build self-confidence, which is the essential cure."

Masters and Johnson, in their landmark study *Human Sexual Response*, are emphatic about the need to enrich communication between men and women: "The basic means of treating the sexually distraught relationship is, of course, to reestablish communication. The most effective means of encouraging communication is through a detailed presentation of information. There must be a point of departure—a common meeting ground—for the traumatized members of any sexually dysfunctional marriage."

In other words, get down to the issue at hand and deal with it in an open, honest manner with your mate.

Therapists will not, however, try to teach the man how to have an erection. As Masters and Johnson point out, "He cannot be taught to achieve an erection any more than he can be taught to breathe. Erections develop just as involuntarily and with just as little effort as breathing. No man can will an erection."

Impotence is never anyone's fault. It's a natural reaction to an unnatural situation—a situation in which your whole body feels uncomfortable.

There is a pervasive, unspoken myth in our culture that men should be sex machines. Men are men only if they can "perform" anytime, anywhere. The word *perform* itself suggests that the lovemaking act is somehow subject to a societal standard of excellence.

The truth is that there are times when all men are incapable of getting it up. It may last only a few minutes or hours or days—it's a transitory thing. Isn't it absurd to think otherwise? To think that men should be able to crank it up on command? Isn't it much more reasonable to understand that even though most of us don't act like it, we're human, too? We have feelings that don't always make sense, just like women. We have tensions that need to be worked out, just like women. We have bodies that aren't perfect, just like women.

One of the most important things to remember about healthy and happy lovemaking is that you're making love, not just having sex or screwing. You are giving of yourself to your lover, and she is supposedly giving of herself to you. Too often we forget we are not machines—she's not and you're not. We're soft-skinned, vulnerable human beings with complex needs and desires. We're bound to run into snags once in a while. Do you expect your car to run perfectly 365 days a year for ten years? Of course not. So how can you possibly expect your body, heart and soul to putter along for 80 or 90 years without getting off the track from time to time? Too often we think we can press a penis button and up we'll go. *Wrong*. Share your body, your thoughts, your feelings and your love and then—maybe—you'll go up every time. And if you don't—big deal. There are other ways of giving and getting pleasure, and sooner or later, you'll rise to the occasion. ■

# Small Talk: Pamela Hensley

## Princess Ardala of *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* Speaks Out about Romance, Aggressive Men and Her Own Sexuality

Although she has appeared in three motion pictures and guest starred on dozens of television programs, Pamela Hensley is best known for her convincing portrayal of the wickedly sensuous Princess Ardala.

In real life, however, the willowy Miss Hensley is hardly wicked. Naughty, maybe. Playful, for sure. Sensuous, definitely.

A native Californian (yes, a *real* California girl), Pam—the daughter of a veterinarian and an actress—takes her craft seriously. So at least her mother understands when Pam says the most important thing in her life is her career. "It's the first thing I think of when I wake up and the last thing I think of when I go to sleep," she confesses. As you might expect, Pamela is *not* married. That's not to say she isn't a fun-loving lady. On the contrary, Pam has lots of positive things to say about men and romance, as OUI Correspondents Christopher Stone and Chuck Crandall discovered. They found her to be intelligent, witty and a curious mixture of contradictions. She's not athletic, yet she loves to jog. She's thoroughly domestic, whipping up *haute cuisine* like a master chef, yet she *loathes* housework. She's totally feminine, a one-man woman, but copes quite nicely with the solitude of living alone. Perhaps it is these paradoxes that make this beauty so intriguing and mysterious.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON / CLOTHING BY JEAN-PIERRE DORLEAC

**OUI:** We've heard that you do kinky things with plaster in your underwear.

**HENSLEY:** Purely for business, not for pleasure. The studio made me get fitted with a plaster cast—from my knees to my waist—so that my Princess Ardala costumes would fit perfectly. I was sent to the back lot, where they have a small room they call "the oven." You have to take off everything except your undies, and you lie down on this marble slab. There were these two Italian guys there who said, "Don't panic. This will only take a few *hours*." You cannot believe what they do to you to get a mold of your body.

**OUI:** Oh? Can you tell us?

**HENSLEY:** First of all, they build a clay form around the outside of you. And if your legs are separated at all, the clay goes up to the inner thigh. You can't move. Then, after the clay mold is around you, they put wood planks across your body, and in between the wood planks they slosh tepid plaster. You think you're going to like it. For a moment you think, "La-di-da." But within minutes, it begins to harden. Your pores are suffocated and you begin to sweat profusely. You feel like a chicken baking itself.

**OUI:** Sounds hot.

**HENSLEY:** You like that, huh? Believe me, they'll never do this at an orgy. As the plaster hardens, it presses against your diaphragm and they tell you, "Now breathe very slowly. Don't hyperventilate." So, of course, you immediately hyperventilate. They've had people go bananas and have had to chop them out of the mold. Well, I survived that. Then, they flipped me over to do my backside.

**OUI:** The Italians did your backside?

**HENSLEY:** *Last Tango in the Oven*? No. None of that.

**OUI:** When you're not plastered, how is life in the 25th Century?

**HENSLEY:** There is a relaxed atmosphere on the set, and we have a very funny crew. Gil Gerard is hysterically funny, and so we laugh a lot. And Erin Gray's a lovely girl. We all get along, which is a bore. [laughs] The shows that feature my character, Ardala, definitely boost the ratings. I really can't explain it, except that people obviously like her.

**OUI:** Don't you think they like you *and* your body?

**HENSLEY:** I don't think I have a particularly terrific body. But the costumes do create an illusion of something that I promise you is not there.

**OUI:** Sure, Pam.

**HENSLEY:** No, really. The entire character is an illusion—the makeup, the walk, the voice, everything.

**OUI:** We think your body is terrific. Why don't you?

**HENSLEY:** I think most of us have things that we would like to change. I've always wanted a bigger bosom. And yet, as I get older, I find there are certain advantages to having a smaller bosom. So I can't really say that I'm unhappy with myself, because I'm not.

**OUI:** Is it true that NBC wants a Princess Ardala series?

**HENSLEY:** Yes, but I squelched that idea because I don't want to do a spin-off. I think Ardala is great within a certain context. She's a bit of spice in the stew. But the spice by itself is a bore.

**OUI:** If you were to get your own series, what kind of character would you like to play?

**HENSLEY:** Do you remember Diana Rigg in *The Avengers*? I think that sort of Emma Peel character, in a semifantasy, contemporary atmosphere, could be very effective for me. I've never been—and will never be—the girl next door who asks for a cup of sugar.

**OUI:** You were recently divorced. Did that experience sour you on marriage?

**HENSLEY:** It hasn't soured me on *anything*. It was just one of those things where two people make a mistake. We're amicable about the whole thing. It was a very friendly separation. And as far as marrying again, God only knows. If the subject ever comes up, I would approach it with great caution.

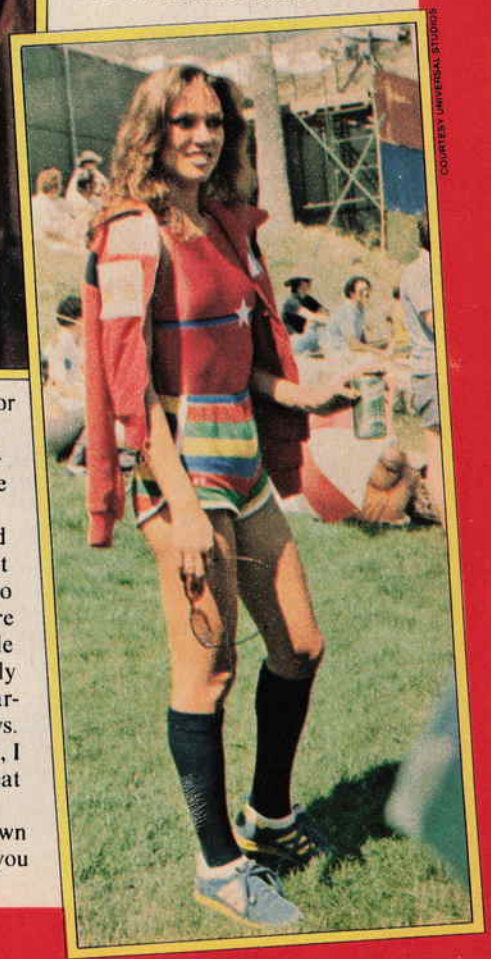
**OUI:** How long had you known your ex-husband before you married him?

**HENSLEY:** Not long enough. Ten months. That's not long enough, I've decided. I do know people who know each other only a few weeks before they get married, and it seems to last forever. Whether or not they're happy is irrelevant.

**OUI:** If you have lived with someone for ten months, though, shouldn't you be pretty sure about each other?

**HENSLEY:** Do you think so? You *should* be pretty sure. Ah *ha*—therein lies the rub. You'd be

**Pam (left) as Princess Ardala, the vindictive vixen of *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*: "I don't think I have a particularly terrific body. The costumes create an illusion." A bit modest, maybe, but Pam's definitely a good sport: Below, she joins in on ABC's *Battle of the Network Stars*.**



COURTESY UNIVERSAL STUDIOS

amazed at what gets swept under the old carpet until the vows are taken. And then, all of a sudden, la-di-da.

**OUI:** What do you mean? You get the license and out come the whips and chains?

**HENSLEY:** "But I don't *want* to hang from the chandelier, dear! You never said you liked that before we were married!" Isn't that always the way? I would say that the failure of my marriage is 90 percent my fault because I really went into it with blinders on, thinking: "Well, I've never done this before and this has got to be great fun, so why not?" And you shouldn't do that. A divorce, no matter how simple, is really quite draining emotionally, and one does have better things to do.

**OUI:** Are you the kind of woman who prefers to be in a one-to-one relationship rather than on the open market?

**HENSLEY:** Yeah, right. "On-the-market rookie of the year," here. I suspect that I am basically a one-man woman—at least, only one man at a *time*.

**OUI:** Many young, attractive women say they spend a lot of time alone because men are sometimes intimidated by them and are afraid to ask them out. Has this been your experience?

**HENSLEY:** No, not yet.

**OUI:** So, men find it fairly easy to approach you?

**HENSLEY:** Yes. I find that the men I know who are attractive and intelligent—which is the kind of man I like to be with—have no qualms about approaching me.

**OUI:** How do you feel about the lack of romance in male-female relationships today?

**HENSLEY:** It's a bore. The lack of romance seems to be perpetrated by a number of things—even magazine articles. Last month, I saw the cover of one magazine. The lead story was something like "How to be great in bed. How to get over your sexual hang-ups." Of course, it was a come-on, because the article was more or less a collection of clinical diagnoses—which is also a turn-off—on the same subject. But my point is that all this tends to promote the idea that sex is all there is to a relationship.

**OUI:** But *you* read the article.

**HENSLEY:** I only *leafed* through it.

**OUI:** OK, but some people like the kind of insight those articles provide.

**HENSLEY:** Yes, I suppose that's true. And, granted, sexuality is a terribly, terribly important and marvelous thing in our lives. But the constant emphasis on it can be a bit threatening to men as well as to women, because you're sort of *on*, aren't you? You've got to perform. The media tells you that you should. Basically, in order to really enjoy sex, one must be able to relax. And to relax, you have to be comfortable. And you can't be comfortable if you have to perform. Am I wrong or am I right?

**OUI:** Er . . . right.

**HENSLEY:** I would hate to be a man and have to be *on* all the time, to feel that I had to prove anything. I know women who feel they have something to prove. It's absurd!

**OUI:** Some people feel that all that's required is to talk to someone for ten minutes, like we're doing, before they jump into the sack. How do you feel about that kind of casualness?

**HENSLEY:** Big deal! Anyone

**"I like men who are attractive, intelligent, generous . . . what turns me on is what a man *doesn't* say.**

BILL HOLZ

can do that.

**OUI:** It's *too* casual, then?

**HENSLEY:** Yes, it is. It's like: "Well, enough of this chit-chat. Off with our clothes!" Wait a minute, you guys . . . I was just kidding!

**OUI:** Oh, sorry. Just loosening the old collar. Are you as sexually aggressive as Princess Ardala?

**HENSLEY:** Well, it depends on what you consider sexually aggressive. Am I aggressive with men just because I lock and bolt the doors once I've got them? Just because I steal their car keys and you find nothing but their fillings the next day? Do you consider that sexually aggressive? I don't. No, no. Kidding aside, I'm sure I'm *not* sexually aggressive. I think it would be unattractive for a *real* woman to be as aggressive as Ardala. It would make a man feel ill at ease. In my experience—limited as it is in this area, I add quickly—from what I have observed of women who are successful with men, they are not tough and they are not aggressive. These two things make a man feel uncomfortable.

**OUI:** If a man were, for some reason, ill at ease with you, what would you do to relax him?

**HENSLEY:** Knowing me, I'd probably tell a few of my Polish jokes and hope for the best.

**OUI:** Would you tell us one of your Polish jokes?

**HENSLEY:** Oh, all right. This is a marvelous one. This is the knock-knock Polish joke. You have to start it, OK?

**OUI:** Knock, knock.

**HENSLEY:** Who's there?

**OUI:** Uh . . .

**HENSLEY:** Do you think that would help put a date at ease? Would that help the guy?

**OUI:** How would you handle an overly aggressive male on a date?

**HENSLEY:** I guess I'd just relax and enjoy it.

**OUI:** Do you like your men to be macho?

**HENSLEY:** I don't mind if they're macho. What's wrong with that? It's like saying: "Do you like a woman to be *feminine*?" Sure, you do. So I like men to be themselves. I hate the whole concept of women's lib. It bores me to tears, and I think it ruins so much fun that men and women can have with the roles and the games that we play. I see nothing wrong with them. I am so tired of a man excusing himself when referring to me as "Miss," and saying, "Excuse me, *Ms.*" Why does a man have to call me Ms.? He doesn't. I am Miss Hensley, or I am Pam Hensley. I am not a Ms. Men are beginning to have to tiptoe around women, walking on eggs, and I think it's creating a tremendous strain. Some of the great plays, great books, great poetry and great music have been written about passion. How can you have passion when everything is so friggin' equal? Nothing and no one is equal, so we might as well just relax and enjoy the differences.

**OUI:** What qualities immediately turn you on to a man?

**HENSLEY:** I like a man who is attractive, intelligent, generous—not necessarily in that order. I don't have a specific physical type that I find attractive. What attracts me is the overall line, which is a combination of so many things—the humor, the physical look, the way a man dresses, what he *doesn't* say. Stupidity turns me off. Dummies are no fun. And I hate tightness . . . lack of generosity, penuriousness, you know. That affects how people live. It affects their lifestyle. It affects where they take you out to dinner. It affects the kinds of clothes they wear. It affects so much, that if someone is tight—a man or a woman—it's very unattractive.

**OUI:** Who has come closest to being your ideal man?

**HENSLEY:** Jim Aubrey. I was with Jim for six years. He is my hero. He is also my very best friend. I feel like I grew up with Jim, because when I met him, I was 20 years old. He is, without question, one of the most brilliant, humorous, eccentric, interesting men I've ever met. I suppose I'm a bit awed by people who have a dignity about them.

**OUI:** Any others?

**HENSLEY:** What a question to

*(Continued on page 129)*

**"I hate the whole concept of women's lib. How can you have passion when everything's so friggin' *equal*?"**

(Continued from page 74)
advertising agencies will be handling grass accounts within this decade. Ted Bates's ads will say, "It gets you higher, faster, faster, faster," or a baseball player will be asking the kid, "Are you still smoking that grassy kid stuff?" David Ogilvy will say, "At fifty puffs a minute, the only sound you hear is your heart going through your head." Each agency will use its own style. Of course, we'll tell them they won't get laid unless they smoke *our* brand. A little sex never hurts.

**OUI:** Who would you get to endorse your marijuana?

**DELLA FEMINA:** I'd want the whole Pat Boone family with dilated pupils. Anita Bryant would be nice, maybe with her ex-husband. I'd pay a fortune for Billy Graham. One stoned-out Christian and I'll do wonders.

**OUI:** Is there much cocaine use in the ad community?

**DELLA FEMINA:** It's almost become the exchange with which people get jobs and are paid. The few times I've been on a commercial set recently, I've been shocked at the number of allergies in the room. There's a tremendous amount of coke use among the creative people in the ad business. It's part of advertising. I don't think any of the major-agency figures have tried it, though.

**OUI:** Important question: Is America really turning 7 Up?

**DELLA FEMINA:** There's some advertising I don't understand. I thought America was turning toward the right. I guess what they're trying to sell is "Get on the bandwagon. Be the first on your block—not the last." Like "A Coke and a Smile." It's selling happiness. It's a line. It's puffery. You know what? I don't understand what they do. I don't know what business they're in. I'd never do a commercial like that. I mean, it's worth a lot of money and I'd love to be able to do it, but I would probably come up with the worst Coke campaign in history.

**OUI:** Why is that?

**DELLA FEMINA:** I think I treat the consumer with a little more intelligence than they do. Let's talk about this together, I say. I'm smart, you're smart. None of this I smile a lot, you smile a lot bullshit.

**OUI:** So why is there so much bad advertising?

**DELLA FEMINA:** Bad advertising people. They treat their friends like Neanderthals, so they make commercials like cavemen. I saw the commercial with the kids dancing in their designer jeans, talking like grown-ups—talking like obnoxious adults, that is. I'd love to meet the people who came up with that garbage. It's disgusting.

**OUI:** You handle the Beck's Beer account. Doesn't beer advertising appeal to the lowest common denominator, as well?

**DELLA FEMINA:** Beer advertising is the Bowery Boys, East-Side Kids mentality. It's selling feelin' good, the camaraderie. The idea is, when you show men, don't show a

## DELLA FEMINA

**"I won't sell politicians who can wake up grumpy in the morning and press a button and kill everybody."**

guy alone. Show him with 12 other guys eating a pizza. Translation: You'll never be lonely if you drink beer.

**OUI:** Is selling politicians tougher than selling Beck's Beer?

**DELLA FEMINA:** It's the easiest thing in the world to get politicians elected. They're products like everything else. What pisses me off is that they are allowed on the air—they're allowed to say things that I'm not allowed to say about any product. They're allowed to lie.

**OUI:** Why do you think people are so gullible when it comes to political advertising?

**DELLA FEMINA:** Because you're dealing with life-and-death issues. It's dramatic stuff. I once wrote a commercial for a group of people, and I didn't tell them who the commercial was about. Man hated war. He was a wounded war veteran. He was trying to alert his country to some very serious danger. He loved children. He loved little dogs. I then asked the people if they would vote for such a man. They raised their hands and said yes. I then went on to point out that I had just asked them to vote for Adolf Hitler. I wrote a helluva commercial for Hitler. And when you realize you can do that, you can never write another political commercial. I don't sell products that wake up grumpy in the morning and press a button and kill everybody.

**OUI:** What's your reaction to increased government regulation of the ad industry?

**DELLA FEMINA:** It's a fact that more people are paid tax money, our money, to stop advertising than are paid to do advertising. That's shocking. It's unreal. We are definitely overregulated. And they want to know: Is advertising honest? Are *they* honest? Do they know what the hell they're doing? I love the fact that Ralph Nader takes out ads to get contributions for Ralph Nader.

**OUI:** Have you ever met Nader?

**DELLA FEMINA:** No. I don't think he's ever heard of Jerry Della Femina. And I've never heard of Ralph Nader. Ever since he elevated himself to sainthood, that is. I only deal with the living.

**OUI:** One of the aspects of advertising that the government has investigated is the so-called subliminal techniques. A professor by the name of Wilson Bryan Key wrote a couple of books about it, claiming that advertisers use a process called "embedding"—drawing four-letter words and sexual pictures into the ad to attract the subconscious.

**DELLA FEMINA:** Yeah, he's the guy who saw penises in an ad's glass of ice. It's very rare that you find a penis in ice these days, unless you had a really rough time the night before.

**OUI:** He has documented photographs that seem to support his "subliminal seduction" charge.

**DELLA FEMINA:** That's the kind of stuff that gives paranoia a bad name. I mean, you can find anything if you look for it hard enough. It's like Rorschach: You can see it if you want to see it, and document it if you want to document it. Actually, I wish it were true. I really do. I wish part of my job was to sit there and try to figure how to put penises in ice so people would buy the product. Who would want to buy a drink with a penis in it, anyway?

**OUI:** I'm sure that's not the point.

**DELLA FEMINA:** I think there's a place for this guy Key in advertising. He has a wonderful imagination. I was on a TV show with him once, and I remember asking him if I could borrow his dirty pictures for the weekend.

**OUI:** Do you think advertising stereotypes blacks and women?

**DELLA FEMINA:** It's for real. And women should be pissed off. But the worst commercials about women—the ones that show them smelling their laundry like fools—90 percent of those commercials are written by *female* copywriters. Who writes the dumb cake-mix commercials? Who writes the commercial where the woman has an orgasm over a cup of coffee? All women. I can't say the same about blacks. Blacks are almost nonexistent in commercials. What's more, it will be a long time before blacks will come into their own in advertising. Black writers have trouble doing copy because of their experience. They learn a certain foreign language and foreign thinking in the ghetto. They can sell the hell out of something in the ghetto, but it doesn't translate.

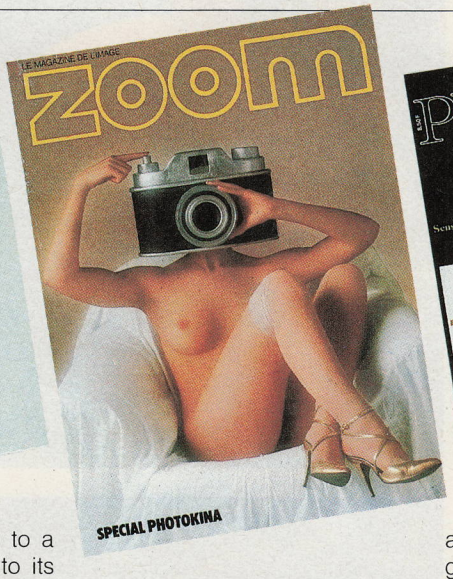
**OUI:** Do you think advertising will survive this interview?

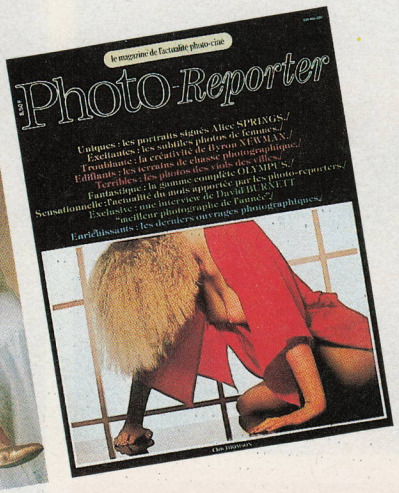
**DELLA FEMINA:** I don't think there's any problem. In fact, if anybody complains and you've heard of them, they're probably already dead. I told a story once about a guy who rose within the company, died of a heart attack and was promoted. He was a v.p. at a big agency and he screamed at his secretary and something popped in his heart and he died—died with his eyes open, sitting at his desk, holding a pen. The secretary was afraid to bother him. He didn't show up at meetings. All he did was sit there. Everyone thought he was pulling a power play. Finally, the bosses held a meeting and decided to give in to him. They panicked. They elected him president. And that's advertising. If you die and you're in the right position, you can become president. Remember: Dead or alive, *no one* trusts a failure. Except me. ■

# CAMERA EROTICA

## THE EURO-PHOTO ELITE

A trio of French magazines offer new insights into the relationship between lens and libido—introducing a new wave of top-flight photographers in the process.



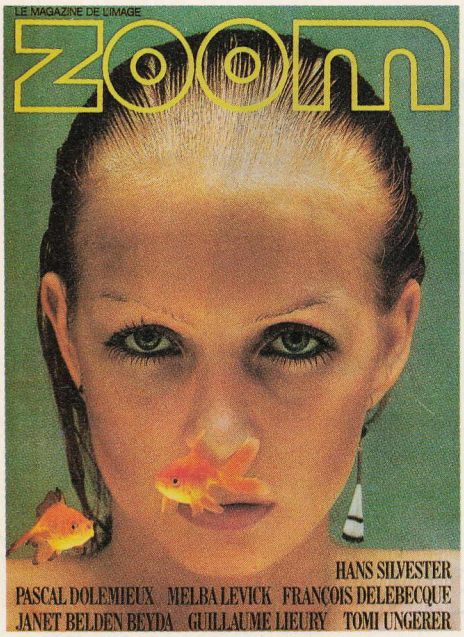



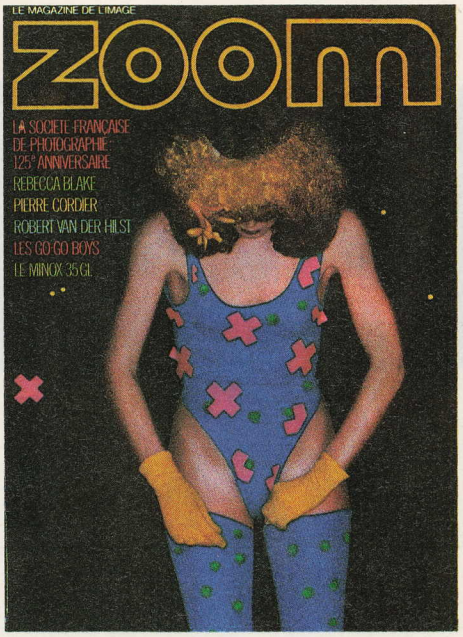

Its name would do justice to a breakfast cereal. Thanks to its lush paper and hefty size, reading it in bed is like wrestling a small boa constrictor. It professes to be a magazine about photography but, more often than not, the crisp, lacerating sexuality of its covers suggests to the reader that he might have stumbled upon some new kind of hormone problem.

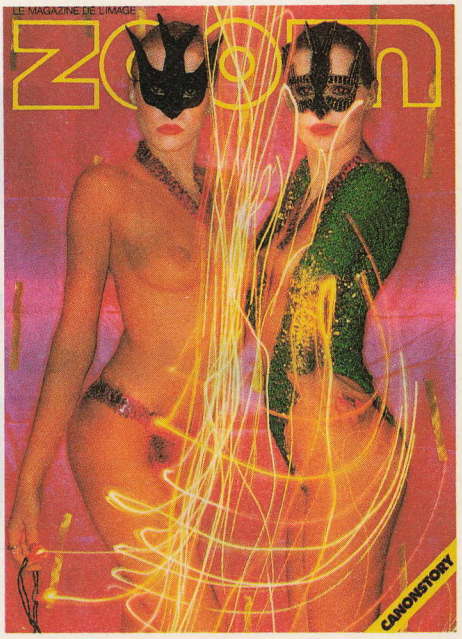
You won't likely find *Zoom* magazine wedged between *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Motor Trend* at a Sav-on newsstand. Nor are you likely to find *Zoom*'s smaller, but equally provocative, brethren, *Photo* and *Photo-Reporter*. Together they comprise an elite fraternity of French imports whose slick pedigree keeps them pretty well outside the mainstream of retail-magazine publishing. Some of your tonier bookstores in such places as Beverly Hills and Midtown Manhattan carry them on their foreign-magazine shelves, and you can occasionally find a few dog-eared back issues in a camera store—providing it's a cut above the Fred's Fast Foto category. Interestingly enough, any or all of them tend to show up regularly at those block-long outdoor newsstands that stay open all night for shopping-bag ladies and cabdrivers. Here they've usually been relegated to the skin-book department by some palsied clerk who doesn't realize that they are serious photography magazines. But, by the popular definition of a "photography magazine," that's a forgivable mistake.

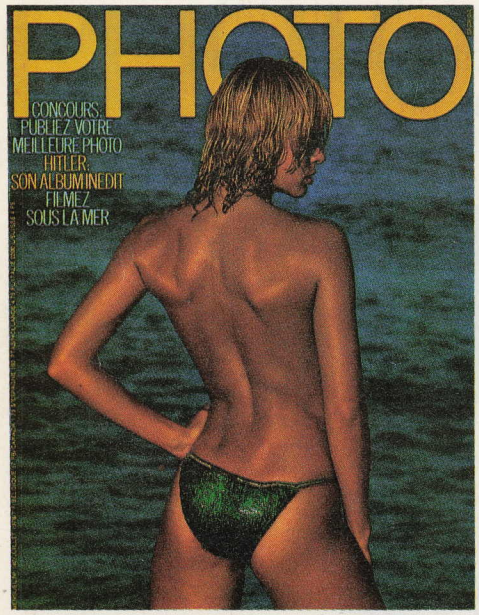
In its most familiar American incarnation, the photo magazine is

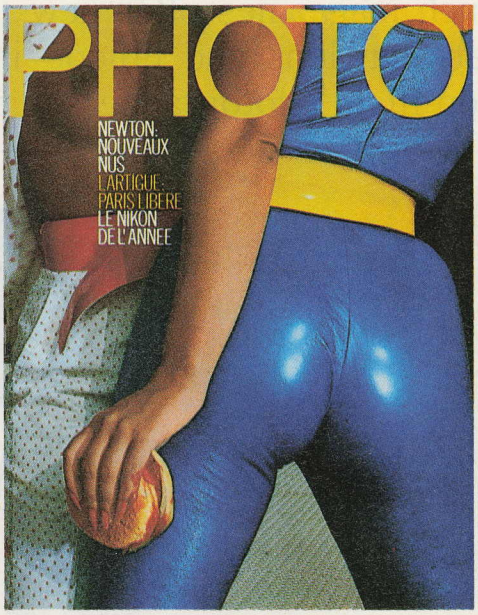
Article by Jim Cornfield

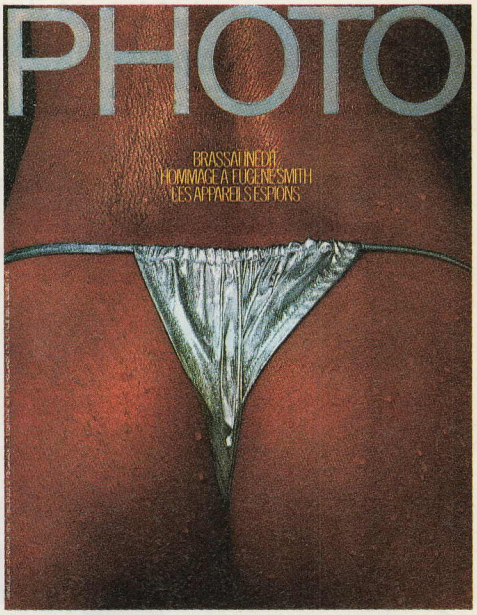

LE MAGAZINE DE L'IMAGE
ZOOM
HANS SILVESTER
PASCAL DOLEMIEUX MELBA LEVICK FRANÇOIS DELEBECQUE
JANET BELDEN BEYDA GUILLAUME LIEURY TOMI UNGERER



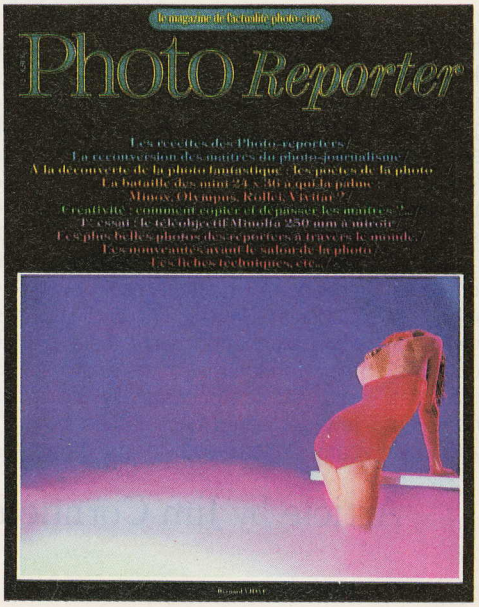



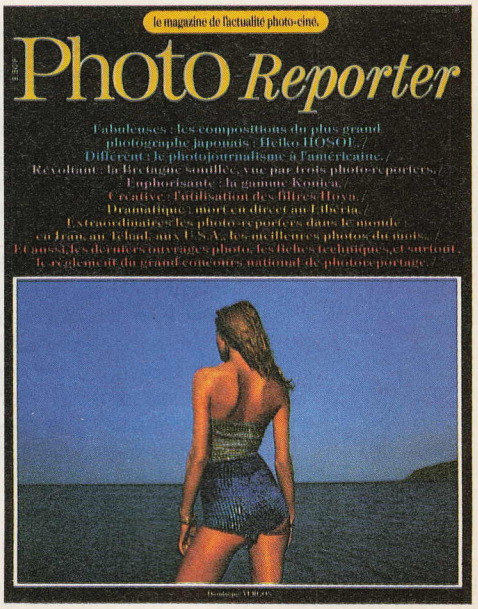



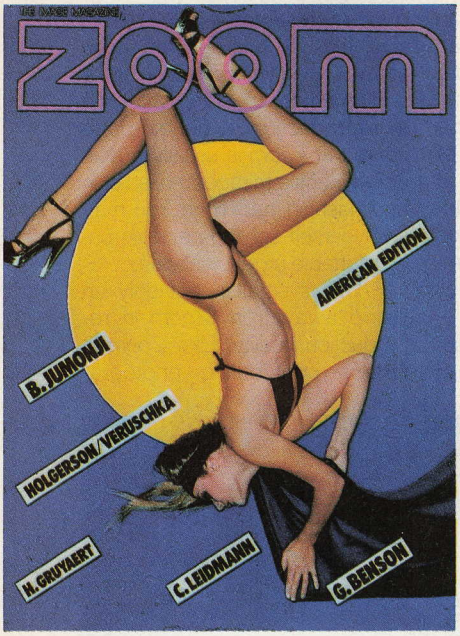



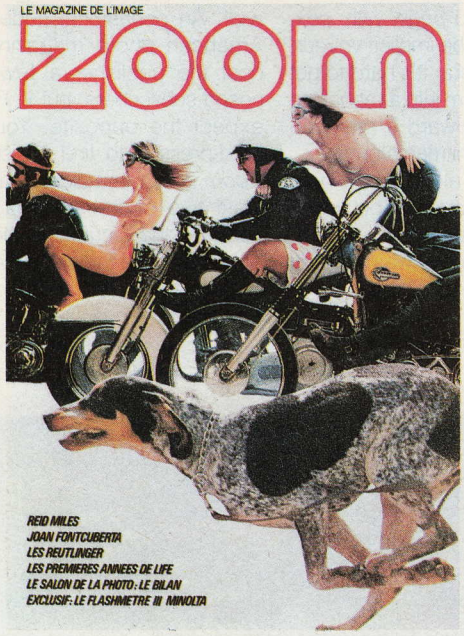

**COVERS**

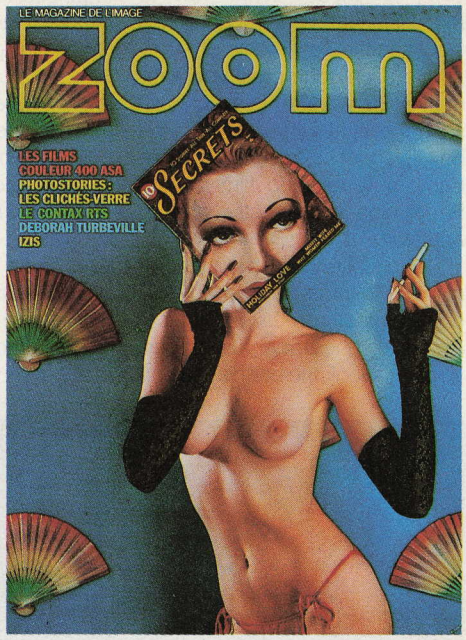
From the superreal to the surreal, from strikingly stark graphics to ethereal, impressionistic renderings—these three French publications have changed the face of photo art. *Zoom* shots: *(from left to right)* Ivan Graae, Jacques Schumacher, Barry Ryan, Jean-Yves Haydar, Reid Miles, Richard Shaefer. *Photo* photos: Erich Klemm, Cheyco Leidmann, Cheyco Leidmann, Francis Giacobetti, Eric Meola, Uwe Omer. *Photo-Reporter* pics: Bernard Vidal, Dominique Vergos, Elisabeth Aunos, David Hamilton, Philippe Sohiez.




LE MAGAZINE DE L'IMAGE
ZOOM
AMERICAN EDITION
B. JUHONJI
HOLGERSON/VERUSCHKA
H. GRUYAERT
C. LEIDMANN
G. BENSON


LE MAGAZINE DE L'IMAGE
ZOOM
REID MILES
JOAN FONTCUBERTA
LES REUTLINGER
LES PREMIERES ANNEES DE LIFE
LE SALON DE LA PHOTO: LE BILAN
EXCLUSIF: LE FLASHMETRE III MINOLTA


LE MAGAZINE DE L'IMAGE
ZOOM
LES FILMS
COULEUR 400 ASA
PHOTOSTORIES:
LES CLICHÉS-VERRE
LE CONTAX RTS
DEBORAH TURBEVILLE
IZIS
SECRETS

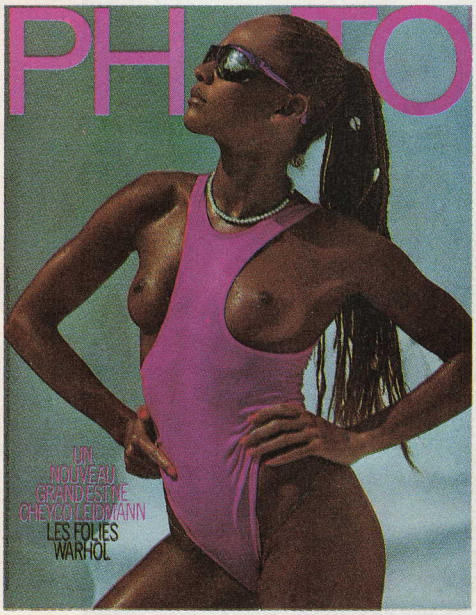


PHOTO
UN NOUVEAU GRAND EST NE
CHEYCO LEIDMANN
LES FOLIES WARHOL

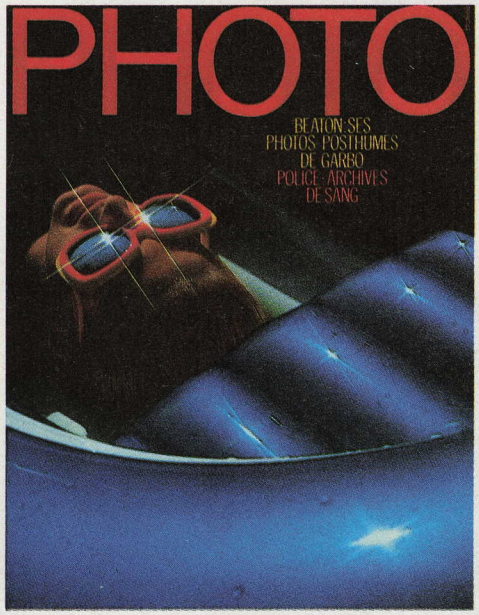


PHOTO
BEATON: SES PHOTOS POSTHUMES DE GARBO
POLICE: ARCHIVES DE SANG

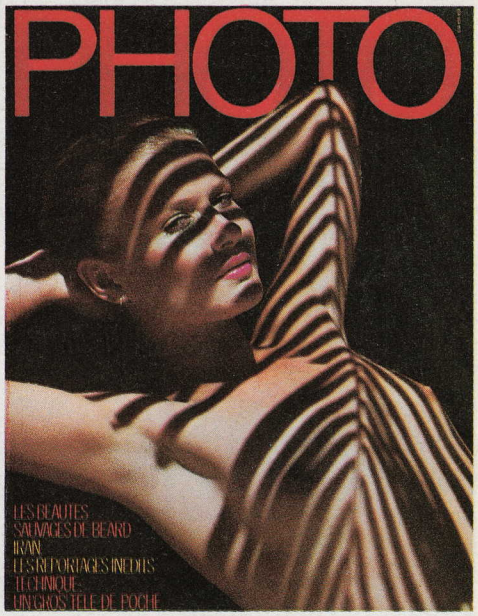
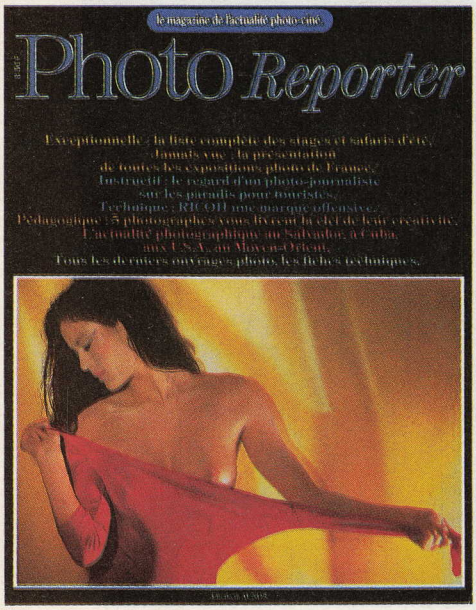
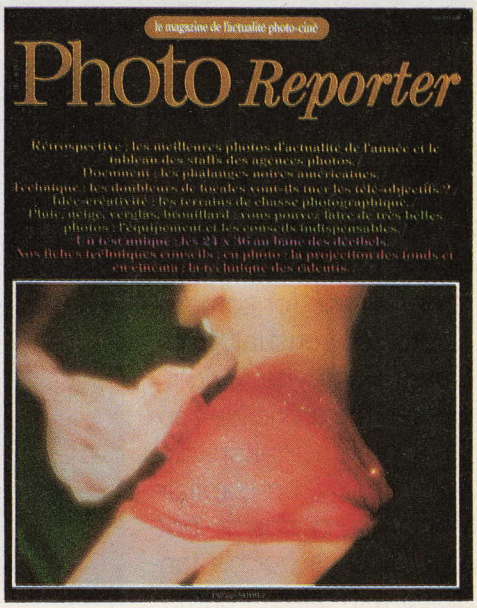


PHOTO
LES BEAUTES SAUVAGES DE BEARD
IRAN
LES REPORTAGES INEDITS
TECHNIQUE
UN GROS TELE DE POCHE


le magazine de l'actualité photo-ciné
Photo Reporter
Exceptionnelle : la liste complète des stages et safaris d'été,
jamais vue, la présentation
de toutes les expositions photo de France.
Instructif : le regard d'un photo-journaliste
sur les paradis pour touristes.
Technique : RICOH une marque offensive...
Pédagogique : 5 photographes vous livrent la clef de leur créativité.
L'actualité photographique au Salvador, à Cuba,
aux U.S.A., au Moyen-Orient.
Tous les derniers ouvrages photo, les fiches techniques.

le magazine de l'actualité photo-ciné
Photo-Reporter
Gratuit : le plan détaillé de tous les exposants du salon de la photo.
Sondage exclusif : les photographes les plus connus en France.
Inédites : les photos d'HAMILTON.
Toutes les nouveautés 80.
Et nos rubriques habituelles :
photojournalisme, technique etc...
170 pages ! Un numéro unique.
Spécial


le magazine de l'actualité photo-ciné
Photo Reporter
Rétrospective : les meilleures photos d'actualité de l'année et le tableau des staffs des agences photos.
Document : les phalanges noires américaines.
Technique : les doubleurs de focales vous-êtes mer les télé-objectifs ?
Idée-créativité : les terrains de chasse photographique.
Pluie, neige, verglas, brouillard : vous pouvez faire de très belles photos : l'équipement et les conseils indispensables.
Un test unique : les 21 x 30 en haute définition.
Nos fiches techniques consacrées : en photo : la projection des fonds et en cinéma : la mécanique des calculs.

one of those lively how-to monthlies that sits in mountainous stacks in the basements of every amateur photographer you ever met. At its worst, it is simply utilitarian, fraught with juicy advice on how to shoot close-ups of bumble bees, how to soup film in your Radarange and, mostly, *how to buy stuff.*

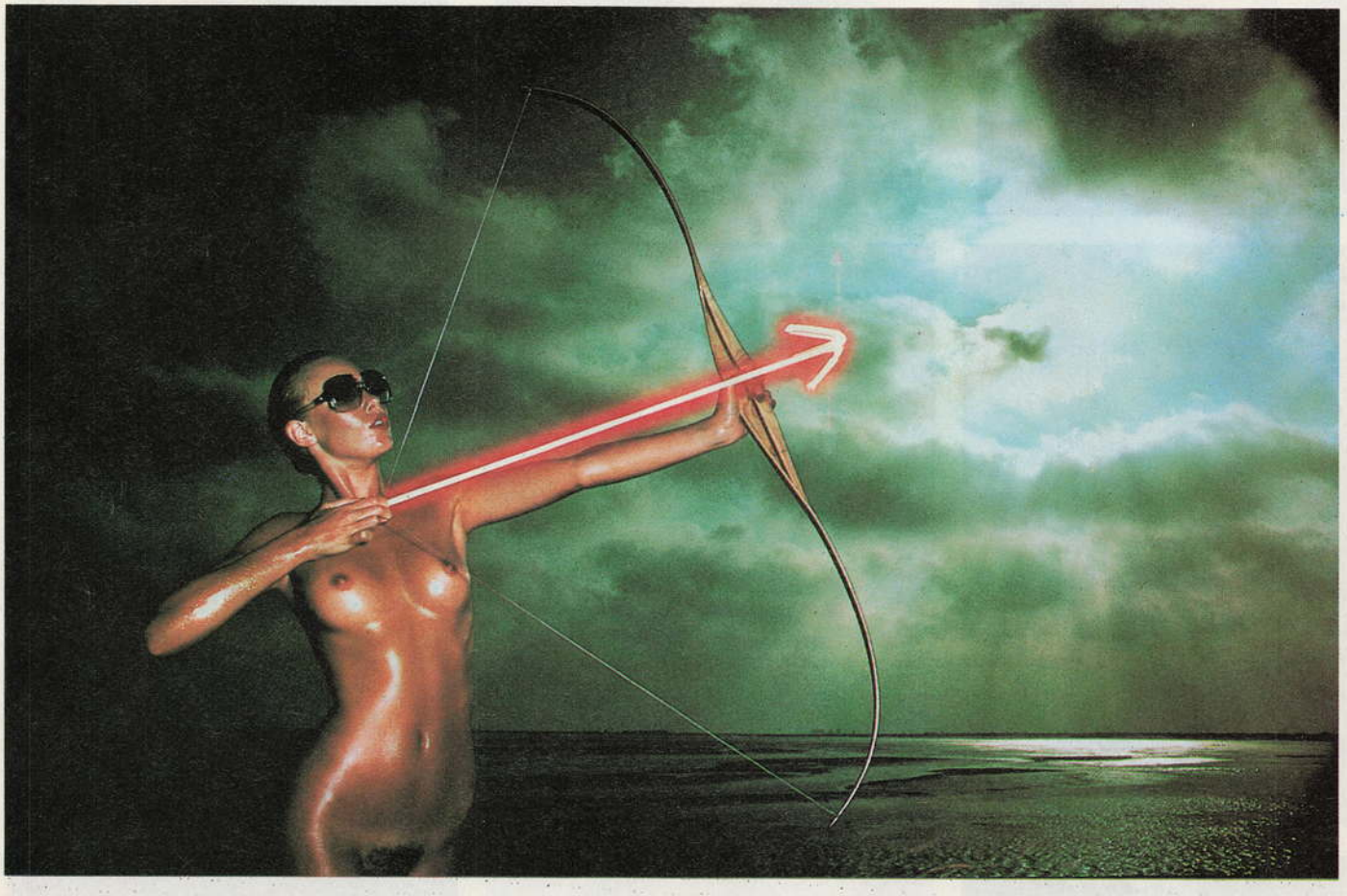
But despite their obvious commitment to information and folksy do-it-yourself precision, typical American photo magazines perforce overlook the earthier human impulses that interest people in picture taking to begin with: sex, for one thing—the implicit voyeurism of the camera. It's hard to get implicit voyeurism into a magazine that's geared toward a guy who collects Slim Whitman albums.

Now *Zoom*, along with *Photo* and *Photo-Reporter*, is published in France, where the camera, even in its infancy, was already being used to photograph the unthinkable.

But France is not only the birthplace of modern photography; it's the site of its endocrine glands as well. An occasional nude in an American photo magazine can cost the publisher a few blue-nosed subscribers, but in France, expect the opposite. You'd be hard-pressed to find an issue of *Zoom*, et al., that didn't feature at least two or three spreads devoted to that serious exploration of human flesh for which the camera is so remarkably well equipped.

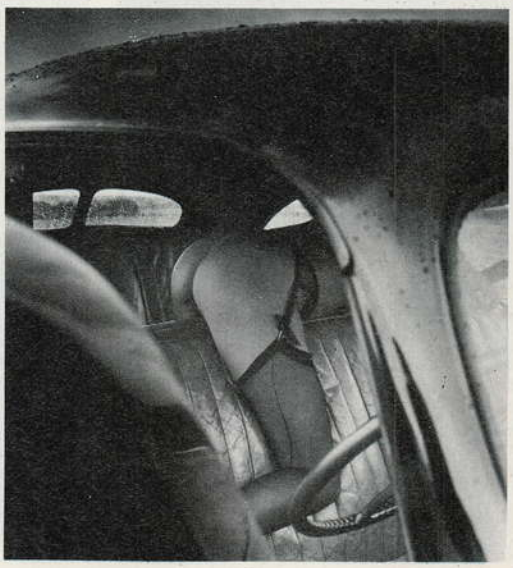
In *Zoom*, the effect sometimes borders on sheer intimidation, with a single photographer's work often represented by an expansive ten- or twelve-page flesh storm. Owing to its imposing scale and an almost anguished attention to reproduction, a double-page spread in *Zoom* is usually a deliciously tactile mirage of oiled skin and flashing backlight. You may find yourself fighting back an uncomfortable urge to salivate.

*Photo* is smaller, but only an f-stop away from *Zoom* in reproduction quality. Like *Zoom*, it flatters contributing photogra-



**ZOOM**

Anglo shooter John Thornton *(above, this page and opposite)* portrays his women as steely Amazons aiming for some ineluctable sensual truth. Carel Fonteyne *(right)* evokes the erotic perceptions of film makers like Antonioni. Jean-Baptiste Mondino *(opposite, bottom)* fleshes out his fantasies with offbeat camp.

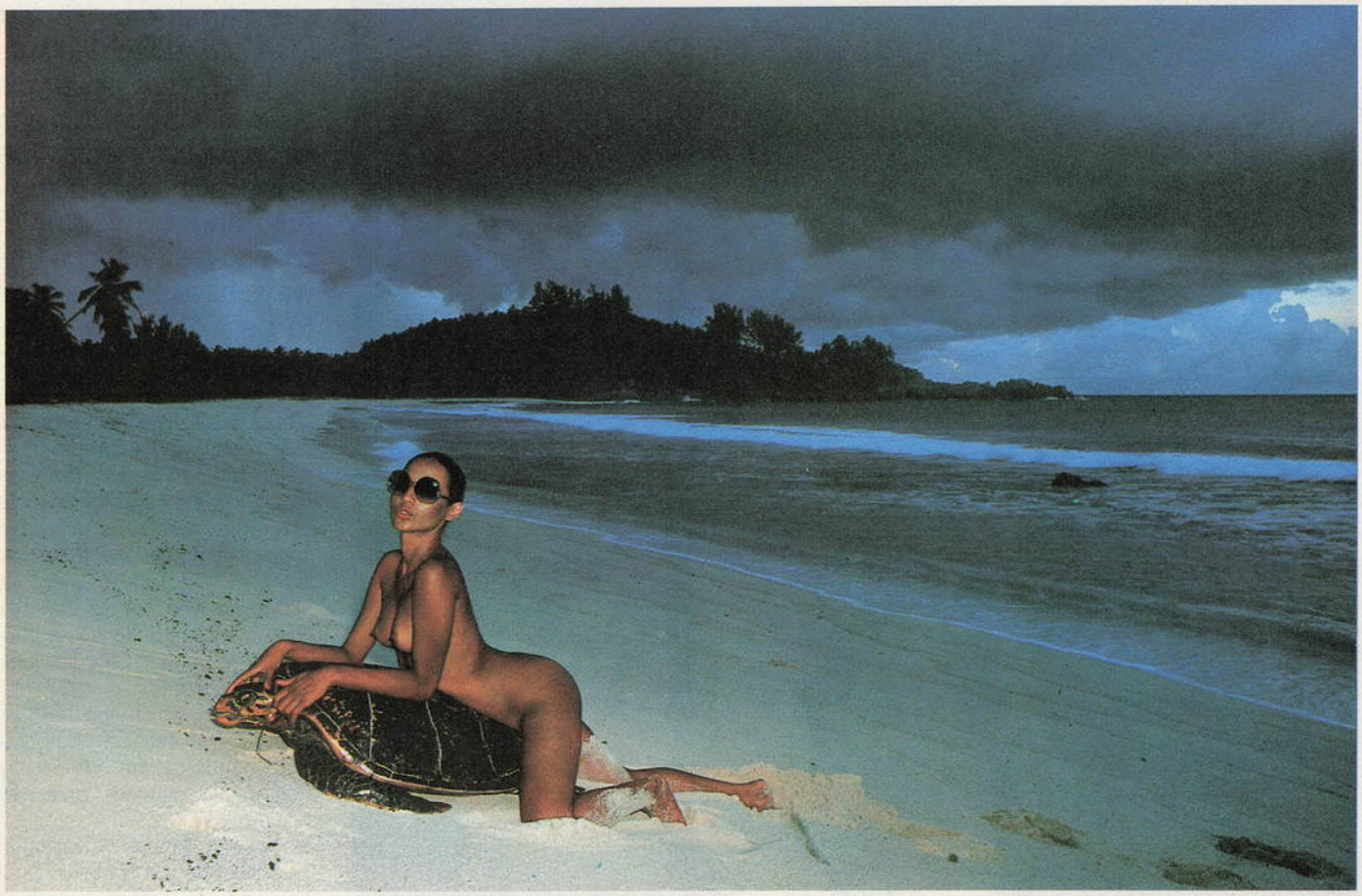


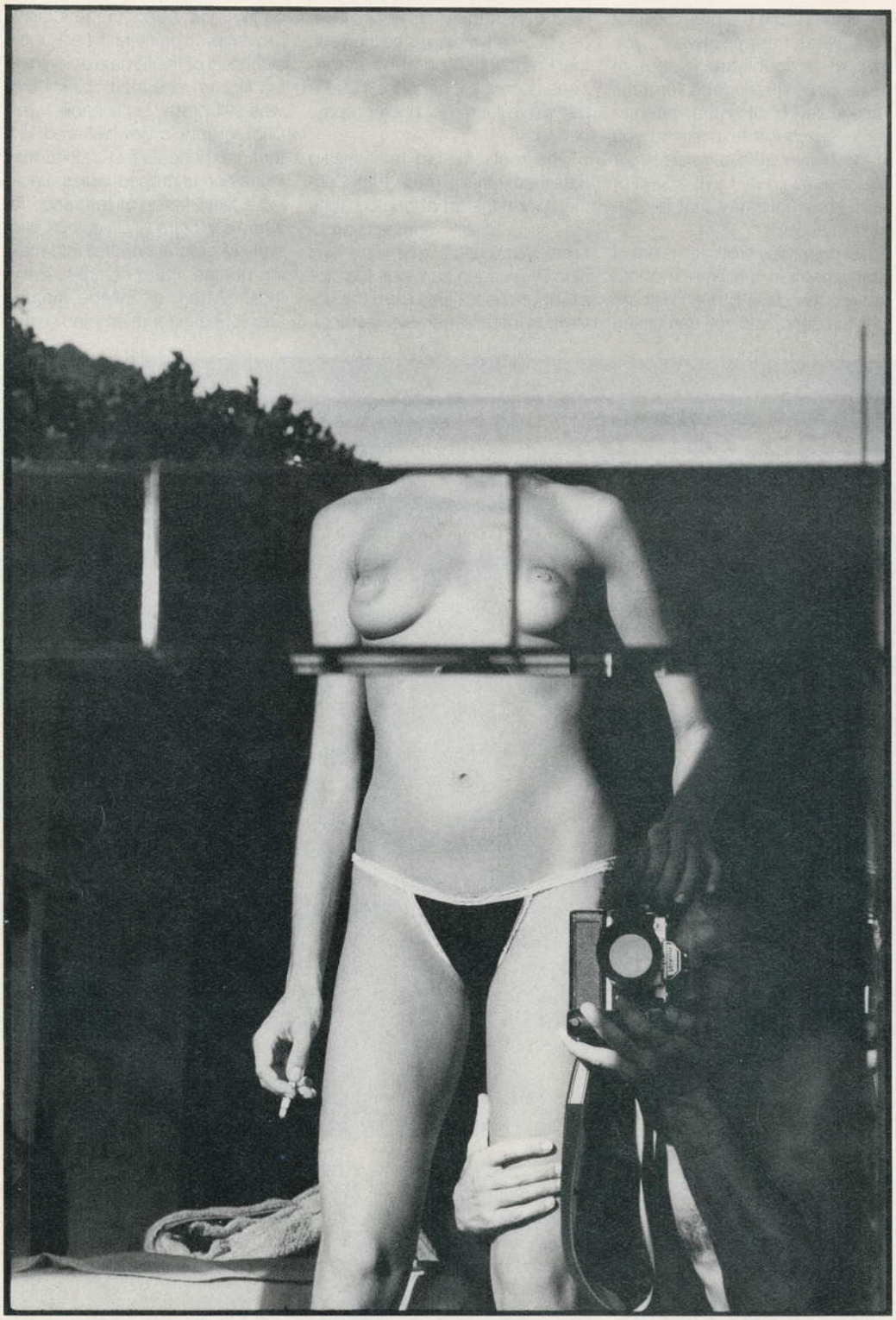
phers with lengthy, gallery-style displays, doting over each shot as though it were some personal fantasy in need of permanent enshrinement. And that, more often than not, was indeed the photographer's attitude when the picture was shot—a fact that *Photo-Reporter*, the most workmanlike product of the three, acknowledges with sly intimacy.

Although its editorial approach is more texty and analytical than either *Zoom* or *Photo*, the sexy little photos that frequently abound in *Photo-Reporter* have a collective impact that's subtly different from what happens when you look at a double-truck shot of some girl's quadriceps femoris. The newsy photos that accompany *Reporter*'s text remind you of those little scenes inside sugar Easter eggs. They have a kind of peep-show intimacy that is consummately erotic.

But gratuitous eroticism is not at all the point in the French photo books. The days of Le Postcard are long gone, and you don't need a Frenchman to show you what Nectar Headquarters looks like. Sex is simply a pervasive theme in the French photography magazines because it happens to be a pervasive theme in photography, period.

The roots of that relationship date back to the mid-19th Century, when the art of photography was still a smelly weirdness practiced with caustic chemicals and clumsy wooden cameras the size of doghouses. Prior to the invention of this peculiar technology, frank depictions of female nudity had been the exclusive province of painters. The Rubensian ideal of the female body looking like an enormous pink blimp was still pretty fashionable when photography's bewhiskered Victorian exponents first trained their lenses on undraped ladies. Lacking a fixed frame of reference for what a picture should look like, early photographers fell into making photos that resembled paintings. When a Swede named Oscar Rejlander attempted such a





**PHOTO**

Frenchman Carel Fonteyne's witty self-portrait *(left)* plays off his predilection for photo methodology and the relationship between model, photographer and landscape, making a statement about distance and desire. American Robert Funk *(opposite)* plants his Fifties-style pinup girls amid kitschy vistas and incongruous objects. The result can be both humorous and provocative, proving that you don't always have to be serious to be a "serious" photographer.

work using a gaggle of nude and seminude models to create an epic allegory called *The Two Paths of Life*, Victorian eyebrows snapped up in shock, and the lid was off a rather delicious secret: The sight of real tits and thighs came a lot closer to a guy's sexual fantasies than some painter's version of a woman looking like a stack of glazed doughnuts.

The erotic impulse in photography didn't really become a major issue until the industrialization of camera technology turned picture taking into a universal art. As the ranks of amateur snapshooters burgeoned, so did the camera's potential for naughtiness. From the French postcards of the Twenties, the pinups of the Thirties and Forties, and up through the birth of *Playboy* in the Fifties, the union of photography and wish-dream fulfillment became more and more crystallized in the imaginations of amateur and aspiring professional photographers. Pretty girls became the target of every red-blooded male's camera and, for the *real* devotee, the potential was always there to shoot "the real thing"—an actual *nude*—if he could find a willing model.

If you've never worked out any adolescent fantasies with a camera, think back on the yearbook photographers in your high school. They always lacked social skills and always kept their Pendleton shirts tucked in. But ever notice how they spent a lot more time with pom-pom girls and homecoming queens than you did?

Anyone who doubts that sex pushes a lot of buttons in a photographer's head should look back to Antonioni's 1967 film *Blow-up*, in which the hero, a young British fashion photographer, leads a life impossibly steeped in glamour and raw sexuality.

That film apparently validated for a lot of people something that they had suspected all along—that photography was definitely the place for realizing your fantasies. According to *New York* magazine, within a few weeks after the film's release in this country, the business of commercial photography underwent a dramatic change. For one thing, a lot of New York fashion photographers immediately doubled their fees. Schools of photography suddenly saw an extraordinary jump in the volume of inquiries from potential students, and commercial photographers were faced with a flood of job applications. Other motion pictures have glamorized photography, but none has come as close as *Blow-Up* to unleashing a life-imitates-art scenario in its wake. So Antonioni

was the first artist to acknowledge—powerfully—that a photographer might just be attracted to his calling by sex.

Now, try to get some famous, high-priced photographer to admit *that*. Try to get Richard Avedon to confess a steamy untoward thought about ingenuous little Brooke Shields writhing around out there on *his* background paper. Most serious photographers (photographers are considered serious when they start to make a lot of money) have developed a handy vocabulary of euphemisms for dealing with photography's hidden—though not all *that* well hidden—impulses. Bert Stern, New York's leading advertising photographer during the Sixties and early Seventies, produced the classic of the genre by extolling the virtues of the viewfinder. "I isolated the things that were beautiful, while rejecting those that were not," he said. "It's a way to sort out the junk of the world." Which leaves us to wonder if "junk" didn't maybe refer to anything that might not be a great lay.

The enthusiasm with which a magazine like *Zoom* subscribes to the act of photographing a naked body is really only in part a function of its Frenchness. That the French readily acknowledge photography's sexual impulse owes very little to that oft-abused cartoon image showing a nation full of maniacally horny Apache dancers. It probably stems more from the fact that photography, as an art and science, represents a major feature of France's modern cultural landscape. It was, after all, a Frenchman, Joseph Nicéphore Nipce who, in 1822, actually made the world's first true photograph. And another Frenchman, Louis-Jacques-Mandé Daguerre, refined the principles and intro-

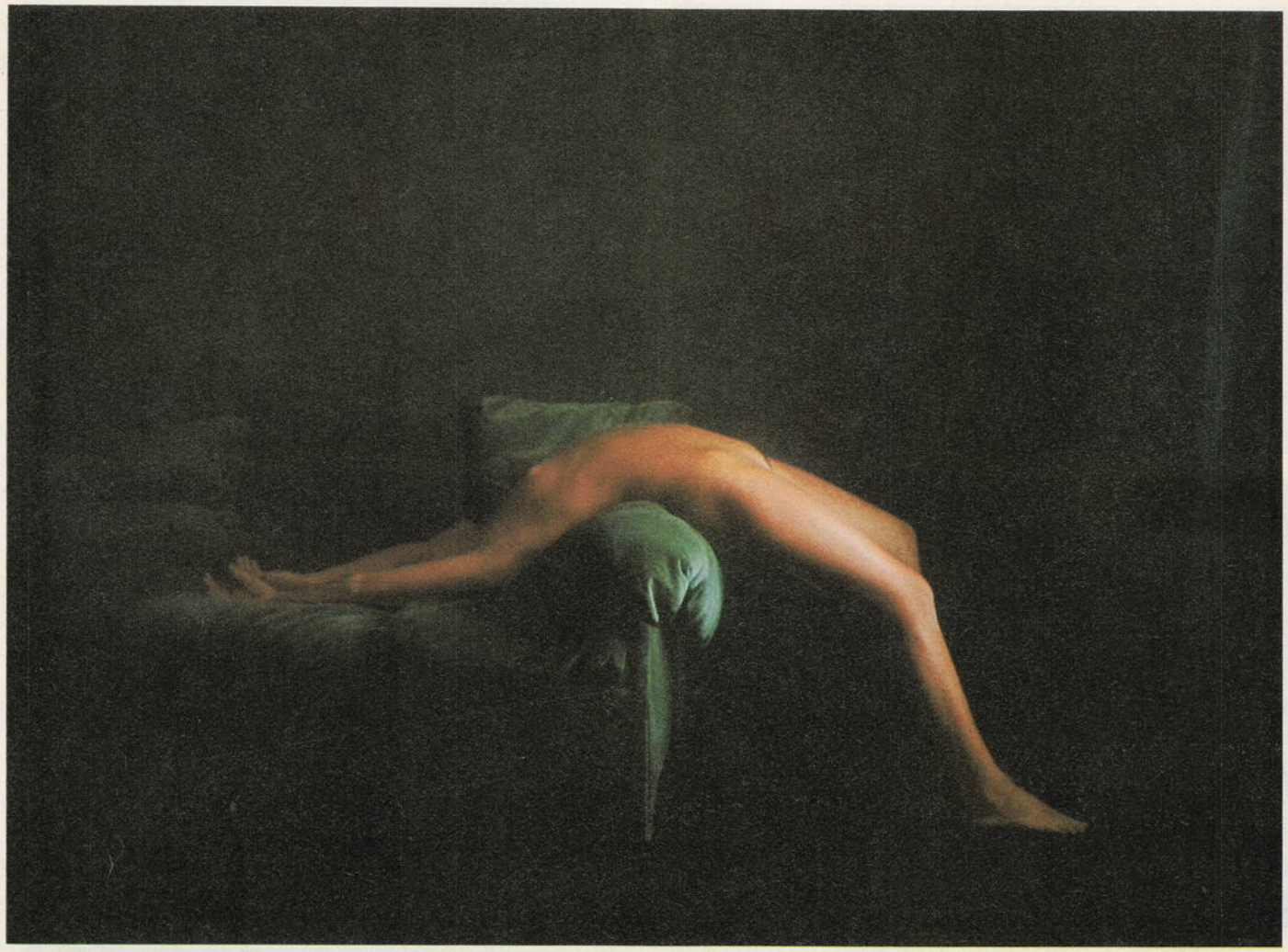
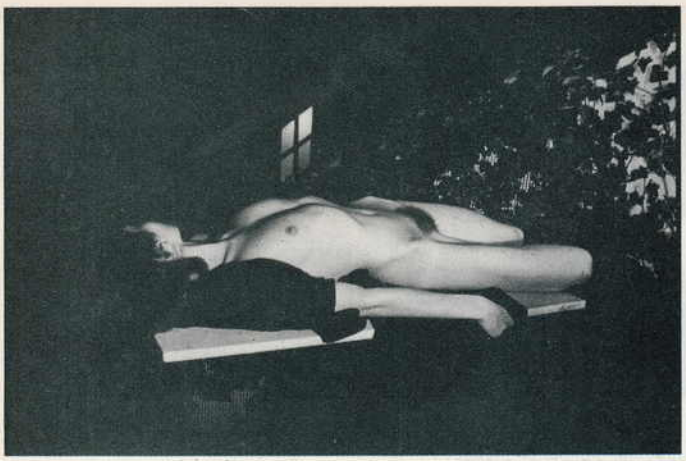
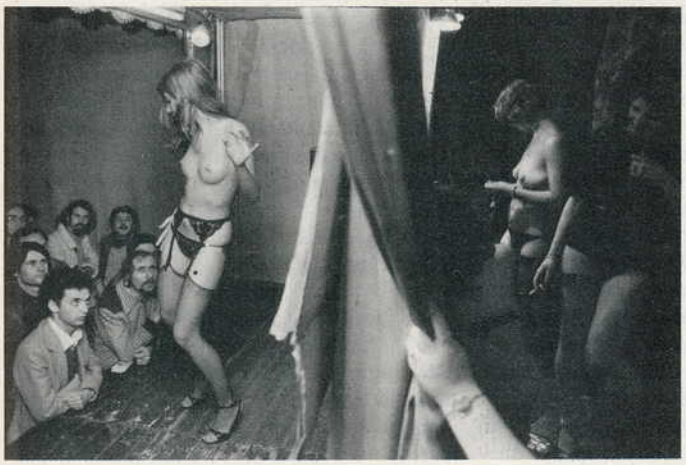


**PHOTO-REPORTER**

Cameraman Hedi Tahar's rearview frame *(left)* focuses in close and elicits all sorts of sexual palpitations with undertones of dominance. Three shots by Francis Acoulon *(above, this page and opposite)* demonstrate how dark, shadowy environs can create an air of intense melancholy and a spooky, wide-angle eroticism. A pair of pictures by Yves Jeanmougin *(opposite, bottom)* captures some revealing moments on a stripper's runway, suggesting, perhaps, that it's not all fun and games. Then again, perhaps it is.





duced them to the rest of the world. So the French, with good reason, have always held a deep, abiding respect for the essential beauty of the photograph. And they like to see it rendered artfully, which accounts for why *Zoom* is, in fact, one of the most luxuriantly beautiful magazines in the world.

Beyond *Zoom*'s often unrestrained sexual sparkle lies an obvious and profound commitment to the power of the visual image. It is the premier "salon" book, with every issue given over to a splashy, wonderfully reproduced succession of portfolios, mostly photographic, but regularly interspersed with the work of contemporary painters, illustrators and cartoonists. *Zoom*'s editorial pages are minimal, mostly consisting of rhapsodic product reviews designed to appease the advertisers. If you're a serious photography-gadget freak, the same stuff is abundantly available in American magazines. You don't buy *Zoom* to read about the nomenclature and assembly of the Demaria-LaPierre Anastigmat lens. You buy it to revel in the sheer, visceral delight of gorgeous, surprising, sometimes playful, sometimes shocking images.

Though slightly less spectacular than *Zoom*, both *Photo* and *Photo-Reporter* are similarly dedicated to the salon notion of what a photography magazine should be. With technical articles and product reviews kept to a minimum, they devote most of their pages to the same dazzling display of great photography that characterizes *Zoom*. Like *Zoom*, they regularly feature the work of the world's greatest photographers. Most of the names are probably unfamiliar to you but—quick!—name three famous photographers. A great many well-known and memorable images were shot by some of the most highly paid, but relatively anonymous, artists in our culture. The French photo books represent a rare and powerful forum in which a photographer's best work can be attached to his name.

As names go, of course, some appear with greater frequency than others, particularly in the case of photographers whose straight commercial assignments are concentrated in the areas of fashion and glamour illustrations. People in these fields tend to experiment a great deal with the convolutions of erotic fantasy, and what doesn't get used commercially finds its way into books like *Zoom*, *Photo* and *Photo-Reporter*. One perennial contributor is the English photographer David Hamilton, whose lyrical, painterly style has almost become the *vin ordinaire* of French photo books. Hamilton's erotic vision of newly pubescent womanhood shocked a lot of people at first, but it turns out that sexual reverie about young girls has a lot of fans.

Another regular, and probably the ultimate photographic voyeur, is Guy Bourdin. With a kind of breathy candor and unconventional framing, Bourdin creates the impression of furiously suppressed moments from everybody's sexual memory bank.

While Hamilton and Bourdin are essentially romantics, the French books also like to give attention to artists whose erotic visions are darkly aggressive, and occasionally to some who are just openly playful. With the steely women of John Thornton's photographs, for instance, it would be tough to distinguish sex from hand-to-hand combat. And Jean-François Jonvelle's lush models wear their femininity and dappled lighting like battle dress for a cosmic sex war. On the lighter side, you'll occasionally be treated to the likes of Robert Funk, who employs combinations of bumptious poster pinups and incongruous scenes from the American cultural landscape.

Robert Funk is pure domestic vintage, of course, one of many experimental photographers in the U.S.A. whose principal recognition has come through exposure in the French photo magazines. But fascination with things American is by no means limited to homegrown photographers. The surrealistic potential of modern middle America, with its glutted streets and endless suburban vistas of hamburger joints, has become an irresistible background for a lot of serious European photographers. Witness the Magritte-like space warps into which Sal Corbo or Helmut Newton insinuate their dreamlike symbolism. Such images provide us with a fresh, perhaps slightly frightening, perspective on the sexual protocols of our strange, technocratic age.

Whether or not you're a camera freak, it's highly unlikely that you'll get such perspectives flipping through *Popular Photography* at your corner drugstore. ■

# SAVING MADE PAINLESS

*Building a solid nest egg doesn't mean giving up the good things in life—if you have a little discipline.*

*Article by Chris Barnett*

Everybody seems to have this problem with money. They can make it all right, but they can't hold on to it. Ask yourself this toughie: How much of the money you made last year did you manage to save? That's right. What have you got to show for 12 months of busting your ass 40 hours a week, working after school and on weekends or holding down three jobs just to keep the cash flowing?

Sure it's difficult to live today. Shelter, wheels, gas, food, dope, books, albums, clothes, women, good times—all are more expensive now because of inflation. You try to squirrel away $25 or $50 now and then, but some emergency always comes up—you need the bucks, and that little nest egg is gone before you know it.

"I try, but I just can't seem to save any money," complains Angelo, a 21-year-old senior at the University of Miami. He is in a four-piece group that plays clubs and a few parties on weekends. "I opened an account and banked the gig money, but I was tapping into it just to keep afloat. It went." Angelo wasn't a disciplined saver.

Now, I don't want to sound too much like your old man, but when it comes to saving money, discipline is *everything*. Discipline is finding the easiest way for you to save. Discipline is saving something every single paycheck. But nobody is going to convert you from a careless spendthrift into a shrewd saver. You have to do it yourself.

"In the Eighties, you've got to get smart fast, as far as money is concerned," says Plato Chamis, vice-president of market planning for Allstate Savings & Loan Association, a subsidiary of Sears, Roebuck & Co. with assets of $2.8 billion. "You've got to form savings habits now and save regularly—that's the key."

Experts say young guys from 18 to 30 have the hardest time saving money, because Madison Avenue is seducing them with sexy, must-have products and goodies. Now, there's nothing wrong with acquiring possessions, *if* you make rational buying decisions, you can pay for them and—here's the clincher—you're stashing some cash away every payday.

Just watch out for one thing: Don't become a compulsive spender. "It can destroy your marriage, cost you your job, drive you bankrupt and ruin your life," says "Ron," a founding member of Overspenders Anonymous in Santa Monica, California. Don't laugh. Nobody's tallied up just how many people in this country are plagued by the urge to splurge every time they get some money, but they number in the hundreds of thousands. They are hopelessly, eternally in debt; even declaring bankruptcy only cleans the slate temporarily.

Just like alcoholics, over-the-edge dopers, overeaters and compulsive gamblers, these obsessive spenders are banding together in groups like New York City's Debtors Anonymous to help each other kick their spending habits.

Compulsive spenders start young, often in their late teens, says a West Los Angeles psychiatrist. "The young man may have a feeling of insecurity about his own masculinity and his sexuality, but if he acquires various objects, he feels strong and adequate," explains Dr. Sam Black, who has conducted extensive research into the motivation of the overspender.

Still, the compulsive spender accounts for a small percentage of the population. The undisciplined saver, however, is everywhere. A few years ago, life-insurance agents loved to scare a hot prospect by telling him that only 4 percent of the American people will retire comfortably. The rest will end up scratching around on a meager income or, worse yet, on the dole.

Thanks to Social Security, company pension plans or possibly an inheritance, you'll probably have something to fall back on when you're old. But don't bank on it. By the time you're ready to hang up your spurs, there may not *be* any Social Security. There's only one answer: Save and invest. And since this is the kickoff of a new year, start today.

As Dr. Black puts it, "Unless you saw your family put away money regularly or got the facts of life on stashing cash at an early age, you were shortchanged and will have to learn for yourself." Now here's the cheery news. There *are* ways to save money easily *and* regularly. Seven of them. If you commit yourself 100 percent to a regular savings program and don't cheat, you'll be astounded at how fast the bucks add up. The big secret: Once you get the habit, don't break it.

## SAVINGS BONDS

What's more patriotic than buying a share in your country? And what's easier? It's one of the simplest forms of forced savings, because the cost is deducted right out of your paycheck. And it's one of the best, because after the first couple of paydays you don't feel the bite. Better yet, the funds aren't sitting around in some account that you can raid when you start to quiver over those new skis or that boat.

Now, Uncle Sam isn't the most generous

soul when it comes to paying interest rates. Savings bonds pay 4.5–5 percent interest if you redeem them in the first year and 6 percent a year after that if held to maturity. But money matriarch Sylvia Porter tells of the industrialist who was selling his employees on a payroll-savings program. As he put it, "It's a lot better to get only a mediocre interest rate on *something* than a sensational interest rate on nothing."

There are two types of savings bonds: the Series EE, which you buy at a discount from the face value (say, $25 for a $50 bond) and hold for 11 years until it matures; and the Series HH, called current-income security, which sells at face value and earns 6.5 percent interest twice a year. The latter is good for older people who need cash to live on. Buy EE bonds and put them in a safe place. If your company doesn't have a payroll-savings plan, you can buy a bond a month at the bank.

### CREDIT UNIONS

There are 22,500 credit unions in the U.S. They are mainly set up to lend money to members, but they're also a painless way to save. And generally, you get a higher rate of interest than from a bank or a savings and loan—anywhere from 6.5 to 8.5 percent on a regular-share account.

Most large corporations and unions have credit unions. The Arizona State Employees Credit Union (ASECU) in Phoenix has 32,750 members. It allows relatives to save, too. You can start small. Jeanine Larsen of the ASECU says only $25 is needed to start a savings account that pays 7 percent. This is similar to a bank passbook account, because you can withdraw money and not lose interest.

There are two other huge advantages in saving with a credit union. First, after you begin building up a nest egg, you can borrow money much easier and at a lower interest rate. Essentially, you borrow against your own savings. (Credit unions aren't as picky as banks when it comes to lending to young people.) Second, credit unions deduct money from your paycheck. You don't have to remember to deposit money in your credit union's savings account. That's easy to put off, and procrastination is the freeway to the poorhouse.

### BANKS

Get to know a banker as soon as you start making money. You'll need him when you want a loan for a car, an emergency or to start a small business. It sounds hackneyed, but your banker can be your best friend.

The easiest way to save at a bank is to authorize them to take the money out of your checking account or directly from your paycheck. It's the old adage: You can't spend what you don't see. Or join a bank Christmas Club. You don't have to blow it on gifts a year from now; you can parlay the money into a higher-yielding investment.

So how much should you put away? Rusty Watson, a spokeswoman for the American Bankers Association in Washington, D.C., and a marketing director of Bank of A. Levy in Oxnard, California, says 10 percent of your take-home pay is a realistic figure. Whether that's $10 or $200, it's a regular investment in yourself.

### SAVINGS-AND-LOAN ASSOCIATIONS

Banks and savings-and-loan associations are natural enemies; both want your savings dollars so that they can loan them out at high interest. As a result, both are offering new savings plans that stress convenience, and the consumer is the winner.

The N.O.W. account is a good example. As of December 31, 1980, savings and loans and banks nationwide have the green light to pay interest on checking accounts. Right now, the money in your regular checking account doesn't earn you a cent. As this is being written, a new N.O.W. (Negotiated Order of Withdrawal) account pays 5–5.25 percent interest.

"A person can put his entire paycheck into his checking account and wait until the last possible minute to pay his bills, thus collecting interest on that money," says Plato Chamis. You can also have the savings and loan or the bank transfer money from your N.O.W. checking into a savings account that offers a higher rate of interest.

Here's something else new: Savings and loans have a two-and-one-half-year certificate that pays around 11.5 percent and requires no minimum deposit. "You can start with a buck," says Chamis. "It's perfect for young people because they can add to it regularly and still collect the interest."

But before you settle on a financial institution, be it a bank, a savings and loan or a credit union, shop around carefully. Find out what they can do for you. And don't go hat in hand and meekly ask for a brochure of services. Talk directly to the manager and discuss exactly what he has to offer. If you get the cold shoulder or if he sloughs you off to a new-accounts person, let him know that you feel slighted and that you'll open your savings account elsewhere. You'll be surprised at how receptive they are. Banks today are selling themselves—and their new services—hard.

### LIFE INSURANCE

Here's a switch. Life-insurance companies, which had sold policies by claiming that their accumulated cash values were a good way to save, are changing their spiel—and for good reason. For years, they paid policyholders a miserly 3–3.5 percent interest on those cash values. But recently, most life insurers have begun paying 5 percent on your money. That's almost as much as a Series EE bond.

Whole-life insurance is not much of an

*(Continued on page 121)*

## Savings and loans

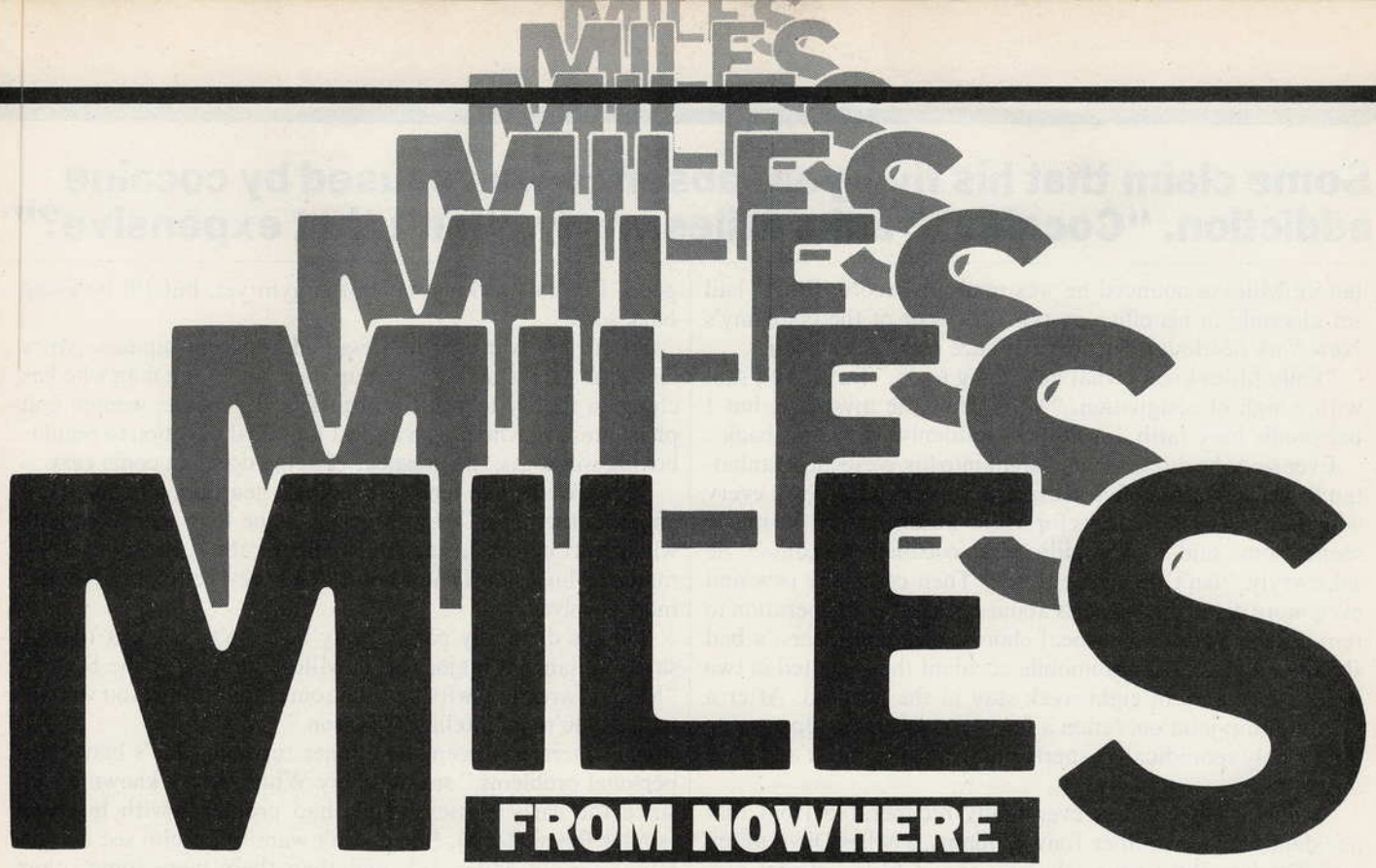
*are competing hard for your money, and interest-bearing checking accounts are one of the benefits.*

## Savings bonds

*don't pay the highest rate available, but their cost can be deducted from your paycheck so you don't feel the bite.*

## Money-market funds

*sounds like something for the wealthy only, but there are some affordable options.*




**"It's not that I don't like to talk with people; they just catch me while I'm playing. I mean, when the President is getting ready to speak, people don't fuck with him."**

***—Miles Davis, Jazz Trumpeter Extraordinaire***

"I don't want you in my fucking face," came the voice in a deep, gravel-throated rasp.

Miles Dewey Davis, the "Godfather" of modern jazz, has never been warm to the idea of interviews and, from the tone of his voice, he certainly wasn't in the mood for one now. The last time anyone caught up with Miles was five years ago, when a *Chicago Tribune* music critic was kept waiting for over six hours at Davis' home for a 15-minute chat.

But now, just a few weeks before he would refute all the doomsayers by returning to the recording studio to lay down tracks for an upcoming album, Miles had relented. He said it was a favor for longtime friend Granny White, but maybe, just maybe, Miles was following the advice of his producer, Teo Macero, and was coming out of his shell. "Teo just says that because he knows if I'm back out, he makes money," Miles scoffs.

Quietly, however, the "Prince of Darkness" has emerged from his extended hiatus to do what many jazz critics and fans had reluctantly resigned themselves to believing the man who has been the most dominant musical force of four decades would never do again—make new music. Columbia Records, on Miles' orders, had tried to keep it hush-hush. However, word leaked out as soon as Miles strolled into the studio, and soon a menagerie of jazz aficionados was clustered around the studio entrance in anticipation of even the most meager tidbit of information about his progress.

Inside, Miles—eight months after the last in a series of aborted recording sessions—had gathered around him in his usual fashion a handful of young, relatively unknown musicians. "Coleman Hawkins once told me to never get an old motherfucker in your group," Miles says, "because they can't change. That's why I spent a lot of time with people like Chick Corea and Lonnie Liston Smith." And with Macero at his side, Miles finally embarked on his first recording session in seven long years.

George Butler, CBS's vice-president in charge of jazz and progressive music, had worked long and hard at coaxing Miles back into the studio, and was now madly scrambling around trying to put out whatever organization fires might flare up and send Davis bolting from the rooms of mikes and soundboards like a frightened deer. "When Miles wants to come in," said Butler between breaths, "you just have to make room."

Butler and Columbia had nearly abandoned all hope of ever seeing Miles record again. On the orders of company executives, engineers had "scraped the bottom of the barrel" and pulled together a collection of previously unreleased material for a new album. But there was one catch: The most recent song on the album was at least ten years old. As late as a week

**Article by Ron Harris**

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK HESS

## Some claim that his five-year absence was caused by cocaine addiction. "Cocaine?" asks Miles wryly. "Isn't that expensive?"

before Miles announced he was ready to record, Butler had sat gloomily in his office on the 12th floor of the company's New York headquarters, still in a haze over Miles' status.

"Only Miles knows what he's going to do," Butler had said with a sigh of resignation. "Miles likes the mystique, but I personally have faith." And then, suddenly, Miles was back.

Ever since he ducked out of sight into his Westside Manhattan brownstone some five years ago, rumors have flown every which way as to the reasons for Miles' absence from the music scene. Some said he was addicted to cocaine. "Cocaine?" he asks wryly. "Isn't that expensive?" Then came the new and even more disturbing reports about his health: an operation to remove a growth on his vocal chords, bleeding ulcers, a bad shoulder and a 1972 automobile accident that resulted in two broken legs and an eight-week stay in the hospital. After a resultant hip-joint operation a few years later, he appeared in public only sporadically—performing once in a cast and once on crutches.

"I don't think he has ever really recuperated from that accident," says drummer Tony Williams, a Miles Davis alumnus. The late Bill Evans, who was one of Miles' closest confidants and a frequent collaborator, said that medication the trumpeter required to deaden his constant pain resulted in a brief dependence on painkillers.

"I got this Negro disease," Miles shrugs, "hardening of the bones. Doctors call it arthritis. But I can get around pretty good. I'm not working out in the gym yet, but I'll be going back soon."

**Miles at one of his last public performances.**

For all his avant-garde dress and apparent hipness, Miles Davis, at 54, is starting to get up there and, for a man who has clung so tightly to youth in dress, style, music, women and physique, and who has an almost fanatical devotion to regular boxing workouts, the prospect of aging does not come easy.

"Creative people tend to be a little neurotic, a little different from the norm," says Macero, as he toys with the piano while working up an arrangement for the London Philharmonic in his Long Island home. "As they get older, they get more involved."

"That's definitely part of why he hasn't been out there," says Williams, a major cog in Miles' quintets of the Sixties. "Miles is wrestling with age and some other things you wrestle with if you're an intelligent person."

And there has been some inner turmoil. "He's had some personal problems," says Granny White, who's known Miles since the early Fifties. "He's had problems with his wife [singer Betty Davis]. She doesn't want to let him see his son [five-year-old Miles Jr.], and then there were some other things."

While all the speculation swirled, Miles was at home relaxing, listening to a lot of classical music and contemplating his options. There were lucrative offers for him to perform: $100,000 for two nights in Japan, where he is considered maybe two steps below God, and an offer of $75,000 for a one-nighter. But he turned them down. "I don't need it," he says belligerently. "I don't have to worry about money. I used to sell newspapers, and I can sell them again. I don't want to be bothered with that shit. I don't want to fly from here to Japan in an airplane. It's not worth it. My nerves, you know."

Then there were talks with movie producers about a music score. "They just want to put some of my music to a movie," Miles explains. "It's like putting mustard on a hamburger—if you like mustard."

Occasionally he ventured out; he escorted the wife of saxophonist Wayne Shorter to a Weather Report concert, which he left abruptly, calling the music "foggy." And there have been trips to Connecticut, where he was considering purchasing a house near Woodstock.

"I might take my Ferrari out and drive it around," says Miles—who, like his idol, Jack Johnson, is known for his love of fast cars and even faster women. "I don't go to nightclubs. Ain't nothing out there I want to see. I can see what I want on *Soul Train*. Them old motherfuckers ain't doing nothing, anyway, but copying off each other. All the shit sounds alike." And sometimes he would see actress and former girlfriend Cicely Tyson.

But mostly, he stayed around home where friends—a virtual *Who's Who in Jazz*: Corea, Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Joe Zawinul, Al Foster, Lenny White, Woody Shaw, Max Roach, Macero and Evans—would stop by to talk music and pay homage to the man who gave so many musicians direction that they are known collectively as the Miles Davis School.

But even that has had a wearying effect on him. "The close

**"Miles is wrestling with age—and other things you wrestle with if you're an intelligent person."**

friends you have shouldn't be in the music business, because you don't want to talk about music all the time," he says. "I get tired of that. Woody Shaw calls me up and says, 'Miles, what should I record?' People go overseas and call me up and say, 'Hey, Miles, what hotel should we stay in?' When we traveled, we went first-class. I got tired of hearing those motherfuckers complain about the road and not making money. I say why go out if you don't make any money? But I'm satisfied. I must be satisfied, because I'm not complaining. It's just a bore sometimes, because I used to travel so much. But otherwise, it's all right."

Meanwhile, Columbia, despite having signed a truckload of jazz heavies—Shaw, Corea, Hancock, Dexter Gordon, Weather Report, Billy Cobham and more—was begging Miles to return to the studio. He came in briefly in 1977 to work with guitarist Larry Coryell and played some organ, but no trumpet. He treated Columbia with disdain. He refused to talk with all the company's executives except Butler. "He talks with George, I think, because Miles likes dealing with a black executive," says Columbia's Jim Fishel. But Butler's only means of contacting Miles was either through messages relayed by drummer Al Foster or by erratic mail correspondence. "I'd send Miles some really important business, but he wouldn't answer," says Butler.

Then there was the disastrous recording session slated for October 1979. Columbia, which had already spent thousands of dollars in sessions for Miles that had yet to produce musical fruit, flew musicians from Chicago, Los Angeles and New Orleans to New York, but the temperamental Miles didn't show up. "He said he couldn't come in because he hurt his hand in a fight with a clerk at the corner drugstore," Butler laments.

"That's bullshit," rages Miles. "George Butler set that shit up, and I didn't know anything about it. Then they call me and ask me if I'm coming in. I'm tired of that shit. They want me to go into the studio, but I've got thirty albums sitting up there and they won't put out ones that I've already made. I don't have nothing to say to them, because I did so much fucking work for nothing, man."

That could be the main reason for Miles' failure to record: his dissatisfaction with Columbia. "A record company is supposed to be with its artists," he complains. "You do some work, give them the material, and they're supposed to sell it. After it goes down, it's money, right? But they never did that.

"The reason they want me back is because people ask for the music. The company says, 'Here's some new Jack Johnson.' Then people see the date on the stuff we did and say, 'Damn, this is old.' Well, the shit is new if they've never heard it. They may lose five hundred thousand dollars on a white boy, but they won't put my shit out."

As for his s.o.b. reputation, Miles says it's all a matter of how you see it. "It's not that I don't like to talk to people," he says. "They just catch me at the wrong time. They catch me when I'm playing. Playing takes total concentration. They want to put their wet hands on your hands, and your hands are already in the position you want them in. They don't give anybody respect. I mean, when the President is getting ready to speak, people don't fuck with him."

So Miles Davis has returned. Some say he did it as a favor to his sister, Dorothy, or because he is very fond of his nephew. But after the sessions were over, Miles put it very simply: "Music is my life." ■

# A CAPITÁN FOR ROSA

From
***Tom Mix and Pancho Villa,***
the upcoming novel
by Clifford Irving

## *To ride with Villa, a man had to have* cojones. *If he made love to the wrong woman, he could lose them.*

*The time is 1913, during the bloody Mexican Revolution. All of Mexico is up in arms.*

*Tom Mix, a young, down-and-out rodeo rider from El Paso—who one day will become the great cowboy movie star of the Twenties and Thirties—has offered his services to Francisco "Pancho" Villa, the fiery bandit turned revolutionist. With eight other men, including Tom, Pancho whoops across the Rio Grande to invade Mexico. He promises Tom that in a few months, when he has a real army, he will make him a captain.*

*But it hasn't happened yet. Villa sends Tom north with three of his new comrades (the one-eyed giant, Candelario; the melancholy Julio; and the fat Hipólito Villa, who is Pancho's brother) to trade stolen cattle for guns. On that trip, in Columbus, New Mexico, Tom meets Hannah Sommerfeld, the beautiful daughter of a Jewish arms merchant, falls in love with her and promises to marry her when the revolution triumphs. The night before that, in a border whorehouse, he had bedded two blonde French whores named Yvette and Marie-Therese, and they adore him. To complicate his life, his friend Candelario is smitten by the two whores and invites them back to Mexico, hoping that Tom will help him keep the two women satisfied. But Tom turns him down—he's determined now to be faithful to the lovely Hannah.*

*Meanwhile, in Mexico, Pancho Villa recruits more men, including the bandits Tomás Urbina and Calixto Contreras, and then attacks the federal garrison in the small city of Casas Grandes. He conquers it and orders his polite, handsome aide, Rodolfo Fierro—whom the Mexicans call "the chief's butcher"—to dispose of the prisoners. Fierro obligingly lines them up in ranks of three and executes them, one bullet for each three men.*

*Tom Mix returns from New Mexico and finds Villa camped in the dusty desert village of Ascensión. A great believer in bigamy, Pancho has taken a new wife, a peasant girl named Esperanza. Pleased with the way Tom bought the guns for him in Columbus, and knowing nothing of his engagement vows to Hannah, he promises Tom that before winter comes, he will make him a gift of one of Esperanza's younger sisters . . . to keep him warm.*

*Young Tom tells the tale . . .*

I shared a bare, abandoned adobe house on the main street with Hipólito, Julio, Pascual, Candelario and the two French whores. That was a ticklish situation, but I explained to them that I was all but engaged to Hannah Sommerfeld and that it was a matter of honor. Yvette and Marie-Therese, jolly girls, seemed to understand, although now and then I caught Yvette staring at me in a way that made my mouth grow dry. I couldn't help remembering what she and her sister had done to me under the blanket in Columbus. Some nights, when I heard Candelario and one of the others carousing with them, and their moans and groans and piercing laughter filled the darkness, I had trouble sleeping. Candelario thought I was crazier than Urbina.

"*Hombre*, I don't know what you've got in your pants, but it must be something special. Don't you see the way she looks at you?"

"I have an obligation, you fool."

"Tomás, your obligation is in El Paso. Yvette and Marie-Therese are here in Ascensión. It's simple geography."

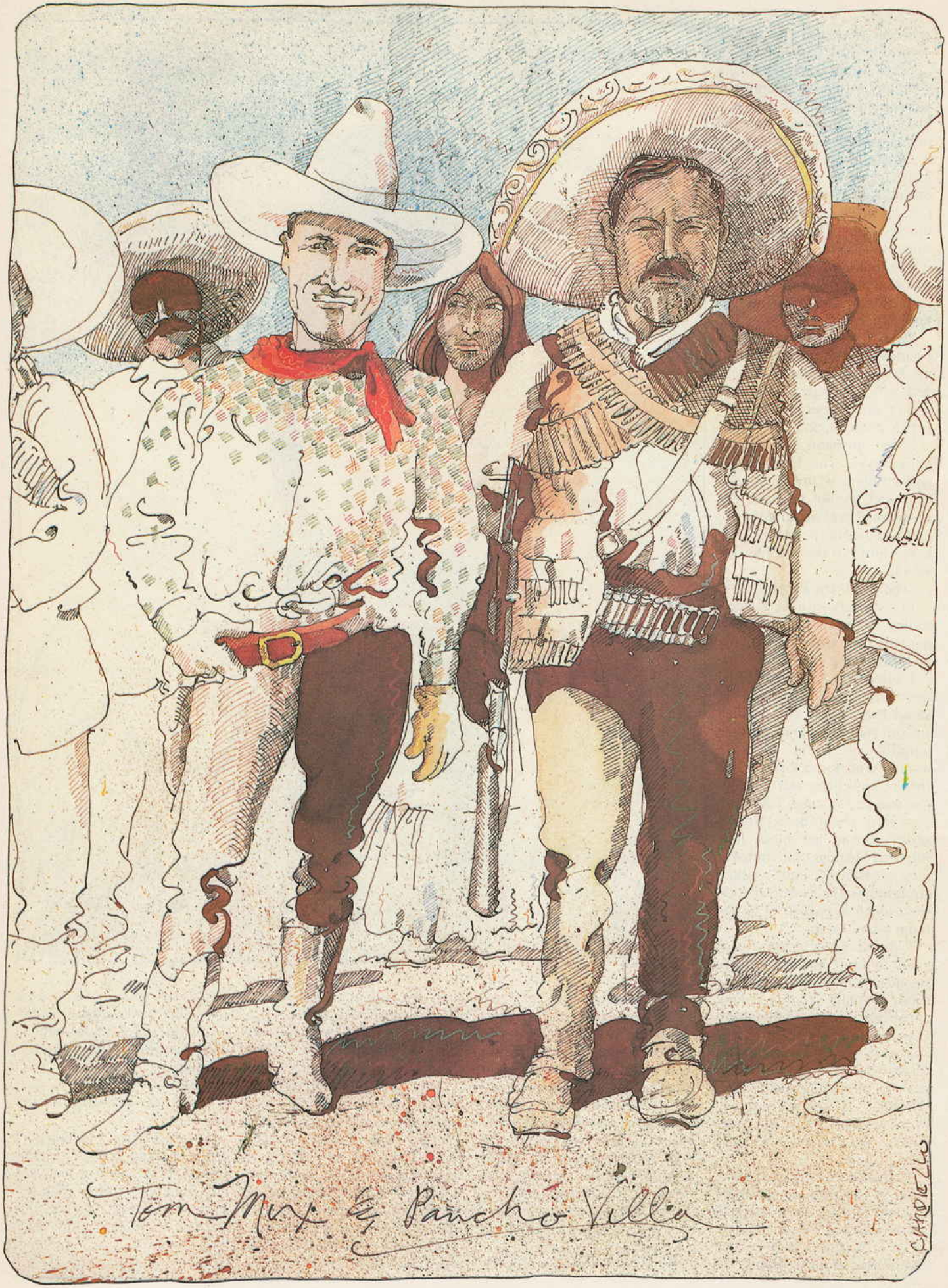
"Damn it, no!"

He sighed and went away, but the next day he would start pestering me again. I didn't mind that. What I minded was the way Yvette and Marie-Therese would brush against me when we were in the kitchen, or when I passed them on the way to the privy—or those looks. It always seemed that a warm hip would slide against mine, or a strand of blonde hair would float against my cheek—I would turn color and go about my business, but it worked on me. I was as horny as the next fellow, and Hannah had waked something in my loins that twitched and wouldn't go back to sleep. But I held firm . . . until something happened where it seemed I had no choice. And then, as they say, it didn't rain but it poured. My downfall wasn't Yvette's fault, or even Candelario's—it was Pancho Villa's.

One cool evening after the



ILLUSTRATION BY JOE CIARDIELLO


Tom Mix & Pancho Villa

rain had freshened the air and settled the dust, Esperanza Villa knocked on our door. She was in company with a shy, plump girl whose name, she told me, was Carmelita. Candelario and the others had gone out drinking in a local cantina with our own girls, trying to drum up some business for them to keep them rich as well as happy. I looked blankly at Esperanza and made some noises like a jackass, trying to figure out what the visit was all about.

"*Señor*, Carmelita is my sister," Esperanza said.

Then I remembered Villa's promise to me, after he'd called me his *gringo*, about one of his new wife's younger sisters. If I wasn't sure, Esperanza quickly rid me of any doubt.

"My husband, Francisco Villa, says"—she didn't blush, or even blink—"to have a good time and try not to make her pregnant. There are already too many babies in the camp. They keep him awake during his siesta."

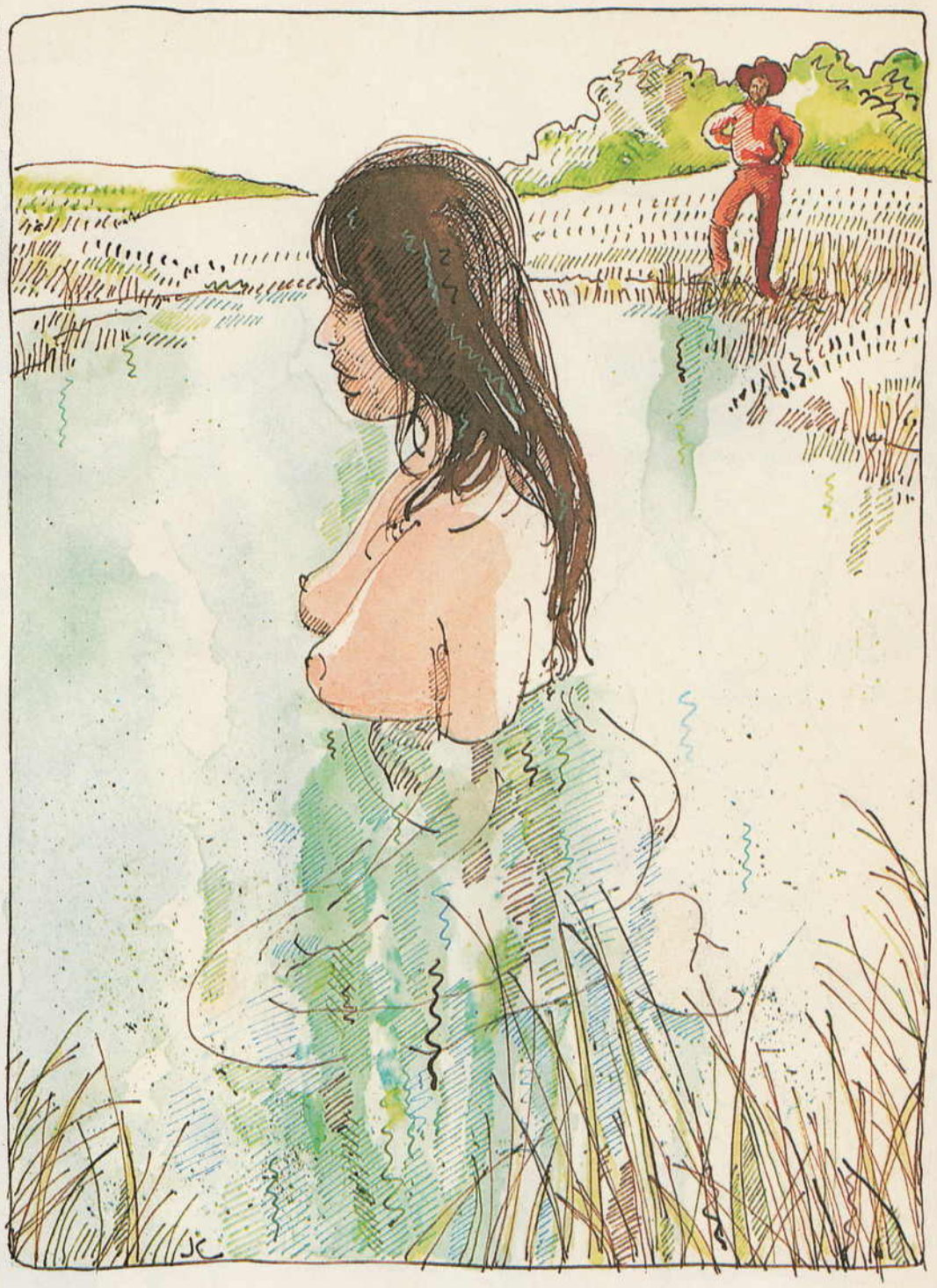
"Hang on there, Esperanza—"

But she left without a word, sliding off into the darkness in her bare feet. I was left with my mouth hanging open.

I turned to Carmelita. She was short, about twenty, and not at all bad-looking if you liked smooth young skin and an ample handful of flesh. Mexican women tend to pork up before they're anywhere near old, but she was on the cusp. I noticed, too, that she'd been freshly scrubbed and her black hair smelled of lemons. She smiled at me pleasantly and walked straight into the first open doorway, which happened to be the room where I slept.

I didn't know what I was going to do. It was one thing to say no to Candelario, another to insult the chief. He was making an offering, and it was family. How would a Mexican react if you gave his wife's sister—offered wholeheartedly—a dry pat on the rump and said, "Scoot . . ."? And not just any Mexican. This was a gift from Pancho Villa, who was going to take Torreón.

A candle burned on the oak table in the main room, and I carried it before me to the bedroom, shutting the door softly. Then I turned to face Carmelita. I was about to discuss the matter sensibly, to see if we could come to some arrangement that would save my life and her feelings. But Carmelita hadn't known this problem would arise—she was already out of her rebozo and sandals, and just as I set down the candle, she shucked her dress to the floor. When the cotton snaked loose and all that smooth flesh shone in the moonlight, my pecker shot up into the air like a mean mustang jackknifing from the chute.



Well, I was a coward. I knew that about myself, and it was no shock to realize it again. I just hadn't known I was a lowlife and a man without principle . . . But I knew it now.

And I was punished in kind. She lay flat on the ripped old sheet, just about as responsive as a large lump of dough. I kneaded it, I fondled it, and it just never baked. Twice during the night I worked myself up into a hot lather and pumped my seed onto the sheet, heeding the chief's admonition not to make any more babies, and twice Carmelita showed her silvery smile and said, "It was good, *Señor*?"

"Awful, if you really want to know the truth," I said, the second time—in English.

"*Qué*?"

"Nothing, Carmelita. It was fine."

The third time, in the cool dawn, waking from a restless sleep, I tried to get her to mount me, thinking it might give her some unexpected pleasure. But she said she'd never done that. "How is it accomplished, *Señor*?"

"I lie down like this, on my back, like I'm doing. You sit on top of me, Carmelita. See?"

"Like riding a horse?"

"That's it."

"I would feel funny doing that. But if you insist, *Señor*, I'll do it for your sake."

"I won't insist—and would you mind not calling me *Señor*? My name is Tomás. Here, get up on your hands and knees . . . hunch over . . . like that." This was a way whose subtleties I had learned from Yvette and Marie-Therese on that memorable night in Columbus. "Now, just lower your shoulders a bit . . ."

She twisted her head around just when I cupped her breasts in my hands for some leverage. The sight of her dark wet bush protruding between her cheeks had engorged me again. But there was confusion in her eyes. "*Señor*, how are you going to do it?"

"Just like this . . ."

"Like the horses and the dogs?"

"Well, yes . . ."

She flopped right down on the bed, flat, squeezing her cheeks tight together, leaving my quivering pecker in the air—homeless. From the mattress, to which she pressed her lips, she said stolidly: "I am not a dog, *Señor*. I am a woman. Human beings don't do it like dogs."

A few minutes later, flesh having a will of its own, I climbed aboard her docile body for the third time, and that was that. Afterward she giggled.

"Are all *gringos* so perverted, *Señor*?"

I couldn't find an answer, and when a respectable time had passed, I said as gently as I could, "You can go now, Carmelita. Thank you very much."

"*De nada, Señor*. For nothing"—and I believed her, and began to think even more highly of our French whores. So I was punished. Of course, Candelario and the others knew I'd been partying—they had trooped in during the night and immediately sniffed the juicy aroma floating from my room—and when I ushered Carmelita out the door and appeared in the kitchen, bedraggled and scowling, they howled with laughter and wouldn't stop sticking their knives into me. Candelario looked pleased as punch and kept pounding the table and winking at me with his one good eye, thinking that the barriers had fallen to my reunion with the French whores. But Yvette didn't say a word. Sitting on a rickety chair, eating a hard-boiled egg, she glanced at me for a moment with a wounded expression, then tossed her hair proudly and turned away. I felt rotten about that . . . but what could I say? I wolfed down some cold *frijoles* and lukewarm black coffee, then got out of there and headed for the lake.

*She was taller than the average Mexican girl, her breasts rising out of her ribs in a swollen perfect curve like pictures I'd seen of Greek statues in museums.*

The morning was hot. Goats were crying out to be milked; the horses had already been watered and were boiling up the dust, heading out to be grazed. Thousands of people were camped by the lake, spreading like a squirming human stain along the shore. New men constantly drifted into the camp, in twos and threes and dozens, and they found it unthinkable to travel without their families. How this army would move, I couldn't guess—but that was Pancho Villa's problem. It wasn't much past eight o'clock, but the sun was already frying my brains, and I was sweaty and odorous from the night's work; so I wandered down a bit past the jungle of makeshift tents and twig fires, peeled off my clothes and dove into the blue-green water. It was a little soapy, but nicely cool. I splashed about, tired, out of sorts, and at the same time, like a hog, dumbly content.

I left the lake about fifty yards down from where I'd jumped in, swimming the Australian crawl as fast as I could, so that when I grabbed the limb of a dead jacaranda tree near the shore and hauled myself out of the slime that collected along the bottom, I was winded and puffing. To my surprise, there was a girl crouched under the jacaranda tree, wearing a drab brown dress so that she blended in with the earth . . . which is why I hadn't seen her in the first place. As I heaved myself up, buck naked, she clapped a thin hand to her mouth. I just shrugged . . . None of the women around the camp paid the slightest attention to a naked man swimming. As the Mexican said, a man has two peckers, one for fucking and one for pissing, and women could look at your pissing pecker without even blinking. Your fucking pecker, of course, either turned their eyes dewy or, if they belonged to another man or hadn't invited you, gave them the right to whack it with a broomstick. Maybe not always in Pancho Villa's camp, but most anywhere else.

What I'd brought up with me out of the lake was certainly my pissing pecker. But when this young girl saw it, she fell down on her bare knees in the dirt.

"Please, *Señor*! For the love of Jesus . . . don't!"

I didn't think she could have been more than sixteen. I could have waved gallantly and gone back to my clothes farther down the shoreline, but somehow I wanted to assure this frightened child that she wasn't in any danger, that I wasn't a mad *gringo* rapist risen from the mysterious depths of Lake Ascensión. And, I thought, if I take just one more step in any direction, she might decide to scream after all, and there'd be a brother or a father coming on the dead run waving his machete, which I surely didn't need.

So I stayed put, up to my knees in the shallow water.

"*Señorita*, I swear I'm not going to do anything bad to you. The fact is, I've just got out of bed with someone else, and it was a long night. We did it three times, whether you believe it or not, and I couldn't do it again now, even if I wanted to . . . You're so safe, it's a joke."

She was a cocoa-colored girl, more Indian than white, and when she raised her face from where she'd dropped it to her knees, I saw that she had long black hair, big chocolate eyes, high cheekbones and a mouth that was too wide for her face. She was pretty enough, but not beautiful. I also saw that her eyes were red from crying, her cheeks streaked with tears. Her skin was caked everywhere with dust, and her hair was powdered with it and tangled as if she'd been rolling in the mud like an animal. Her brown sack of a dress was ripped down one shoulder.

I made a quick decision. "Listen, *muchacha* . . . I'm going down the shore and get into my clothes, and then I'll be right back. Now don't you run away, hear?"

The girl said nothing. She looked a lot less startled by then, though no less frightened. I suppose in a revolutionist camp, if you've got anything to protect, you can't be too careful; Mex girls look older than their years and she might have been even younger than sixteen.

"If you run away, I'll come after you. And Pancho Villa himself will come with me, so you can be sure I'll find you. Now you listen! I'm no damned Sonora bandit. I'm the *gringo* captain on Villa's personal staff. So you stay put . . . and don't worry." I finished more kindly. "I just want to help you."

The girl barely breathed. "*Sí, mi capitán* . . ."

"And you can get up off your knees, too. This ain't church and I'm not God. I'll be right back, hear?"

I bounded up onto the shore, keeping an eye on her over my

shoulder as best I could. She seemed to be still on her knees. When I reached my clothes, I couldn't see her through the mess of scrub, so I just jumped into my Levi's and stuffed myself into my shirt on the way back, arms waving like a windmill in a tornado. And she was there, obediently waiting for me, sitting with her back against the dead jacaranda tree, legs splayed out in the dirt. Her head was bowed forlornly.

"Come on now . . ." I settled down beside her on my haunches. "Whatever it is, it'll turn out all right. And I won't do anything to you—on the honor of my mother."

That was the most serious vow you could make if you were a Mexican, which I wasn't, but it seemed to win her over for the time being.

"*Aieee, Señor*!" She keened the words, raising her dusty head. "Help me . . ."

Her eyes were like big, wet brown stones, but I didn't feel anything more than sorry for her. She was just a kid.

"I'll help you. Yes, I will . . . that's a promise. Now take it easy. Don't bust out crying again! Just tell me slow and quiet what it's all about, and maybe I can do something intelligent. But I've got to know first."

"There is a man," she whimpered.

Well, there almost always is. "A boyfriend? A lover? You had a fight and he beat you up, is that it? Did he leave you for someone else?"

"No, *mi capitán*. A man here in the camp. I hardly know him."

I was already sorry I'd come up with that windy about being a captain on Villa's personal staff, but I was stuck with it and I'd worry about that part later. I just didn't want Villa to find out about it.

"What's your name, girl?"

"Rosa Navarro Guaycavo, at your orders, *mi capitán*."

She spoke more forthrightly now. That was a start. I told her my name was Tomás, and she could call me that because we were friends.

"Yes, *mi capitán*. Thank you."

"Well, all right, if you insist. Now suppose you tell me what's the problem."

*Villa ground his teeth and licked his dry lips. He was the leader of five thousand men and could not let a girl bully him without getting his machismo trampled.*

Tears leaked out again. Hadn't anyone ever been kind to her before?

"*Señor*, I am from a pueblo called Tomochic, which you have never heard of, but it is to the south. In the high sierra. We are Tarahumara . . . that is a tribe of Indians, very old. My father, however, was a Mexican. An officer in the *rurales*. He left us many years ago. You know the Tarahumara?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't."

"It's of no consequence." She sighed. "For the last year I have lived in the city of Casas Grandes with my husband—"

"Your husband?" I couldn't hide my astonishment. "Good God, how old are you?"

"Fifteen, *mi capitán*."

"You have kids?"

"No, *Señor*. I must be barren, for we tried."

"Well . . . go on."

"My husband was a federal soldier with Colonel Azcárate at Casas Grandes. He was from the city of Camargo, and older than I by more than two years. He was not Tarahumara. About six weeks ago he was transferred with a small detachment to Corralitos to guard the railway switches there . . . so that we counted ourselves fortunate when we heard what happened to Colonel Azcárate's men. My husband had taken me with him. At first he was going to send me back to Tomochic, to my family, but I wanted to be with him and he let me come.

"Yesterday afternoon the Villistas came to Corralitos—it's a distance of perhaps twenty miles from here. They attacked the federal soldiers—they killed three. The rest ran away, except my husband. I told him to go, but he said he wouldn't leave me. I said that was foolish, they would shoot him, as they shot the men at Casas Grandes, but he said he would offer to join them—he didn't care for which side he fought as long as he could stay alive and be with me. Can you understand that, *Señor*?"

I nodded, and she went on with her tale.

"So he threw down his rifle and went out with his hands in the air, and before he could speak, they shot him twice. I saw it. I watched him die."

Now a glaze came over the girl's eyes, even though the tears had dried. "I came running out of the barracks and fell on his body. The soldiers picked me up. They told me not to cry, that my husband was a coward to surrender and a bad man to have fought for Huerta. I said he didn't fight for Huerta—he was just a soldier in the army, and he was not a coward. They said I should come with them to Ascensión. I didn't know what to do. There were no people left in Corralitos and the Villista soldiers were busy loading all the food on mules. So I went with them, riding my husband's horse. Before I left, I begged them to let me bury my husband, and they said they would do it—and two men stayed behind, but I don't think they did it, because they joined us only fifteen minutes later and not even at a gallop."

She stopped for a moment to catch her breath, and let out a sigh. "On the way I began to bleed. My curse had come early. I cried and I was bleeding, so they left me alone . . . They were not unkind to me. But when we got here to Ascensión, a man came out—an officer, I think, because they reported to him, although he wore no insignia and fine clothes as real officers do. The officer looked me over and said, 'I will take care of the girl' . . . and he took me to a house. He told me to make food for him. I cooked enchiladas and some corn. He was not unkind to me then, either. But later he said, 'Come to bed, I'll cure you of this sadness.' I said, 'No, my husband is only dead a few hours.' He said, 'This will help you to forget him,' and he tried to take me by force. I screamed and kicked, but he was a big man . . . and then I told him I couldn't because I was bleeding and unclean. He didn't believe me. He tore off my dress and saw that I told the truth. Then he said, 'Stay here. I can wait until you're better.' And he left. I waited awhile, then ran away in the darkness to the lake. As you see me. I slept here." She indicated a patch of damp ground between the jacaranda tree and the bracken that grew by the shore.

"But now I must go back to him or leave Ascensión . . . and I don't know which to do."

"Hold on a minute, *Señorita* Rosa—ah, *Señora*."

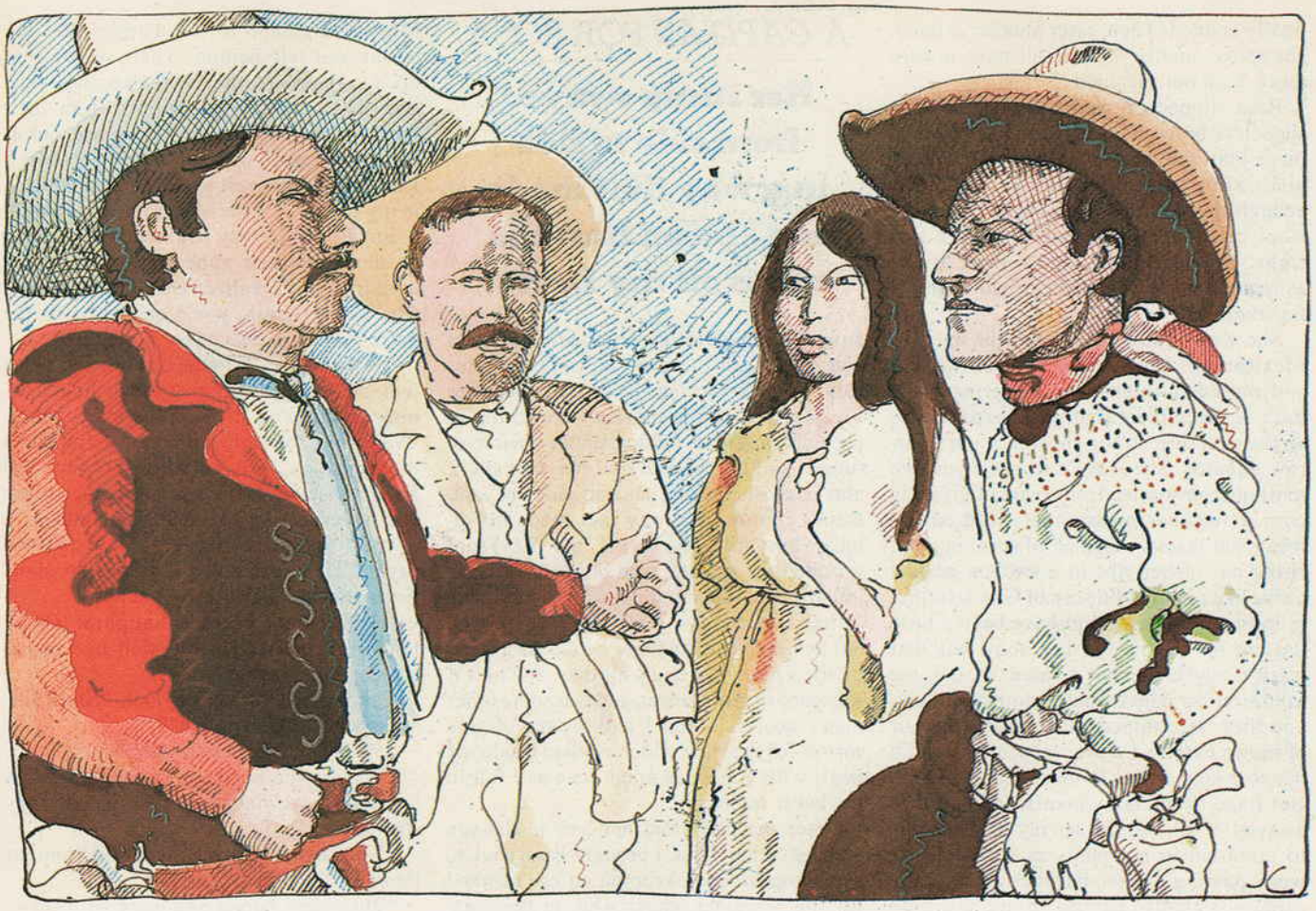
Although it was a common enough story these days, I certainly felt sorry for her, and believed that she and her young husband must have been a nice pair of lovebirds—but I didn't understand the end of it one bit. "What do you mean, you have to go back to him or leave Ascensión?"

"He claimed me! He is an officer. Maybe not an officer, but he told these men what to do with the things they'd brought from Corralitos, and they obeyed. What can I do?"

That was pretty simple thinking, but she was just a simple Indian girl, and I could see that she believed what she'd said. Still, it didn't seem exactly right—to my way of thinking.

"Do you want to stay with this man?"

"*Señor*, what else can I do? I'm alone here . . . Tomochic is very far away. They took the



horse from me. Who will feed me? Most of these people don't like the Tarahumara. We never surrendered to the Spaniards when they came to our mountains looking for gold, and then not even to Benito Juárez or Diaz, the dictator. We hunt wild horses. I can ride like a man, without a saddle. We are poor, but we never go to the cities to work. The real Mexicans think we are lowborn dogs."

"How do they know you're Tarahumara?"

She looked at me oddly. "*Señor*, they know. It's in my face and my speech. I didn't speak good Spanish until my husband taught me."

Well, I couldn't tell one Indian from another, and to me she was just a girl—why, she was even younger than my sister Gladys!—a little foolish, but reasonably pretty and in trouble, which overpowered what sensible thinking I might have done otherwise.

"Listen, Rosa, I do know Pancho Villa personally, and I've got some influence there . . . not much, but I guess enough to handle this kind of situation. I'll find you a place to bed down tonight, for the next few days if you need it, and I'll feed you. And then you can figure out what to do. You don't have to go back to this other man if you don't want to. You're not a slave."

"Do you want me as your woman, *Señor*?"

"Now wait . . . hold on a minute . . ." I flushed, and my cheeks felt hot. "I didn't say that! Let's do one thing at a time . . . You asked me to help you, and that's just what I'm doing. I'll be your friend, OK? Until you . . . until you get over your curse, yes?"

I finished up like a lame calf and she looked at me then as if she *knew* I was odd. I may have been, too. These people weren't Americans and they didn't think the way we did, and I had to keep that fixed in my puny mind. A girl on her own in Ascensión or, for that matter, any part of Chihuahua where there were nothing but soldiers and people on the move, couldn't bang out the door and get a job as a waitress or take in laundry as she would have done in Texas. She couldn't even be a whore, because everyone else was giving it away for nothing—except Yvette and Marie-Therese, and they were special, which this girl wasn't. If she wanted to survive, she had to have a man or live with her family. There was nothing in between. I knew that for a fact, but I just didn't want to face it.

"I tell you what you should do first." It was a dandy idea, I thought, because it postponed a solution to her dilemma. "You can go for a swim right here and clean yourself up."

She hesitated a moment, then tossed her dark hair. "I don't know how to swim."

"Well, just kind of squat and get the mud out of your hair. With all due respect, you're a mess."

She looked at me fearfully, and for a moment I thought she reckoned I was set to drown her, solving her problem at one stroke and getting her off my hands in the bargain. Then I realized it was something else she was worried about.

"If it bothers you, I'll turn away."

Still she hesitated.

"I won't come in after you," I promised. "And I won't grab you when you come out. On the honor of my mother."

A sly smile appeared. "Do you truly have a mother, *mi capitán*?"

I broke up laughing, and so did she. It was the first joke I'd heard Rosa make, but it wasn't to be the last. That was another thing about the Tarahumara that didn't endear them to the Mexicans, who never joked about things like mothers and death, which they worshiped about equally.

"Yes, you bet—I've got a mother in El Paso, Texas. And three sisters and a brother and a fiancée."

That struck her as normal enough, and she nodded. "But how can I bathe? I am unclean. I have the curse."

"Ah! Well, don't worry about it. You won't die—my sister Gladys does it all the time. It's a hot day, you'll dry off quick. And your hair's a hell of a lot more unclean than the other place. Go on in, girl."

She considered all that, and

finally nodded. Then, after another minute, she spoke quietly. "You don't have to turn away. I am not ashamed."

Rosa slipped off her dress. Under that shapeless brown sack, I hadn't seen much more than the general outlines of a young girl's slim body, although it was clear enough that she had a generous portion of what constitutes a female. And she was right: She certainly didn't need to be ashamed of the way nature had fitted it together.

She was a little taller than the average Mexican girl, with well-curved brown legs and muscular thighs, the flowering black bush between them that you'd expect, hips on the slim side, strong shoulders and a narrow equator. She wasn't stooped yet like most of their women from years of grinding corn. It was her breasts that stood out—I mean, not just in a manner of speaking, but rising out of her ribs in a swollen perfect curve like pictures I'd seen of Greek statues in museums. They might have been a little too big for the rest of her body, but that wasn't anything that a man with some tallow on his bones would complain about, and they were tipped with the neatest pair of brown buttons I'd ever seen, although I'd not seen so many as to make me an expert. But I had to catch my breath and half turn away after all, lest she see my pecker come to attention in my pants as if Old Glory were passing by on parade. How many times was that to happen to me, and with how many women? And I'd thought, after the night with Carmelita, that it wouldn't twitch for a week.

She didn't hurry. She smiled at me easily—the first quiet smile I'd had from her—and walked off into the water as if she didn't have a care in the world and this was

## A *CAPITÁN* FOR ROSA

**Her rump swayed from side to side in a way that made me almost bust the rivets off my Levi's.**

July 4th at Galveston. That view was what you might call the icing on the cake. Her rump was everything the bathing beauties I'd gaped at in the movies were trying to pretend they had hidden under their costumes, and maybe had and maybe hadn't, and it swished from side to side, beyond Rosa's control, in a way that made me almost bust the rivets off my Levi's. I watched the smooth arch of her back slide into the cool water and I had a sudden vision of her husband lying rotting in some well out by Corralitos, and how he'd been graced by life's lottery to enjoy all that, and now it was gone to him forever, and was some other man's booty . . . and I had a pang of true sorrow for that boy, which swelled inside my heart with almost as much pain as I felt in the lower regions.

After she had dried her hair in the sun and put on her dress, I brought Rosa back to the house in town, keeping an eye skinned for this so-called officer who, in her view, had claimed her. I didn't really want to bump horns with him until I'd had a word with Villa, and when I got home—it was that, I guess, for lack of a better word—Julio, Hipólito, Pascual and Candelario were swilling coffee and playing dominoes in the main room under the framed print of Mary and Joseph in the manger that the owner had left behind. Their shirts were open to the waist, they wore cartridge belts and pistols, and sweat dripped from their faces to the rickety table. Taking one look at them, my Indian waif turned pale. "Jesus," I thought—my heart took a sickening lurch in my chest—"is the officer one of *them*?"

But Rosa was only frightened at the malevolence of their appearance. I'd gotten used to it, but I realized that if you came on that quartet fresh, you'd appeal to all the patron saints in heaven for protection.

"What's this?" Candelario jumped to his feet, head almost banging the ceiling, grinning cruelly and stroking his black beard. "You spend the night with one . . . and in the morning you turn up with another! You *gringo* bastard! Have you no shame? Have you no respect for Mexican womanhood?"

"It's the same one," Julio explained dryly. "He's just given it to her so many times that she's lost thirty pounds."

"And a few years!" Laughter shook Hipólito's belly. "He did well by the exchange, our *pendejo*."

Candelario took a closer look. "She's Tarahumara . . . Are you not?"

"*Sí, Señor*," Rosa said quietly.

"They're the worst women in all of Mexico. They have vinegar in their blood. They steal horses."

"No, *Señor*! We catch them wild, then eat them for breakfast."

"They steal horses and mate with them, and they give a man no rest in bed." Candelario was friendly again. "Listen, girl, this is our *gringo compañero*. He crossed the Rio Bravo with Francisco Villa. We too were there. He doesn't want to die young, so be careful with him. Don't break his back or bite off his *cojones*."

This was their way of speaking and there was nothing to do about it. They'd never believe me if I explained I was just doing someone a good turn.

"Tonight," said Pascual, "we'll find some *mariachis* and have them serenade you."

Candelario guffawed. "Did you listen this morning? With the other one? I had my ear at the door for ten minutes. He makes so much noise in bed, he'll hear nothing!"

My cheeks must have been scarlet by then, and they howled brutishly for a while, pounding the little wooden table and upsetting all the dominoes. When they quieted down I tried to tell them Rosa's story, about her husband and the skirmish at Corralitos and the man who had claimed her the night before.

"Oh, that's very serious, Tomás." Candelario shook his great head. "You may have to fight a duel. Remember what the chief told you. Don't aim . . . just shoot and pray." He cracked up again.

For Rosa's husband they felt nothing. He was a federal soldier, an enemy. They probably would have shot him, too.

"It sounds like Urbina or Rosalio Hernandez," Pascual said thoughtfully. "Ex-

*"Think it might rain?"*

cept that a little blood wouldn't stop either of those roosters."

Julio laid a veined hand on my shoulder. "If it was Calixto Contreras or one of his officers, it's been pleasant knowing you, Tomás . . ."

I felt uneasy, even though I knew for the most part they were joshing me—or at least I hoped that was the case. There was a lot I didn't know about Mexicans.

"Can't the girl do as she pleases?"

Candelario frowned. "Tomás, do you think this is the first dance at the cotillion in El Paso? Forget all that. We Mexicans are polite because we dare not be otherwise—else the blood would flow in quantities that would make the summer rains seem like sprinkles. The girl is pretty, but she is of no significance. What's of significance in this matter is the honor of men."

With all their jokes they had thoroughly confused me. Rosa hadn't said a word. I had read *The Three Musketeers* and I wondered, if there were going to be a serious argument with this unknown officer, whether they would be willing to play the parts of Porthos, Aramis and the other fellow, whose name I'd forgotten . . . And I also wondered if I really wanted to be D'Artagnan. I surely wasn't in a buying mood for a companion I'd have to drag along with me wherever we were going, much less one who was younger than my kid sister. I'd only promised to help her with her problem—no more.

"I'm going to talk to Villa about her."

"That's a good idea." Julio nodded. "But be careful of one thing. He may be in the market for a newer wife."

They howled again—Julio rarely made jokes—while I turned pink and then red, and Rosa stood by with no expression on her flat Indian face—except, perhaps, I could have sworn, a trace of amusement. I guess in her own way she subscribed wholeheartedly to Candelario's theory that women were of no significance in such matters, and as far as she was concerned, her fate was now in the hands of superior forces—namely, men—and whatever it was, she would accept it.

So I left with her, and my *compañeros* picked the spilled dominos up off the dirt floor and resumed their game, jostling, shouting, pouring coffee down their gullets. I wasn't D'Artagnan.

•

Yesterday afternoon there had been a big rain, a real gully washer, but a few hours of sun had already baked it away. In the street, some boys were playing leapfrog on the back of a tired old sow, and a pack of mongrel dogs chased each other in the dust, snarling and snapping—one of them, I noticed, was stuck inside a bitch and whining pitifully. Rosa smiled but I didn't. "It's a warning," I thought glumly.

Then, in the blazing hot morning, I spotted Villa and Rodolfo Fierro and Urbina emerging from the shadows of the chief's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## A *CAPITÁN* FOR ROSA

**Fierro's eyes measured me, and my heart beneath my sweaty shirt began to beat like a telegraph key.**

house across the street, together with Colonel Medina. They looked alert and businesslike and I assumed they were going to do some inspecting of *matériel* or new troops. Best postpone my problem to another time, I decided.

But then, with a brief word, Fierro abruptly detached himself from the other three and strode toward us out of the shade into the brazen sunlight. Since we had brought the new supplies from El Paso, he had outfitted himself with U.S. Army puttees and cavalry boots and a broadbrimmed spotless white Stetson. He cut an imposing figure—tall, robust, with smooth skin and wide shoulders, his huge silver spurs inlaid with turquoise—Villa's butcher.

I was about to tell Rosa who he was when she said quietly, "That is the man."

Rodolfo Fierro! I would rather it had been Calixto Contreras himself. He came straight up to her, ignoring me completely, except with the mildest of nods. It came clear to me then that Fierro was no man's friend, except, of course, Pancho Villa's. He lived alone in his mind and his ways like an outlaw wolf, loved by only one, feared by all but one.

"*Señorita* . . ." He was his usual polite and chilly self, which I knew by now wasn't even a mask but simply the only way he knew how to speak. "You didn't return last night. That was wrong of you."

Rosa showed no fear at all. But then, she had me at her side, now. She answered with equal politeness.

"*Señor*, I didn't want to stay. I told you, my husband's body was not yet cold. I slept alone by the lake. Now I have found another man with whom I will stay."

"Hey, wait a minute—" I got that much out, then stopped, uncertain. But my flesh crawled.

"This man?"

"Yes, *Señor*."

Fierro's brown eyes shifted to me. They weren't cold or angry, just curious. He measured me while I waited, my heart beneath my sweaty shirt starting to beat like a telegraph key. Of course, we both carried pistols. I hadn't the foggiest idea what I was going to do or say when Fierro challenged me, which it seemed he must if his honor and machismo were at stake. The best thing, I realized, was to tell him the spotless truth: The girl was wrong, she'd found a man with whom *she* wanted to stay, yes—but that man, namely me, hadn't been consulted. Still, I held my tongue. I didn't like Fierro, that was the deeper truth of it, and I'd made a promise to this girl and didn't fancy sending a fifteen-year-old homeless widow-kid off into his clutches. From what I'd seen of him at Casas Grandes, his tastes might have been pretty peculiar and unpleasant.

But I had to face something else, and quickly. Could I kill for a woman? I truly doubted it, even if she were mine. More to the point, could I die for one? No doubt at all about that answer. Life was sweet, and I had Hannah waiting for me, and I wanted to grow old in her arms and rich in her father's business. I didn't even know this girl! She'd put me in a boghole of her own devising—but then, being Mexican, she didn't see it that way—she just assumed that if I took her in tow, it had to be because I wanted her to pound my tortillas and share my saddle blanket. Oh no!

Fierro shifted his eyes from me back to Rosa. His business, it seemed, was with her. He didn't deign to argue right and wrong with the likes of me.

"This man is one of us . . . but he's a *gringo*. He's not clear about certain things which we, of course, understand. Have you slept with him?"

"No, *Señor*. I told you—I slept alone by the lake."

"Then he has no reason to be offended when you return to my house. Do so now. I have business, but I'll return to eat. There is a boy who will find food for you to cook."

Rosa didn't budge an inch. I wondered if she was enjoying this—it wouldn't have been unnatural if she'd conjured up a fantasy that two men were arguing over her. I don't think so. I think the Tarahumara, once they decide to ride a horse through fire, spur it forward and will their blood, as well as that of the horse, into ice.

"*Señor*, I don't wish to go. I will stay with the captain."

The captain! Then, truly, I was almost willing to die.

Fierro jerked his head sharply toward me, and finally there was an expression in his eyes—amusement mixed with scorn. I was only saved, if that's the right word, by the fact that Villa and Urbina had ambled across the dusty street and suddenly appeared at Fierro's side. Villa walked in his peculiarly awkward pigeon-toed gait, arms thrust out at the side by the bigness of his chest. He was pulling at the curly ends of his mustache, and he spat a fat gob of spittle into the dust. "What's going on, for Christ's sake?" He had addressed Fierro, and he sounded annoyed.

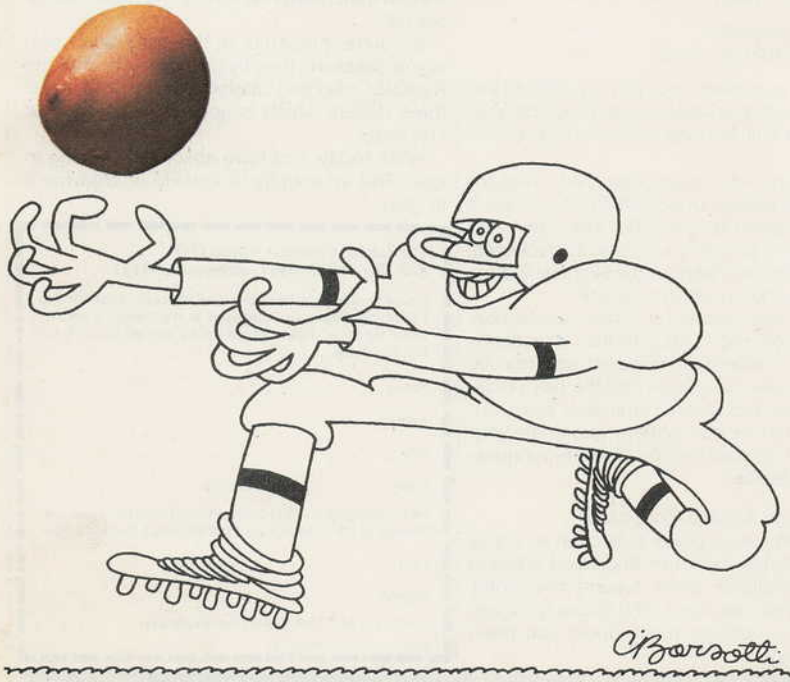
It was only my fear that Fierro would kick off with an inquiry of what Rosa had meant when she called me a captain that forced me to get this thing out into the open on my own terms, whatever they might be—for I still didn't know how I wanted to handle this, or how far I'd go. My own words, coming from my mouth without any forethought, had to tell me.

"Chief, it's the matter of this girl. I was coming to your house just now to tell you about it. I wanted to ask your permission for her to stay with me awhile. She's fifteen. Her husband was one of the federals at Corralitos—he was shot yesterday. I'll care for her until she can get back to her family in Tomochic. She's Tarahumara."

Villa eyed me keenly. "What about my wife's sister? What was her name? I forget."

"Carmelita. With respect, she didn't

**THE BREAST OF BARSOTTI**



please me, Chief."

"Oho!" He laughed with great mirth. "So, Tomás! You too are an expert with women, as I! You never told me! Perhaps it runs in the family, for I'll admit that the one I've got, Esperanza, is pretty dull in the bed, too, although she's willing enough." He looked suddenly puzzled. "But why do you need my permission for such a simple thing? What's the problem?"

Fierro had opened his mouth to speak, but I darted in. "Chief, last night when our soldiers brought her to camp, Rodolfo saw her and took her with him. She ran away. He claims her now. But the girl doesn't want to go with him."

Villa sighed. "Then you're right, there's a problem. I hate such matters, because women aren't worth the strife and bickering they cause. They're a necessary evil, no more. I told you that in Juárez, but it seems you weren't listening. Keep it in mind, Tomás, and your life will be easier. So"—he sighed again—"I must be Solomon once more as I was with the rifles. Unfortunately, if you divide a woman in half to please two men, one of them gets the half that fucks and the other the half that whispers pleasant things in the darkness, and neither is much good without the other, not even considering the fact that they'll both soon rot if they're separated. But still . . . I think the problem has a solution." He looked pleased with himself. "Which of you has fucked her?"

"Neither of us, Chief."

"But you took her to your house, Rodolfo," he said, frowning, for his solution had just gone up in smoke. "Isn't that what Tomás said?"

"Yes, I did . . ."

"For God's sake, is what the men say true?"

This was news to me—I hadn't the least idea what he meant. Fierro darkened for a moment, almost trembled, then got hold of himself and eased back into his calm attitude. "She came to my house, yes. But she was bleeding, and so I let her be. Then she ran away. She is Tarahumara, as has been stated. They are not so quickly tamed."

He seemed confident that if the chief was going to make a decision, it would be in his favor—and I had that feeling, too. Fierro was his old *compadre*. Despite his compliments, I didn't believe that I was much more than his *gringo* spy.

For the first time, Villa examined the girl—appreciatively, it seemed, with his pop-eyed glance roving leisurely up and down her body. "Do you ride, girl?"

"Yes, *Señor*. I traded my mother's tit for the saddle."

Villa clucked and made up his mind. "I'm a busy man. I have much to do today, and this matter is ridiculous. Moreover, I don't want any bitterness between my *compañeros* whom I love and trust, one as a brother and the other as a son, and to encourage it over a woman would be so stupid that I wouldn't respect myself for having made a choice in the matter. So there is a simple solution. Neither of you will have her. Not you, Tomás—not you, Rodolfo. I'd consider taking her myself to end the quarrel, because I like what I see, but that would only make new strife and lose the love of both of you, so that's no solution. Besides, she's Tarahumara."

He turned to Fierro. "She ran away from you once, Rodolfo. What women do once, they'll do again. That will make you crazier than you already are." He chuckled silently, his paunch heaving. "Count yourself lucky to be rid of her." Then he turned to me. "You'll thank me one day for this, Tomás. These kind have sharp tongues. They lack the dignity of a true Mexican woman, and they use unseemly language, as you just heard. Let her find another man. You'll see, it won't take more than a day or two."

I wasn't going to argue with him. My luck had been running kind of muddy ever since I'd come out of the lake, and I thought his solution wasn't bad at all.

But the girl had other ideas. "I want *this* man, *Señor*," and she inclined her head toward me.

Villa's back arched—he wasn't used to a female stating her preferences so clearly, particularly when she was fifteen and alone in the world and obviously at the mercy of the men around her, to whom she was considerably less valuable than a horse or even a good saddle. I wasn't used to it, either, because in most ways I'd begun to think Mexican. And, of course, she was implying a willingness on my part that just wasn't there. But I was already in too deep, like the dog in the street—which had been an omen, I realized, even more than a warning—to back out of this quicksand. There might have been a graceful way, but I was too inexperienced to see it quickly enough.

With bite in his voice, the chief said, "There are plenty of good men in this camp. Are you so choosy?"

"It's a matter of honor." Rosa spoke flatly, not wheedling, just stating it. "I have promised myself to this man."

That got him; he didn't know how to reply. You couldn't spit in the face of honor, although I wasn't sure whose honor she was talking about. Villa ground his teeth and licked dry lips. If he let her have her way, he was either going to have to contradict himself or eat crow, neither of which pleased him. He was the leader now of five thousand men and he couldn't let a girl bully him into a decision without getting his own machismo trampled in the dust. He was between a rock and a hard place.

He looked at Fierro, who for the first time had an expression of annoyance on his handsome face. I thought, "He's willing to give up the girl as long as I don't get her, because that saves his pride . . . but there's no way he can accept her choosing me over him and getting away with it." He didn't say that, but his glare spelled it out in capi-

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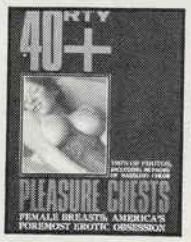

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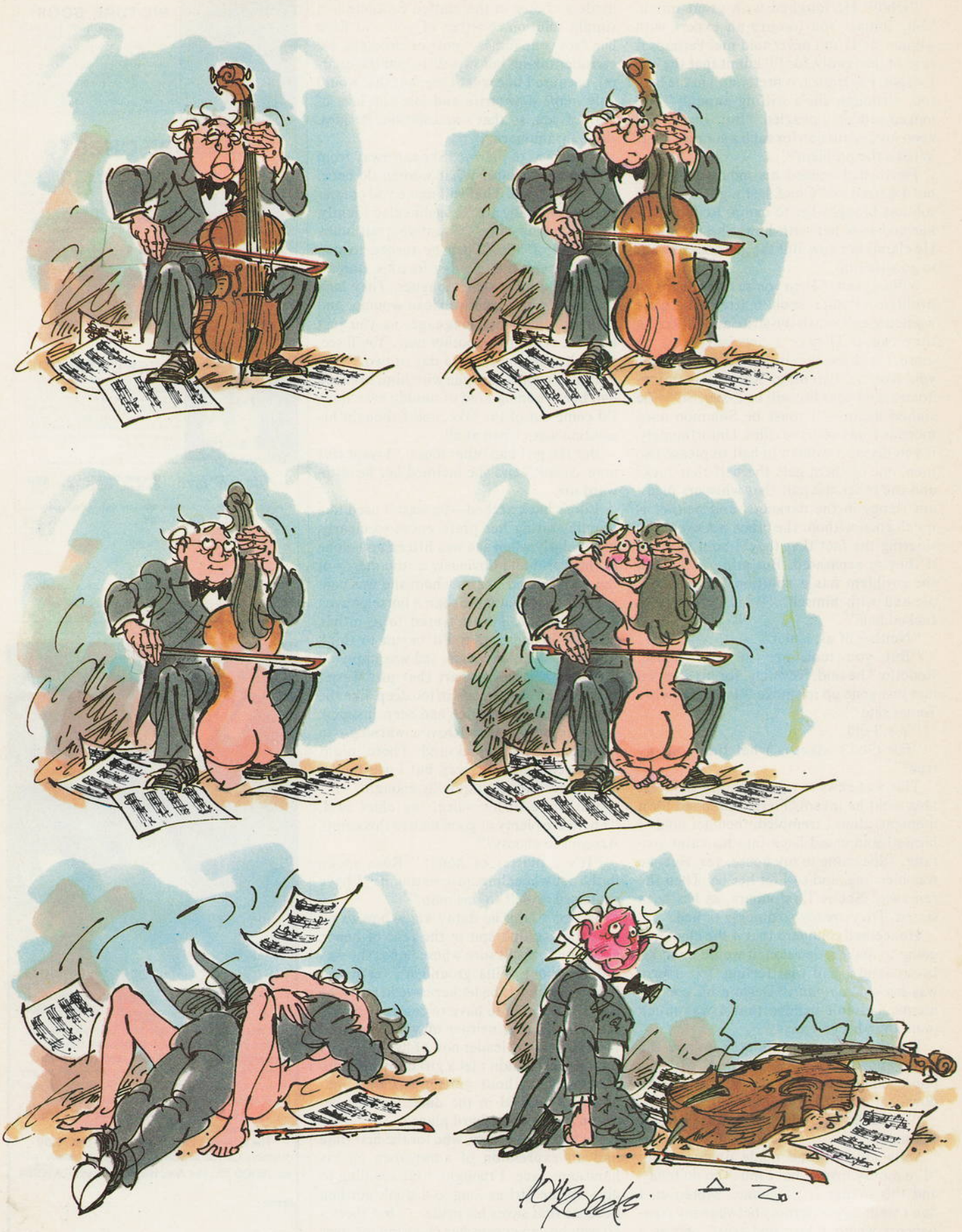


tal letters. I could see it clearly. So could Pancho Villa. As for me, I felt like a leaf in the wind. Villa checked it out, nodded, and opened his mouth to decide.

From behind me, startling me by its closeness, came Candelario's gruff voice.

"Chief, let our Tomás have the girl. We're planning a little fiesta tonight . . . We have *mariachis* to serenade them. Life is dull when we're not fighting, and this would please us."

I spun around and almost bumped into him, with Julio, Hipólito and Pascual. I had been so absorbed in the goings-on with Fierro that I hadn't heard them troop up behind us. They stood there ragged, dirty, warlike and mustachioed, legs widespread, thumbs hooked into their belts, all of them grinning out of their sweaty brown faces, but looking like an armed Praetorian Guard. So after all, I was their D'Artagnan. Guessing I might find trouble, they had ambled along to make sure I could handle it.

Hipólito said, "She can cook for us. Our Frenchwomen are good for nothing. Well, good for something . . . but after that, they lie about. Even if we kick them, they don't move. This one is young and strong."

I had turned back to face Fierro. His eyes were cold now and he looked at the four friends as if he were idly measuring each of them for a pine box. He had never liked them, nor they him. But Villa couldn't say no to his brother and three who served him so faithfully that they would die if he crooked his finger. Moreover, they had solved his problem.

"Rodolfo, it's settled." He looped a long arm about the butcher's shoulder. "Unless you choose to object, which is your right. But I hope you won't since it's getting late and I want to go with you and Medina to look at the cannon those pantywaists have finally sent us."

Fierro shrugged. "It's of no consequence," he said calmly, with eyes like dry ice. "Besides, she has a foul mouth."

"You have more sense than Tomás." Villa turned back to Candelario. "Are you inviting all of us to this fiesta tonight?"

"We'd be honored, Chief. If you don't mind seeing us drunk and disorderly."

"I'll suffer it. You have all day tomorrow to rest, which you'd better do, because on the next day we're going to ride south to San Andrés and fight. And then, Torreón."

A hoarse murmur of approval and excitement rose from every man's throat but Fierro's.

I thought it was time then to assert myself. I turned on Rosa. "Go home. We have some chickens in the back. There's a goat you can milk." I didn't have to fake the sharpness—this girl had boxed me in good and proper.

"Yes, *Señor*," she said obediently, and off she went.

Villa laughed—probably at me, and I deserved it, but didn't know what to do. And we couldn't help it, we all turned to watch

**Villa's butcher looked at the four friends as if idly measuring each of them for a pine box.**

her as she walked through the dust, the firm cheeks of her rump twitching and rolling from side to side, even beneath the shapeless brown sack she wore. She couldn't help it, either. Only Rodolfo Fierro didn't watch her. He lit a cigar and stood contemplatively, gazing out at the heat shimmering above the green prairie and the hazed mountains beyond. I had an enemy now, I realized, and the wrong one. But there was nothing to do about it.

The fiesta lasted all night and into the next day, so that Villa had to postpone the march on San Andrés because too many of his commanders moped around with hangovers they couldn't crowd into a corral, or were still drunk, particularly Urbina and Calixto Contreras. It didn't seem to annoy him too much. The only incident that caused him displeasure was when old Rosalio Hernandez tried to jump off the roof of our house with a black umbrella he thought would serve as a parachute. He broke his ankle. Villa gave his brigade to Juan Medina, while Hernandez lay in bed weeping with frustration and drinking more mezcal to ease the pain.

The party started in our house, then expanded into the street. That mezcal was more powerful than wild mare's milk, and the pulque tasted like tarantula juice. Calixto Contreras carried his own orchestra with him—ten men in huge sombreros who played cornets and drums and a couple of trombones, so that they sounded like a Bavarian oom-pah-pah band I'd heard once at a barn dance in Abilene. Until noon, with their backs propped against the wall so that they wouldn't fall down drunk in the street, they blasted away with polkas and *Adelita* and *Cielita Linda*. Finally some of them did fall, and that was the end of the fiesta.

I danced with Rosa and the French whores until my feet had blisters. A short time before the party began, Esperanza came by with a pink cotton dress that belonged to her but that she carefully explained was a gift from her husband, Don Francisco Villa. It had a sash, and when Rosa tied it and appeared with her black hair washed, brushed and shining, a few of the men who'd casually handed her over to me that morning must have had second thoughts. If she was in mourning for her husband stuffed into a well out in Corralitos, she hid it nicely. Barefoot, dark eyes glinting, healthy young breasts bouncing, she danced half the night. No other woman could outlast her. She was a pretty child. Pancho Villa danced three times with her, and she told me later that his hand slid down to her bottom and gave her little affectionate pinches every chance he got. "Not so little, to tell the truth. This chief, he took a handful of almost everything I have. He must have been a good bandit."

Around eight o'clock in the morning, Rosa drifted in off the street where she'd been dancing with Pascual. She leaned against my shoulder and said wearily, "Tomás, can we go to bed?"

I eased off with her to my room so that no one really noticed, and shut the door. There was just the one narrow bed with sagging springs, the sheets stiff from my night with Carmelita. My big Texas saddle and Mauser and other gear lay in the corner next to a jug of drinking water. The music still blared from afar and we could hear the voices of men and women laughing and Urbina shouting drunkenly, but from a great distance. Rosa put her hot head on my chest and sighed. I cleared my throat and plucked up my courage.

"Rosa, I have to tell you something."

"Yes, *mi capitán*?"

I didn't push her away, but I retreated and dropped down on a little cane chair with only three legs. I kept clearing my throat and finally worked some words into it.

"You're very young . . . you're only fifteen. And I—well, there's this girl in Texas. I'm engaged to her. I'm in love with her."

"You told me that by the lake." Her brown eyes were level and she didn't blink. "I heard you well."

"Yes, I know. But it—it means a lot to me."

"Did you not sleep with the other one? Esperanza, you called her. You said you did it three times." She wasn't accusing me, she was just stating a fact of life.

"I did. That's true. But . . . damnation! Yes, I did, but that was a mistake. I mean, I had to. Pancho Villa sent her and I was afraid . . ." My voice trailed off; it wouldn't make any sense to her. The sun slanted through the wooden shutters into the room, and motes of dust danced in the warm morning air. My tongue was thick and my head felt suddenly heavy.

"Rosa, I can't. That's all there is to it. I can't. I promised to take care of you and I'll do that, I swear. But not the other. I don't want to shame you, so we won't tell anybody." My hand fluttered in front of me, waving at the room. "There's just the one bed—you can see that. We'll have to share it, but . . . try to understand." I was almost pleading with her.

She lowered her head—didn't speak, just nodded. She turned around, unknotted her sash and pulled the pink cotton dress over her head, folding it neatly on the brass footboard of the bed. She was naked, and her brown back glistened with tiny pearls of sweat from the dancing. Without a word

she climbed into the bed and pulled the tattered sheet over her nakedness, and turned her head toward the wall.

How could I make such a mess of things? I didn't mean to hurt her that way, but I wasn't going to give in. She had trapped me, hadn't she? And . . . why, she was just a child!

I had to get some fresh air—I knew I couldn't sleep yet, not in the narrow bed with her while she was still awake and probably set to cry. I eased from the room and out the front door into the hot oven of the street, blinking at the glare. Behind me I could hear Hipólito snoring, and the blatting of the trombones wandered to my ear through the still air. I walked in the direction of the lake, thinking that a swim would cool me down and clear out the ache between my ears. My boots kicked up puffs of white dust and I jabbed my toe hard at a rock, sending it skidding into a broken wall. The air wasn't fresh—packed between the little adobe huts, it stank of sour pulque. As I passed beyond the chief's house, Rodolfo Fierro stepped from the black shadow of a doorway.

I think he had been waiting for me. There was no surprise on his face, no expression except perhaps weariness. He was dressed exactly as I'd seen him yesterday, and there was something in the neatness of his pants and dark blue shirt—as well as the new lines graven into his olive cheeks—that made me think he hadn't slept since then.

**It came over me like a rush of cold air straight to the marrow. I didn't have any *cojones*—I was just crazy.**

His beard was stubbled, and he was a man who shaved carefully every dawn. His eyes checked me, and I halted in the dust. Spurs jingling, he stepped forward. I said, "Good morning, Rodolfo." He nodded politely.

"It was a good fiesta," I said. "I'm sorry you didn't come. You would have been welcome." My voice was just a hair on the high-pitched side.

But his voice, when he finally spoke, was calm, steady as a boulder, smooth as a blackstrap, cold as ice.

"It was unseemly, *Señor*, what happened here yesterday. I speak of the matter of the girl. The girl means nothing to me—that you understand. And I would not argue in front of Francisco Villa, as you also understand—"

"Listen, Rodolfo! The girl's only fifteen! And her husband had just been shot—didn't you understand that, too?"

I doubt that he heard me.

"You shamed me, *Señor*. But to have killed you in front of Francisco Villa and your friends, who are loyal to him, would have been a bad thing. Nevertheless, what you did was unforgivable, and it is necessary for me to kill you. Or I have no honor among men."

For a moment I couldn't believe him—but then I realized the butcher meant it with all his heart and soul. I glanced quickly down. I couldn't help it, but I knew what I'd find: I wasn't armed. I had unbuckled my holster when I walked into the house with Rosa. The sun throbbed angrily on my bare head. I'd forgotten my hat, too.

And then Rodolfo Fierro spun on his heel, turned his back and walked toward the house. I stood there, thunderstruck. Hadn't he just said he was going to kill me?

"Hey, there!" I yelled. "Hang on!" I jumped after him and almost grabbed him by the arm to twist him round again, but he turned under his own steam and stared down at me. For the first time there was an expression on his face. He was startled.

"You can't tell me you're going to kill me and then just walk away, *hombre*! What's the matter with you?"

His mouth gaped open a moment, and his eyes blinked rapidly. He almost smiled—there was a certain foolish twist to his lips. But it faded.

"*Señor*, you have some *cojones*. I see that now, although I didn't before. That's good." He nodded twice, as if to settle the idea into his head and give him breathing room. Then he said: "I'll kill you, have no doubt. And it will be quick—you needn't fear. At the proper time, in the proper place."

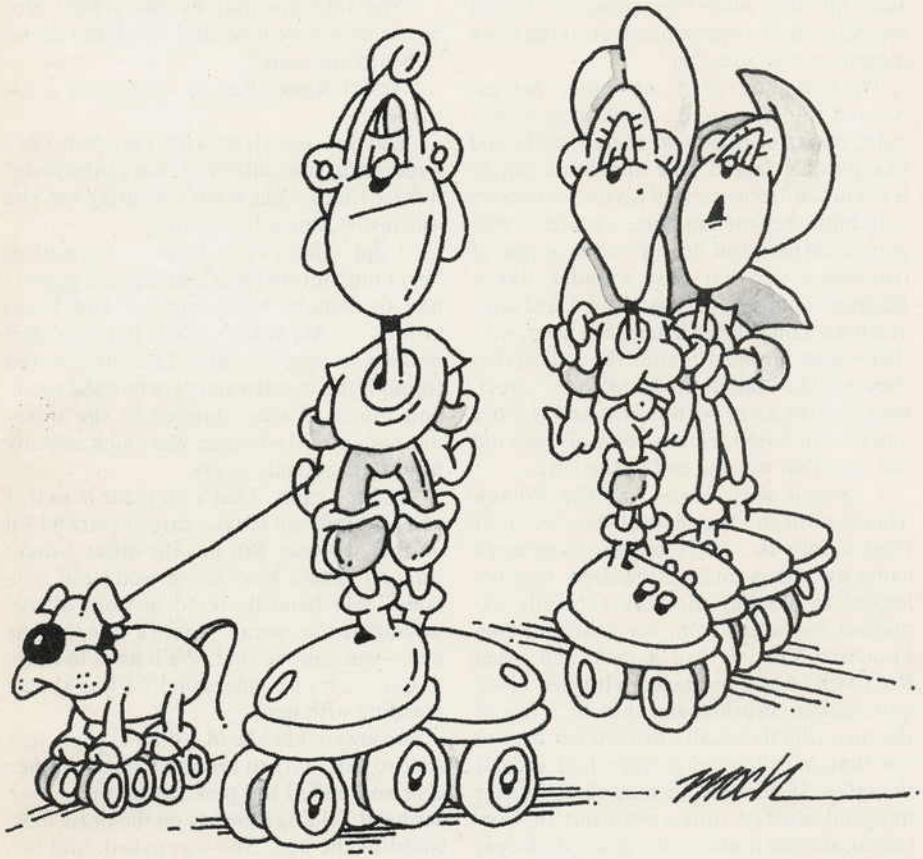
I barked at him. "And when's that?"

"*Señor*, we will both know."

With that last shot, he turned on his heel again and stamped into the house, almost angrily. I didn't follow him this time. I was trembling. It came over me like a rush of cold air that hit straight to the marrow. I didn't have any *cojones*—I was just crazy. If I'd touched him the first time when I'd chased him, he would have killed me . . . that's what he was waiting for, that's what he needed to satisfy his butcher's honor. That, or an order.

"I'm a dead man," I thought—and my heart turned to stone in my breast, tumbling down toward my belt until I thought I'd heave or faint.

But I staggered back down the street in the direction I'd come from, toward the house, trying to keep my head from collapsing on my chest. The effort made my neck ache. I wanted to cry. The heat was awful, a sizzling blow from above. I bumped through the door of the house and into the shadowed room where Rosa slept—tore off every stitch of clothing and crawled into the narrow bed behind her, the brass headboard rattling. I flung my arms around her cool flesh and held her tightly. She stirred. Her black hair, with the scent of a rose that had wilted there during the night, flowed over my chest. I fell into a dead sleep. ■



*"I think he's taking this fad a bit too far . . ."*

*(Continued from page 103)*
investment. But it is a good forced-savings plan and, of course, the death benefit is there. Every time you pay your premium, you're putting a little money away. And although life-insurance companies rarely advertise this, a whole-life policy is like having an emergency account should you need to borrow. True, you're borrowing your own money and paying interest for that privilege, but the protection is still intact.

And if you need money fast, you don't have to worry about loan committees, lengthy applications and prevailing interest rates. Most insurers charge 8 percent on policy loans, and you can get a check fast.

Before you sign up for life insurance, read OUI's December 1978 *Money*. Find an agent you're comfortable with, and make sure the cost of the life insurance compares favorably with the coverage offered by other insurance companies. Also, find out what the carrier charges to deduct your premium straight out of your checking account. Remember, the whole idea of forced savings is to let your money build up automatically.

One final word about life insurance. If you are a disciplined person, saving money via cash-value life insurance isn't that smart. It would be wiser to just buy term protection and put your money into an investment that would afford you a higher yield.

## MUTUAL FUNDS

Although they're one of the most overlooked ways of saving money, mutual funds can be the best means of saving for the younger guy. Basically, your money is pooled with that of other investors, and the aggregate investment goes into common stocks, municipal bonds or money-market instruments. The idea, of course, is that a professional money manager is calling the investment shots and you're along for the ride. If the value of the fund's holdings grow, so do your shares.

Few people realize they can get into a mutual fund for as little as $10 a week. "If a young man put ten dollars a week into a mutual fund, he'd wind up with a hundred thousand dollars when he retired, assuming a normal rate of return of seven percent," says Reg Green, vice-president of public information at the Investment Company Institute, the Washington, D.C., trade association for mutual funds.

However, there are no guarantees. Mutual funds are investments just like stocks. Values can rise, but they can also fall. But funds have, on the average, yielded 9 percent over the last decade.

In a fund, you're investing in the stock market without having to shell out a large chunk of cash up front. But why not buy a share of stock every week and build your own portfolio? Because you'll never find a stock-brokerage firm that will handle the transaction. The $35 minimum commission alone makes it impractical for both you and the brokerage firm.

Mutual-fund investments have another advantage for young savers: You can make periodic investments, but you can't just trade in shares every time you need cash. You can certainly get your money, but mutual funds are not like bank savings accounts. In fact, you should have a bank savings account before getting into mutual funds so you'll have immediate access to money when you need it.

On the other hand, don't be misled into thinking you can't enjoy your investments until you are white-haired and wheezing. Reg Green says, "Young people are realizing the value of saving to spend. They're now accumulating the money to buy the car or make the down payment on the house, rather than going deep into debt. Today, you have to save in order to spend."

That kind of spending, though, isn't frittering away money. A down payment on a house is a wise investment; blowing your five thousand in savings on a three-week African safari and coming home broke is downright dumb.

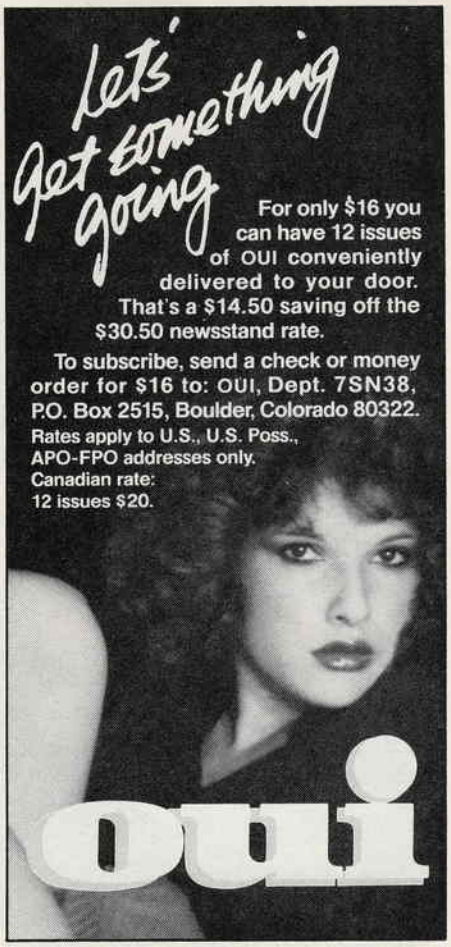
## MONEY-MARKET FUNDS

The hottest investment of the last three years, except for gold, silver and real estate, has been the money-market mutual funds. These funds buy the $100,000 certificates of deposit and banker's acceptances that only the wealthy can afford; they also capture those hefty interest rates that were yielding up to 15 percent last year.

Most people, however, think you need $5000 to get in that game, and for the most part, that is true. Money-market mutual funds have minimums. But several have $1000 minimum purchases, and they let you add to your position; i.e., buy more shares on a regular basis. Capital Preservation Fund in Palo Alto, California, lets you in for $1000. Franklin Money Fund in San Mateo, California, requires a $500 buy-in and $100 for additional shares. But best of all, you can turn these money funds into personalized forced-savings programs; many will deduct straight from your paycheck.

Also, you can pull your money out in a flash. "You can always get at your money just by writing a check against it," explains Victor Kramer, retail-product manager of Fidelity Management & Research of Boston, which manages the $1.1-billion Fidelity Cash Reserves fund. That's right—you can use a money fund as a checking account for paying major bills and still collect the top interest rates on your investment.

The lesson is: Why waste another paycheck? Look into the plan that's best for you, and start saving *now*. ■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*(Continued from page 59)*

that one-buck difference is his *vigorish*, his juice; it's his commission for taking the bettor's action. Ideally, the bookie tries to have, say, $5500 bet into him on one side of a game and $5500 on the other side. Whichever side wins, he pays the winners $5000 with the losers' money, and he earns $500 in profits from the transactions.

What those 11-to-10 odds mean to the bettor is that just to stay even, he must be right 11 out of 21 picks or 52.38 percent of the time.

"A piece of cake," Sammy exclaimed.

"Maybe for you," Hank said. "But the best sports bettors in the country, the ones who spend virtually all their waking hours gathering information and handicapping games, feel they've had a super season when they win sixty percent of their wagers. They feel they've had a good season when they win fifty-five percent. So it isn't easy."

What is amazing about these figures is that someone just flipping a coin to make his picks should be right 50 percent of the time on the average; thus, the difference between pure chance and handicapping brilliance is a mere 10 percent. Like most intelligent gambling, sports betting is a science of small edges, not of walloping triumphs.

Some bookmakers require small bettors to lay 6 to 5 instead of 11 to 10, which necessitates their winning 54.5 percent of their wagers to stay even. In Hawaii and a few other isolated redoubts, bookmakers require all their players to lay 6 to 5. That's a price to avoid, because at 6 to 5, the bookie's edge is enormously difficult to overcome. Baseball teams have won pennants playing 54.5 percent ball.

"I'd lay six to five if I had to," Sammy announced.

"I figured you would," Hank replied.

## THE POINT SPREAD

Even Hank would lay 6 to 5, and a lot more, if all he had to do was pick the winner of a football game. He could bet the Pittsburgh Steelers every weekend and come out with a very nice profit at the end of the season. However, that's not how sports betting works. Though occasionally you see a "pick 'em" game, most of the time one team is favored, even if only slightly, over the other. To make the game a sporting proposition—namely, a gamble in which either side has a chance of getting a fair return for its money—the player betting the favorite either must lay more money to win less, which is how it works in baseball, or his team must spot the underdog a certain number of points, which is how it works in football, basketball and hockey.

In the 1980 Super Bowl—probably the most heavily bet in history—the Union Plaza's Bob Martin and other Las Vegas experts who create the football line considered the Steelers about a touchdown and a half better than the Los Angeles Rams. So they made Pittsburgh a 10-point favorite in



**The spread fluctuates from day to day and bookie to bookie. As the money goes, so go the numbers.**

the game. That *point spread* was posted in the Union Plaza sports book and other betting offices around Las Vegas. It was picked up by the national-service lines and quickly became the "official" line across the country: Pittsburgh –10, Los Angeles +10. Ten points were either subtracted from Pittsburgh's total or added to the Rams' total, which meant the Steelers had to win by 11 points for players who bet on them to win, while Los Angeles could lose by as many as 9, and players who bet on them would still win. If the Steelers had won by exactly 10, the game would have been a betting tie. The point spread is the bookmakers' way of making the game theoretically a coin flip, thus splitting public opinion and attracting action on both sides.

There are two things the point spread is not: It is not the number sometimes listed on the sports page of the local newspaper, nor is it an inflexible number engraved in stone like the Ten Commandments. The point spread fluctuates from day to day, from place to place and from bookie to bookie, just as do odds at a racetrack and prices on the New York Stock Exchange. And the reason for the fluctuations in all three cases is exactly the same: As the money goes, so go the numbers. Though they had to give away 10 points to bet the Steelers in the 1980 Super Bowl, the public still bet them a lot more heavily than they bet the Rams. To attract bets on the Rams, bookmakers around the country moved their line to 10½, then to 11 and even higher. In Pittsburgh, where sentiment for the Steelers was especially strong, the line went as high as 12½, while in Los Angeles, where more people liked the Rams, it remained at about 10½.

"I don't get it," Sammy confessed. "If the experts consider Pittsburgh a ten-point favorite, that's it. Why should it change?"

"Let's look at the point spread from the individual bookmaker's perspective," Hank said patiently. "Suppose a Pittsburgh bookie opens the Steelers at minus ten, yet his customers, who are mostly Steeler fans, bet eleven thousand dollars on them, and only three thousand dollars on the Rams. Well, he then moves his line to ten and a half and eventually to twelve and a half until he has attracted enough money to the Rams so his book on the game is fairly balanced. A second bookmaker's customers—let's say he's in Philadelphia—like the Rams at plus ten and a half about as much as they like the Steelers at minus ten and a half. This Philadelphia bookmaker is perfectly happy with his line, and he doesn't move it any higher.

"Clearly, then, if you like the Steelers, you get a big two-point advantage by giving the second bookmaker only ten and a half points. On the other hand, if you like the Rams, you want to get twelve and a half points from the Pittsburgh bookie. Betting into the most favorable number available is one of the most important edges a good sports bettor looks for, which means, of course, that he must have more than one bookmaker in order to shop around. Big players in Las Vegas might deal with as many as a dozen bookmakers. I have five. Even a twenty-five-dollar bettor should try to have a minimum of two or three."

"You're just creating fancy complications," Sammy protested. "A point or two in the spread can't make that much difference."

"I don't think you'll ever learn," said Hank. "Look at the final score of last season's Super Bowl: Steelers thirty-one, Rams nineteen. All those Pittsburgh fans who bet the Steelers at minus twelve and a half lost. At minus twelve they tied. But if they were able to get minus eleven and a half or less, they won. On the other hand, only the few Ram bettors who were able to find plus twelve and a half somewhere won their bets. Experienced sports bettors know every half point they get on a game can spell the difference between winning, tying and losing."

The point spread works the same in basketball as in football. However, in hockey, it is somewhat different. The bettor usually wagers even money instead of 11–10, but the line looks like this: Rangers +1½, Flyers –2. What this means is that if you bet the Flyers, they must win by 3, while if you bet the Rangers, they cannot lose by more than 1. Most of the time, the bookmaker dealing this line breaks even, paying the winners and collecting from the losers. But approximately 20 percent of the time, the favorite wins by exactly two goals (or whatever the spread might be). Now all the Philadelphia bets tie, while all the Ranger bets lose. It is on these games that the bookmaker earns his not inconsiderable profit.

## THE MONEY LINE

Because of the importance of individual pitching efforts and the closeness of so many games, baseball doesn't lend itself to a spread. Instead, bookmakers use traditional odds. Let's suppose Tommy John is pitching in New York and the Yankees are judged 3-to-2 favorites over the Red Sox. With a friend, you might lay $1.50 on the Yankees to win $1. However, the bookmaker demands his profit, his vigorish. So his line on the game might read: Red Sox +1.40, Yankees –1.60. The way that translates is: If you bet the Red Sox, you put up $1 to win $1.40, while to bet the Yankees, you must lay $1.60 to win $1. The $.20 difference between what you must lay on the

favorite and what you can win on the underdog is the bookmaker's vigorish. That difference varies from as low as $.05 for a few very big players in Las Vegas to as high as $.40 in many parts of the country. With diligent recordkeeping, baseball can probably be beat more easily than any other sport, but it's extremely hard unless you can bet into a $.20 line or less.

"Just bet the favorite every time," opined Sammy, "and you'll pick more winners than losers."

"And you'll certainly pay the price," replied Hank.

## MONEY MANAGEMENT

By the end of the early games that Sunday, Sammy had lost all his football-card wagers.

"I want one of your bookmakers' numbers," he told Hank.

"No way," Hank said.

"I have a couple of thousand I've been saving," Sammy insisted. "Honest. I'll bet him two hundred dollars a game next week, then four or five hundred a game in the playoffs. After the Superbowl, I could have ten thousand dollars."

"You'll be broke long before that," Hank declared.

Fact is, a gambling bankroll should be strictly for gambling, and it should be big enough so you wager no more than 5 percent of it on any one play. To bet $25 a game (and it's hard to find a reliable bookmaker who takes much less) a gamber should start with at least a $500 nut. To bet $50, he should start with $1000. Sammy should not bet $200 a game until he has at least a $4000 gambling stake, a figure he'll certainly never come close to attaining.

Keeping wagers within 5 percent of his bankroll allows the bettor to develop his winnings methodically while, at the same

# SPORTS BETTING

**Casual gamblers bet the obvious—"traps," the pros call them—and their ill-informed money affects the line.**

time, protecting himself from those horror weeks when he goes something like 0 and 10. That happens to even the best handicappers. He should increase his bets only when he's winning and not—as the huge majority of gamblers do—when he's losing. After all, when he's losing, his opinion is apparently not too good, and so it's time to back off. But when he's winning, he should take full advantage of his sound judgments and pump up a little bit.

## HANDICAPPING

No judgments are sound when they're based on emotions. Look what happened to those Steeler fans who bet the home team even at –12½. To win betting sports, a gambler must set aside a sizable chunk of his time to gather as much information as he can and to keep records. Then he must bet with his head, not his heart.

Minimally, a sports bettor should track every team in the leagues and conferences he is betting. He should record their performances, both at home and away, against the spread, and against the total if he is betting totals. In baseball, he should also record how a team fares against right-handers and left-handers and in day games and night games, and he should keep individual pitching records. All of that is time-consuming, of course; yet how else can he discover that the mighty Steve Carlton, for example, has a losing career record against the lowly New York Mets?

Or for another example, how could he have discovered in time that the champion Montreal Canadiens did terribly against the spread, especially at home, most of last season, unless he saw the trend developing in his records? Without records, how can anyone pick up *any* trend before the betting line adjusts to it?

That is the key to sports betting. Casual gamblers bet the obvious—"traps," professional gamblers call them, like the Canadiens in hockey, the Steelers in football, Steve Carlton against the Mets in baseball, Notre Dame in anything—and their ill-informed money affects the line.

The true handicappers get a feel for who is going to win, based on intelligence, not emotion, and you can bet they're the guys who more often than not take down the big money.

Though, of course, there have been many days he's lost, that Sunday when we watched the games together, Hank won six of his bets and lost three for an excellent 67 percent afternoon.

As Sammy and I were saying goodbye to Hank and lovely Katie, I told them about the morning of the final game in the N.B.A. playoffs between the Lakers and the 76ers last May, when I was sitting in the Fremont casino's sports book in Las Vegas trying to decide how to bet. I planned to watch the game on television with some gambling friends later in the day, and I wanted some action. I had a $50 bill burning a hole in my pocket.

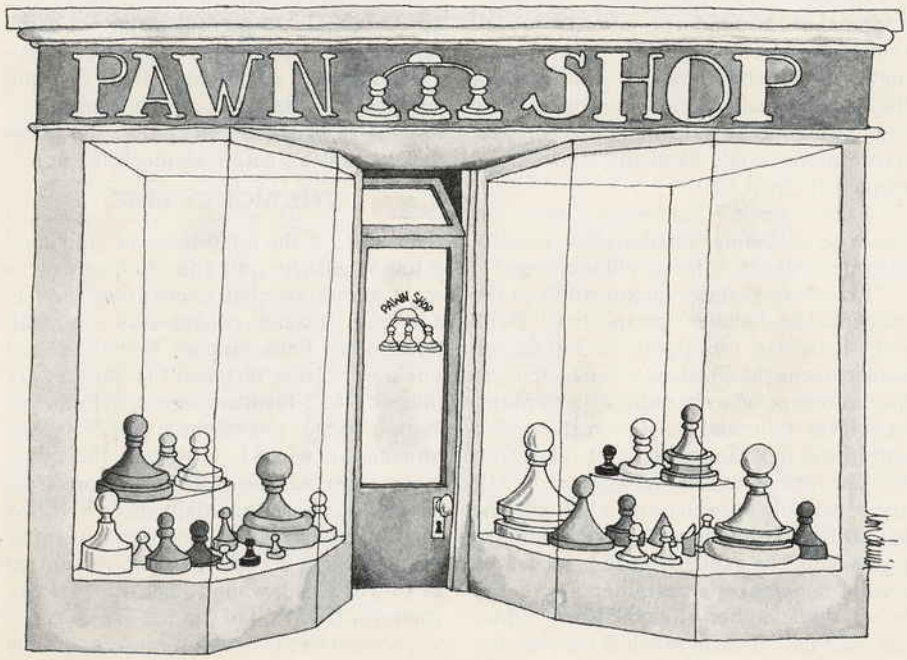
Two guys next to me were loudly convincing each other that the 76ers were a steal at –7½. I wasn't sure. It seemed like the right play since Jabbar would be out with an ankle sprain. Yet with his enthusiasm and determination, Magic Johnson might just rally the Lakers to make up for Jabbar's absence. On the other hand, Dr. J. was due to explode and, having lost a tough one in Los Angeles two days earlier, Philadelphia would be up to get revenge before the home crowd. Still, I wasn't sure which way to go. I took my place in line at the betting window, leaning slightly toward the 76ers.

At my turn, just as I pulled the $50 bill from my pocket, the point spread up on the board jumped from 7½ to 8. No. I wasn't willing to give the Lakers four baskets. Even without Jabbar. Yet I wasn't enthusiastic about getting 8 points on the Lakers, either.

"What'll it be?" the ticket writer asked. "People are waiting."

The $50 bill sizzled in my hand. I stared at it. I stared at the ticket writer. I didn't know which way to go. At length, I shoved the bill back in my pocket and walked away. I passed on the game.

"That, my friend," Hank assured me, "is one of the best plays a sports bettor can make." ■



*(Continued from page 36)*
know who have regular boyfriends say that they initiate sex at least as often as the guys do—some feel that if it weren't for the women dragging their men away from football games on TV, the species would probably die out!

Furthermore, I think it's great to read erotic literature and look at X-rated movies. But I rarely go, because the few I've seen are aimed strictly at men. All that pulling out and coming on the woman's stomach. How unreal. I can't understand why they don't make erotic movies once in a while from a woman's point of view. And I don't mean lesbian movies, either. Just a nice heterosexual love scene will do, one in which the couple really seems to like each other. If a movie like that came out, I'd be first in line.

BEVERLY L.
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Although I've seen a number of X-rated movies, the sexiest thing I've ever seen in my life is my girlfriend doing a striptease. We've been going together for five years now, and she turns me on like no movie star—X-rated or otherwise—ever could. Sue refuses to marry or even live with me because she says that it would ruin our sex life. "Just look at all of our friends," she keeps telling me. I used to fight with her about it but, as more and more of our friends get divorced, I'm beginning to come around to her way of thinking.

Sue likes to make up her own sexy outfits. She bought a couple from Frederick's once, but we decided they looked sleazy, not sexy. My favorite outfit of Sue's is one she calls "Salomé and the Seven Veils." It consists of a bunch of scarves tied together, which she then wraps around her body. She'll put on a record and dance around the room for me, taking off one scarf at a time and teasing me by dragging it across her body as she undulates to the music. It drives me crazy every time.

I've been to striptease shows in nightclubs, but they just don't affect me the same way. The girls in those shows seem cold and bored. I actually feel queasy watching them fake a passion they don't really feel. It's a hundred times sexier to watch Sue perform her Salomé routine, even though I've seen it dozens of times.

WILLIAM W.
Roanoke, Virginia

When my husband and I purchased a mirror to put over our bed, our sex life improved 1000 percent. I've only been married for two years, and I truly love my husband. But sex with the same person day after day tends to get a little routine. Although the mirror was his idea, I spend more time than he does watching ourselves in it as we make love. That's because he's usually on top. I never knew the sight of a tight little butt in action could be so exciting until I saw my husband's in the mirror. We now spend a lot more time making love than we used to, and the energy level is much higher.

## SPEAK EASY LETTERS

**Although the mirror over the bed was his idea, I spend more time watching us than he does.**

Watching yourself in the mirror is a little like watching yourself on television, which is an idea that appeals to me immensely. In fact, I haven't told my husband yet, but I'm saving up for a videotape camera so that we can take movies of ourselves. Right after *Laverne & Shirley,* it'll be *Paul and Josephine.* Wow! Thinking of the fun we're going to have is turning me on right this minute.

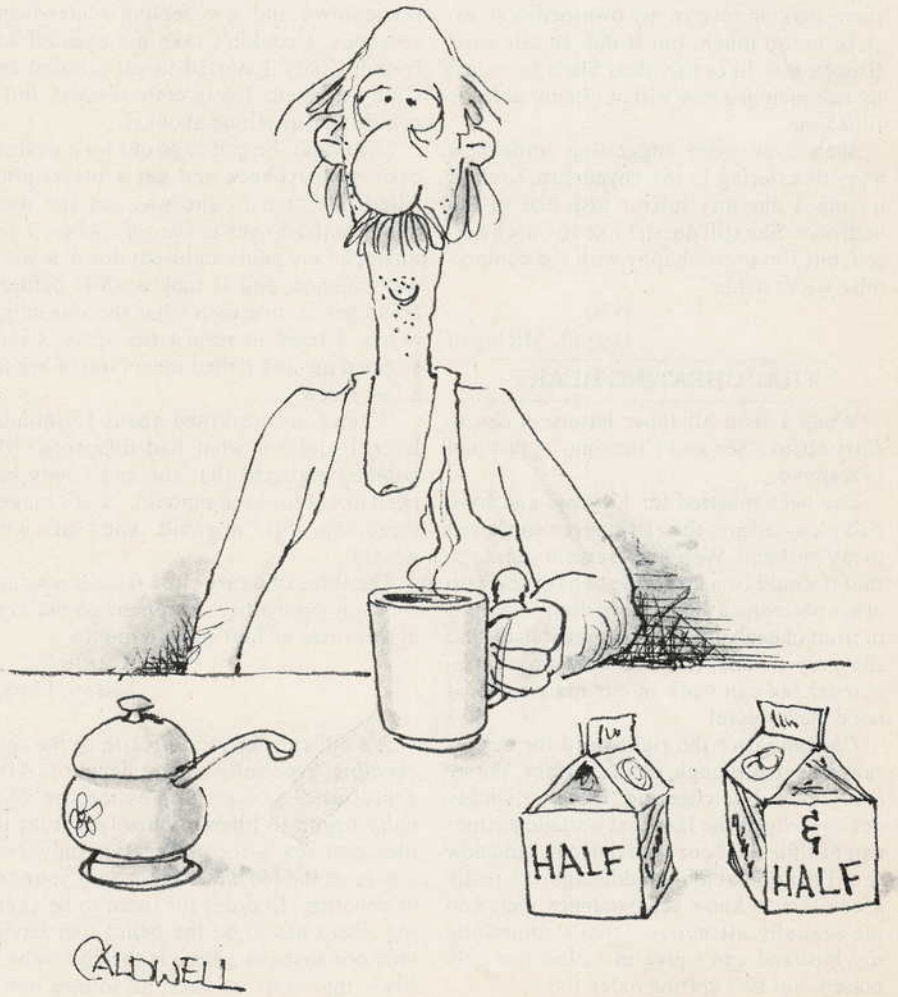
JOSEPHINE P.
Denver, Colorado

The woman who lives next door to me sunbathes in the nude all the time. I've peeped at her several times, but I don't think she minds. In fact, I sometimes think she knows I'm looking and is putting on a show. Why else would she arch her back and run her fingers through her hair and then kind of wiggle around on her blanket now and then? It's definitely a turn-on, that's for sure. After I watch her for half an hour or so, I have to run inside and find my wife and make love to her right then and there.

My wife still hasn't figured out the reason for these sudden urges, but she isn't complaining. I've tried to get her to do striptease for me now and then, but she always ends up laughing and that ruins the mood. I don't think I'm any more perverted than the next man; it's just that I really get off on visual erotic stimulation. My wife just doesn't seem to understand that—although she's a wonderful lover in every other way.

JERRY T.
Springfield, Missouri

Perhaps it's because I'm only 18, but I've never seen anybody make love in real life, only in *reel* life, as in X-rated movies. I saw a movie last year that had a love scene between two lesbian twin sisters. I don't remember their names, but they were identical twins. Even their bodies matched exactly. They made love together so sweetly and so expertly that I was totally transfixed. I dream about those girls at least a couple of



times a week. I don't know what I'd do if I actually met twin sisters who wanted to go to bed with me. I'd probably die of shock, but what a way to go.

E.A.H.
Atlantic City, New Jersey

I suppose I've always been a voyeur. The visual aspect of sex is very potent for me, whether it involves watching my wife undress, peeping at the neighbors through binoculars or watching a group-sex scene at an orgy. I have never understood how my wife can keep her eyes closed during sex, but she seems to be having a good time, and so I just put it down to one of those mysteries of the opposite sex. As you might imagine, she was never very keen on my voyeurism, but she did like it when I'd come home feeling horny after being visually turned on.

One day my wife, Brenda, told me about a guy at work who'd been coming on strong to her. She admitted that she liked him, but she didn't want to be unfaithful to me. I told her to have him over, and I'd hide in the closet and watch. Surprisingly, she did just that, and I loved it, watching the two of them thrash around on the bed, knowing I'd get to have a piece of the action as soon as the guy left. Brenda still couldn't believe that I wasn't jealous. Of course, I would have been had she gone off alone with the guy. I don't know why the sight of the two of them making love in my own bedroom excited me so much, but it did. In any case, Brenda now likes the idea. She's been laid by two men in a row without being unfaithful to me.

She's even been suggesting some new ways of catering to my voyeurism, such as having a one-way mirror installed in the bedroom. She still doesn't like to watch herself, but I'm pretty happy with the compromise we've made.

D.S.
Detroit, Michigan

### THAT CHEATING HEART

When I read all those letters in *Speak Easy* about "Sex and Cheating," I just had to respond.

I've been married for 17 years and have had many affairs that I've never confessed to my husband. We agreed several years ago that it would be acceptable to have sex with other partners, as long as we didn't flaunt it in front of each other. I don't want to be told the gory details, and the only way extramarital sex can work in our marriage is if it's done in secret.

*Cheating* isn't the right word for our arrangement, although, on the surface, the secrecy looks like cheating. We have simply acknowledged the fact that a single partner can't fulfill all of our sexual needs. And now that I'm approaching middle age, it's really a comfort to know that younger men find me sexually attractive—that's something my husband can't give me. He's not only biased, but he's getting older, too.

## SPEAK EASY LETTERS

**When Carol returned, I told her what had happened. She laughed and said, "Let's make a threesome."**

One thing I have to say, though: Secrecy has its drawbacks. I have no idea whether or not my husband has ever made it with someone else, and sometimes I get anxious thinking that someday I might find out that he has been faithful all this time that I have fooled around. I'd be relieved to know that he has been unfaithful, too. But I don't think I'll ever ask.

BARB V.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I divorced my wife some time ago so that we could be rid of the obligations of marriage, which were just too heavy for us to handle. Now we live together and have a terrific time.

Carol works at one of the more posh cocktail lounges in Miami and, one night, she brought one of her gorgeous co-workers home. I had just finished a joint of good homegrown and was feeling relaxed and sensuous. I couldn't take my eyes off her friend, Cindy. I started to get aroused and Cindy noticed. I was embarrassed, but I couldn't do anything about it.

Carol said she had to go out for a while to cash her paycheck and get a prescription filled. As soon as she was out the door, Cindy walked over to the sofa where I sat, unzipped my pants and went down on me. I was stunned, and it took a while before I could get in tune with what she was doing. When I tried to return the favor, Cindy stopped me and pulled me on top of her for a fast screw.

When Carol returned about 15 minutes later, I told her what had happened. She laughed and said that she and Cindy had been lovers for over a month. "Let's make a threesome of it," she said. And that's what we did.

The three of us are close friends now, and we enjoy each other's company on the average of three or four times a month.

KELVIN V.
Miami, Florida

It's difficult for me to relate to the term *cheating*, especially as you define it. After centuries of sexual suppression, we've finally begun to liberate ourselves from the idea that sex is for procreation only. Now you raise the old walls again with your talk of cheating. In order for there to be cheating, there has to be the belief that having only one mate at a time is the right way to live—that puts us back at square one. I know how it goes, because I'm getting my doctorate in psychology. So screw the word *cheating*; it's inoperative.

I wish I had known what I know now when I was younger. I was once camped by a trail in the forests of British Columbia, enjoying the solitude and the sounds of nature. As I started down the road, I spotted a beautiful girl on the horizon calmly walking toward me with a backpack on. After she smiled at me, we talked for hours, and it turned out that we had many things in common, including our travels.

We started traveling together, and we fell in love. One night in Vermont, she crept off into the woods and made love with another girl. I discovered them when I went into the woods to take a leak, and I was so pissed off by my girl's nonchalance that I stormed off down the road alone. I never saw her again, and I've regretted my action ever since. I'd act differently if I could live it over again.

PANAMA RED
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

I'm 21 and have been married for two years to a man who doesn't mind if I have other lovers. All he asks is that I'm honest with him about them. The only problem I've encountered is a lack of places to meet. I can't really do it at home.

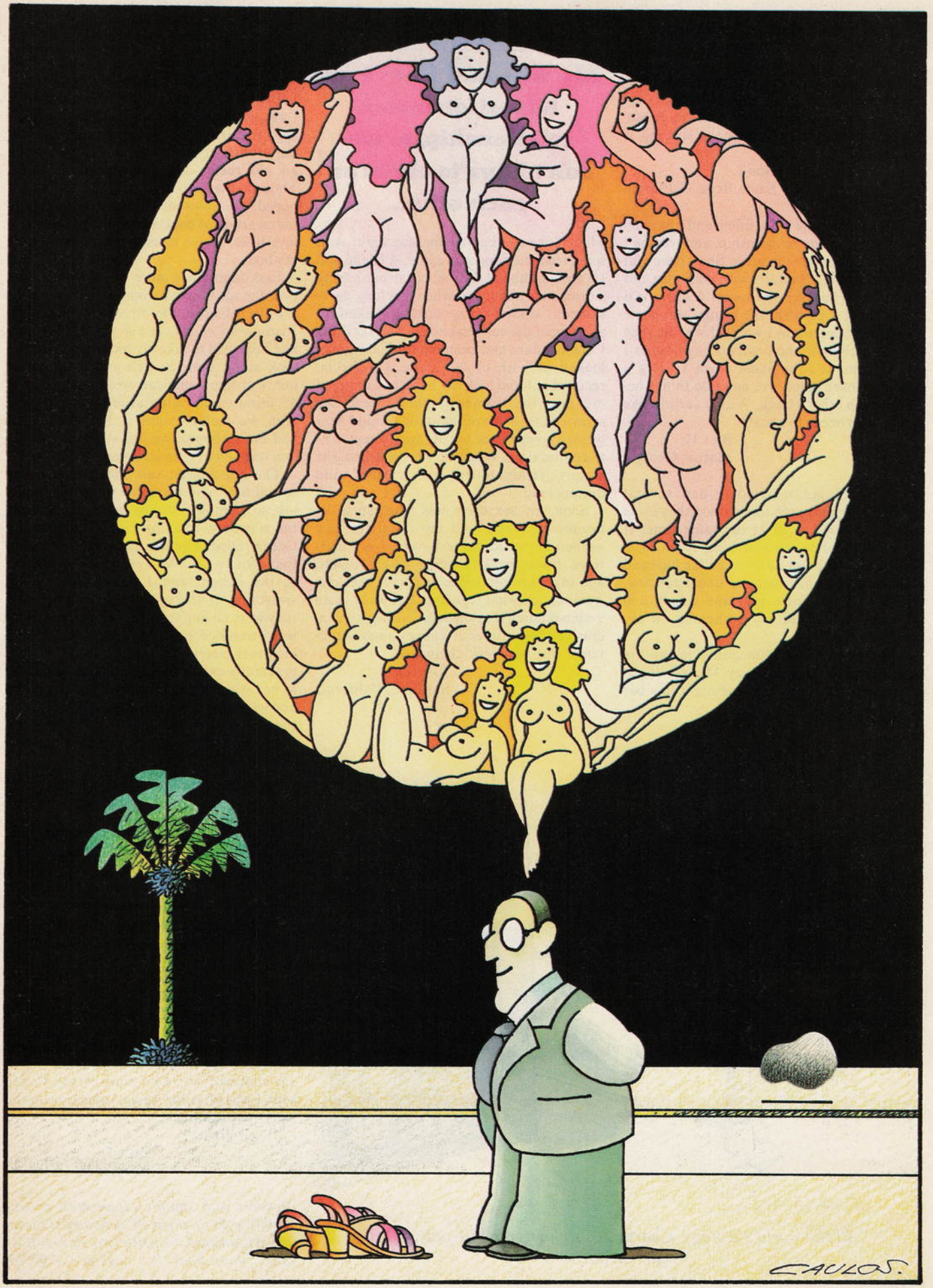
One night, I was feeling lonely for my lover, and I went to see him. His roommate was home, so we couldn't stay there. Instead, we got in my car and drove up a hill to a spot from which we could see all the lights of the city. We talked for a while, wondering where we could make love. It was cold outside, and the only alternative was my car, which presented its own problems, because it was a two-seater. But where there's a will, there's a way.

Joe put the reclining seat all the way back, and I climbed over the console. There wasn't room for him to stretch out, but we got fairly comfortable by curling around each other. Kissing and petting were fine in that position but, as we got more passionate, things grew a little more difficult. I wiggled and squirmed my way out of my pants, as Joe somehow crouched under the dashboard and struggled out of his. By kneeling over me and lifting my ass, he found that we could make the connection. I could feel the car rocking like crazy, but we managed to keep it upright as we seesawed our way to satisfaction.

I told my husband about it later, and he got a chuckle out of it. I appreciate his tolerance, but I really wish he'd tell me stories in return. I'd like to know that he had lovers, too, so I wouldn't feel so guilty about the fun I've had with mine. Maybe he just hasn't met the right girl yet.

SANDY P.
San Francisco, California

Nancy and I are happily married swingers, who enjoy sex with a lot of different partners. She's 18 and I'm 38 and, so far, it's


CAULOS.

worked out really well for us. We like to see one another having pleasure, trying new things, meeting new people. Since both of us are always in on the fun, there's no cheating involved. But if I found out that Nancy was getting laid on the sly, I'd become absolutely livid. Doing it without sharing is unfaithful.

BOB T.
Santa Rosa, California

My 30-year-old wife, Ellen, and I have an honest, open-sex relationship, and we don't have to cheat on each other. She's beautiful and sexy and has affairs with both men and women. Whenever she meets a guy she'd like to get it on with, she brings him home with her. Sometimes I watch TV while they do their thing in the bedroom; sometimes I join them. It's the same when I bring a woman lover home. We don't do things behind each other's back. With a sex life like ours, who needs to cheat?

BILL H.
Macon, Georgia

Before I got married, I had several girlfriends, and each understood that I was dating other women at the same time. It worked out fine. In marriage, it's a little more difficult, especially when the husband and wife don't have such an understanding. I was married for a year and a half, and I guess you could say I cheated on my wife a lot.

My attempt at monogamy lasted six months before I went crazy. My last line of resolve finally crumbled one night in a bar

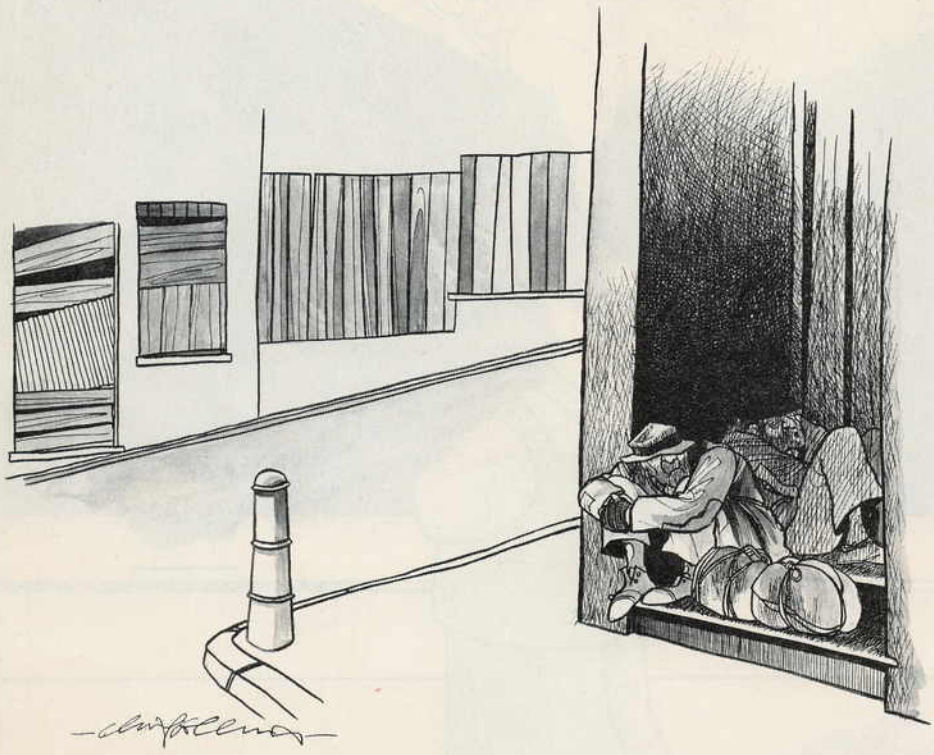
## SPEAK EASY LETTERS

**My wife and I have an honest, open-sex relationship, so we don't have to cheat on each other.**

where I went every Wednesday night with some business friends of mine. A friend and I were standing at the end of the bar having a discussion about sex, when this foxy, dark-skinned, kind-of-crazy woman walked up and joined the conversation. The next thing I knew, a dare had been made. The woman looked at both of us, made a decision, reached out and took my hand and dragged me into the women's john, where she screwed me in one of the stalls. I could hear women going in and out of the one next to us the entire time. When we were finished, she simply straightened her clothes and disappeared.

Soon, my sex drive was back up to its prenuptial stage, and my thirst for new women began to cause havoc in my marriage. I went back to seeing old girlfriends, and my marriage broke up. Now I see one woman somewhat regularly, but we have an understanding that the relationship isn't exclusive. Sometimes it causes small problems, but we work them out.

JOHN D.
San Jose, California



*"All the world's a stage, Charlie . . . so how come we only got the walk-on parts?"*

### FRESH-AIR FIEND

I like having sex outdoors as often as possible, but there can definitely be hazards. I discovered the most amusing hazard while I was taking summer school classes. I managed to talk one of the female students into a short field trip between classes. We sat on an old rotten log and smoked a joint. Though the girl didn't oblige me as I'd hoped, my amorous efforts weren't totally unrewarded. About 50 or 60 bugs gave me love bites, which caused red welts all over my body.

Less funny, but more pleasant, was the time I made love to a woman in a boat about a mile offshore. On this particular day, Joan—who wasn't yet a steady girlfriend—and I decided to take my motorboat out. We took along some Scotch and a couple of joints of fine Jamaican weed. After about 45 minutes of riding around and getting high, we couldn't stand it. Before the boat had even stopped, we had stripped and begun one hell of a fine workout.

The hot August sun added fuel to our sexual fire. Afterward, we were still sweating, so I cranked up the boat and we went for a breezy, relaxing ride. The Atlantic Ocean rolled in gentle, but steady, three- to four-foot swells. We were running parallel to the beach, and I could see tourists swarming at the surf line. I wondered if they were having as much fun as I was. Joan was stretched out naked on an unfolded boat seat. Soon, she stood up and stretched, gracefully and smoothly, like a cat. Looking at her, it wasn't long before I got turned on and we were making love again. We finished the day skinny-dipping in a little inlet, where we had one more round of exhausting sex.

B.W.
Crystal City, Texas

My most interesting experience with sex outdoors took place near a castle in Germany. I'm an American serviceman, 20 years old, and I'm here on a three-year tour. I plan to have as much outdoor erotic recreation as possible. But back to my story. One Saturday afternoon, I was taking pictures of the castle, and I ran into a very pretty girl sitting in a wooded spot on the grounds and smoking a bowl of hash.

As we talked, I kept wondering how she'd be in the sack. While she talked, I put my hand on her thigh. Then I gave her a good rub in an even more sensitive place. After she climaxed, she went down on me. Pretty soon I was after her again—this time in the sixty-nine position.

It was great.

PAUL D.
Buedingen, Germany

*Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write* OUI *Speak Easy 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

## SMALL TALK

*(Continued from page 91)*

ask a girl! Any others! Let me count on my fingers. Not that I can think of, no.

**OUI:** Which do you enjoy more: foreplay or sex?

**HENSLEY:** What's foreplay?

**OUI:** You're funnier than some professional comediennes.

**HENSLEY:** Tell the network that. Would you send a cable to Freddie Silverman, please? I mean *fast*!

**OUI:** What do you think about magazines like OUI?

**HENSLEY:** I think they're disgusting. I'm just kidding. I love looking at attractive people. I don't care if they're male or female. As a matter of fact, many of the men I know subscribe to OUI and *Playboy*, and they seem embarrassed by the fact that I like to read these magazines and look at the pictures. Looking at attractive people is one of life's great pleasures.

**OUI:** Looking at your nude pictures in OUI would undoubtedly be a pleasure for our readers.

**HENSLEY:** I'd be embarrassed to do nudity. I don't know why. I like my body. I am very comfortable with it. On the other hand, posing nude is embarrassing to me.

**OUI:** Yet you have no qualms about appearing in flimsy costumes.

**HENSLEY:** That's right. I think the *illusion* of sexuality sometimes is more attractive than the bare reality. And that's not a sanctimonious statement. It's just something I've observed. I don't care how beautiful a body is. There is something about what is not revealed that's a little more exciting.

**OUI:** You're very exotic looking. Are you Polish?

**HENSLEY:** You're funny. I'm Scots-English, basically. I was born and raised in Los Angeles.

**OUI:** So you've spent most of your life in L.A.?

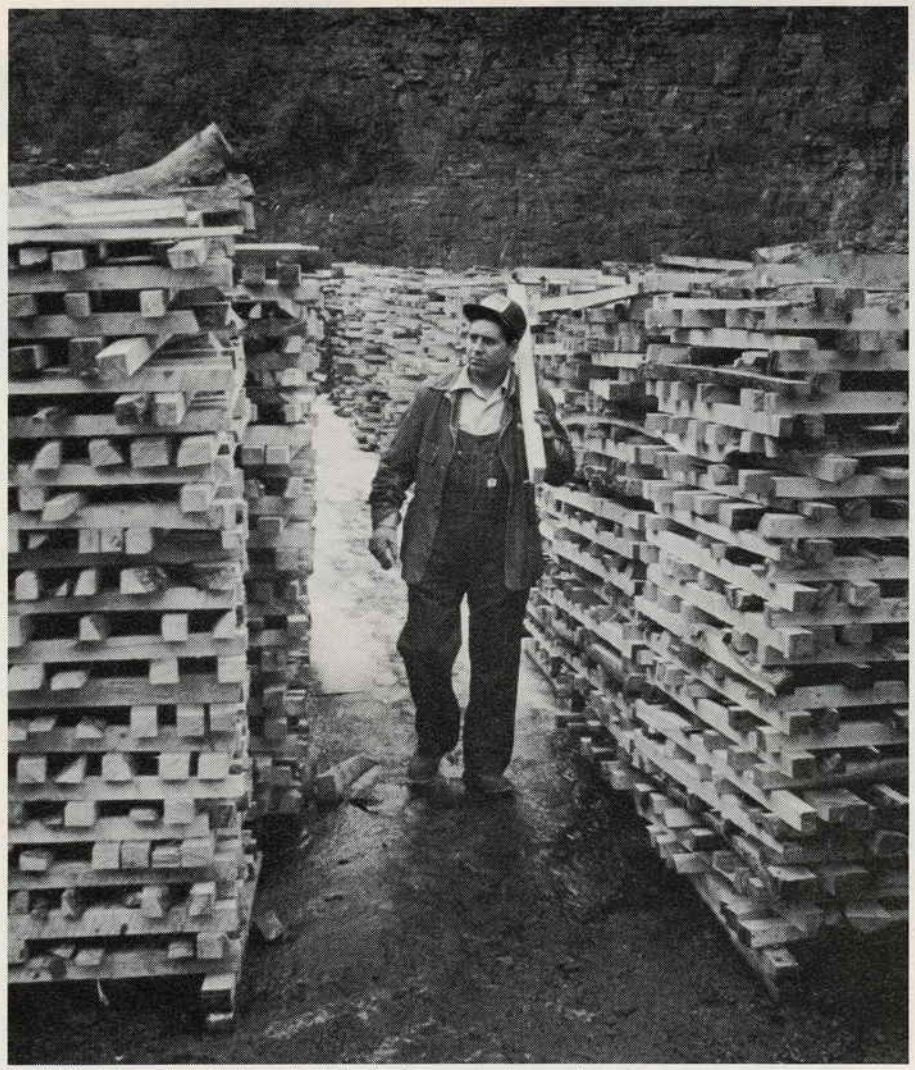
**HENSLEY:** Yes. I love Los Angeles because I love the weather and I love the casual lifestyle that one can live here. I love the apartment I live in. My life is relatively simple. I like the world I've carved out for myself. And of course, work is here. This is, after all, Hollywood.

**OUI:** How important is your career to you?

**HENSLEY:** It is, without question, the first thing I think about when I wake up and the last thing I think about when I go to sleep.

**OUI:** Even when you're in love?

**HENSLEY:** Yes. Because one has nothing to do with the other. My personal life doesn't affect how I relate to my work. But my work definitely affects my personal life. And would I like an Emmy? *Yes*. Would I like an Oscar? You bet! Would I like the role that catapults me into stardom? Of course. I mean, why deny all that? I'd love it. Am I going to get it? Who knows. Am I going to try? Absolutely! ■

If you'd like to know more about our charcoal mellowing process, drop us a line.

WE BURN quite a few ricks at Jack Daniel's. That's because it takes a lot of charcoal the way we smooth out our whiskey.

The oldtime way we mellow our whiskey calls for seeping every drop through charcoal vats that stand as tall as a good-sized room. Just to fill one vat takes the charcoal from three ricks of hard maple burned in the open air. That's why our rickyard gets pretty full. And why it'll never get empty. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll be glad of that.

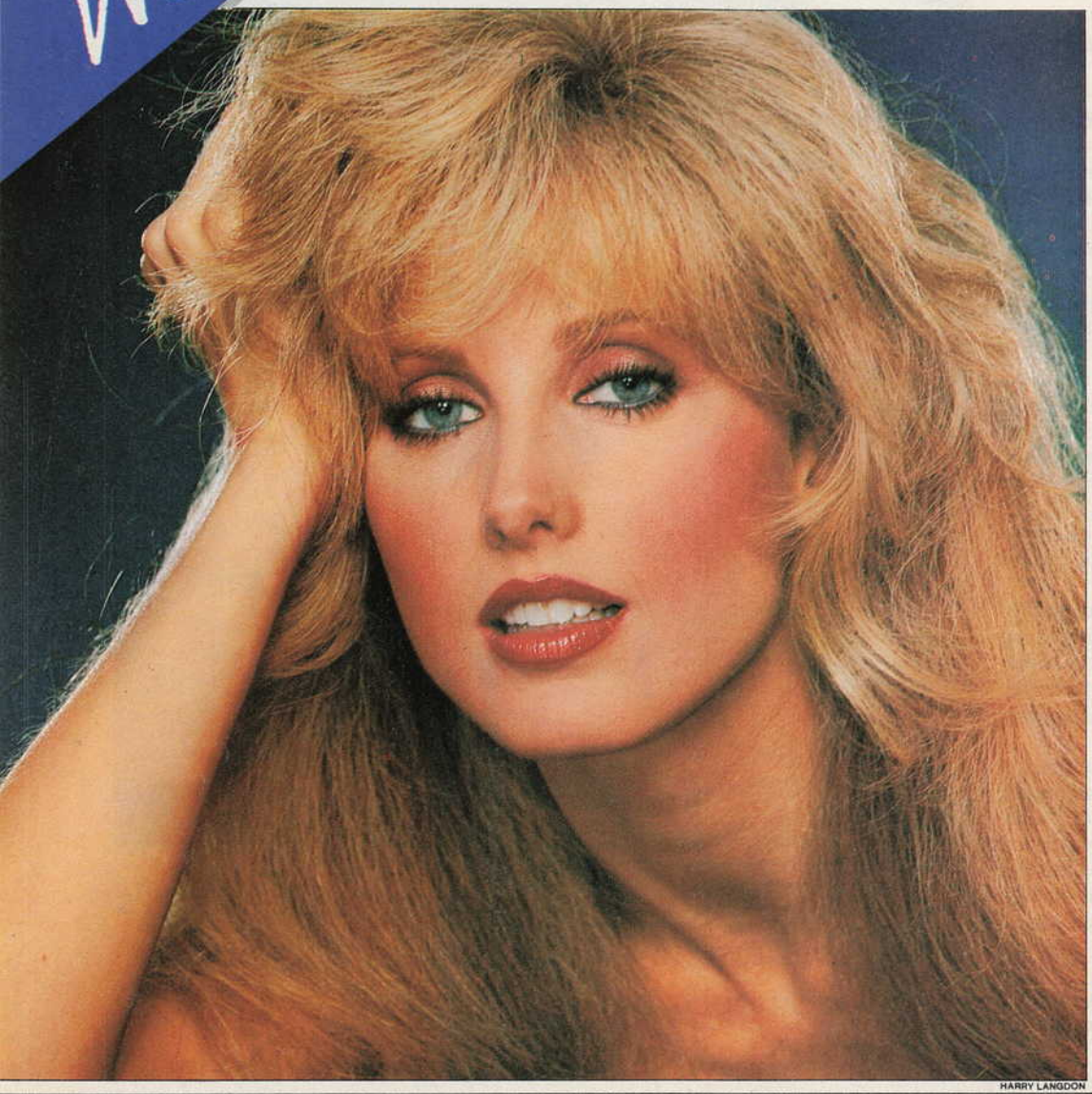
CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

*Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.*

Who

# MORGAN FAIRCHILD



HARRY LANGDON

"When I was growing up, the thought that I'd become a sex goddess or sex symbol was so far removed. Now I know being a sexy bitch onscreen can get you any part you want." So says sultry, blue-eyed Morgan Fairchild, the star of the NBC *Dallas* clone *Flamingo Road*.

In fact, Morgan was raised in Dallas and was once offered a part in the series. At 16, she broke into films playing Faye Dunaway's stand-in in *Bonnie and Clyde*. Though Warren Beatty tried to steer her away from show business, Fairchild moved to New York and landed the part of Jennifer Pace Phillips in the soap saga *Search for Tomorrow*. "I played a degenerate, paranoid murderess."

Once married to a rock-concert promoter, the petite beauty finds the Hollywood social scene a turn-off. "Ladies in this town are too competitive," she says, claiming no affinity with the chi-chi cocaine-and-Jacuzzi crowd. "I won't date any man who does drugs, which I abhor. For me, I get turned on when I start to *talk* to a man. The problem with Hollywood parties is that only the jerks will talk to you. The nice guys think I look like a bitch and are intimidated. I guess I won't be able to convince men I'm a nice, sensitive woman until I portray one on the screen."

—CRAIG MODDERNO

# Michael Ochs

"I think the collection is pretty close to being complete," concedes Michael Ochs. It ought to be: More than 100,000 select rock, jazz, R&B and what-have-you records comprise the Michael Ochs Archives. In addition, he owns assorted pages of sheet music, period magazines ("Elvis May Re-Enlist," claims one cover), posters and rare publicity photos, such as the one depicting an eight-year-old Gladys Knight, long before she acquired her Pips, standing on a box and singing intently into an electric shaver–shaped microphone on her way to winning the *Ted Mack Original Amateur Hour*.

Ochs has struck a lunatic's dream bargain with the world. Every available inch of his two-story Venice Beach bungalow is stuffed with half a lifetime's agglomeration of rock-'n'-roll memorabilia, and his compulsion is paying for itself. To wit: Musical and historical consultations to *Animal House*, *The Hollywood Knights* and the *Heroes of Rock 'n' Roll* TV special are among his credits, not to mention photo contributions to *The Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll*. Among the several other projects that he now has in the works is *Rock Gomorrah*, an anecdotal collaboration with writer Lester Bangs. Closest to Ochs's heart, though, is a proposed film biography of his late brother, Sixties folk hero and protest singer Phil Ochs. "He was full-tilt all the way," remembers Ochs. "People either loved what he did or hated it." —BYRON LAURSEN

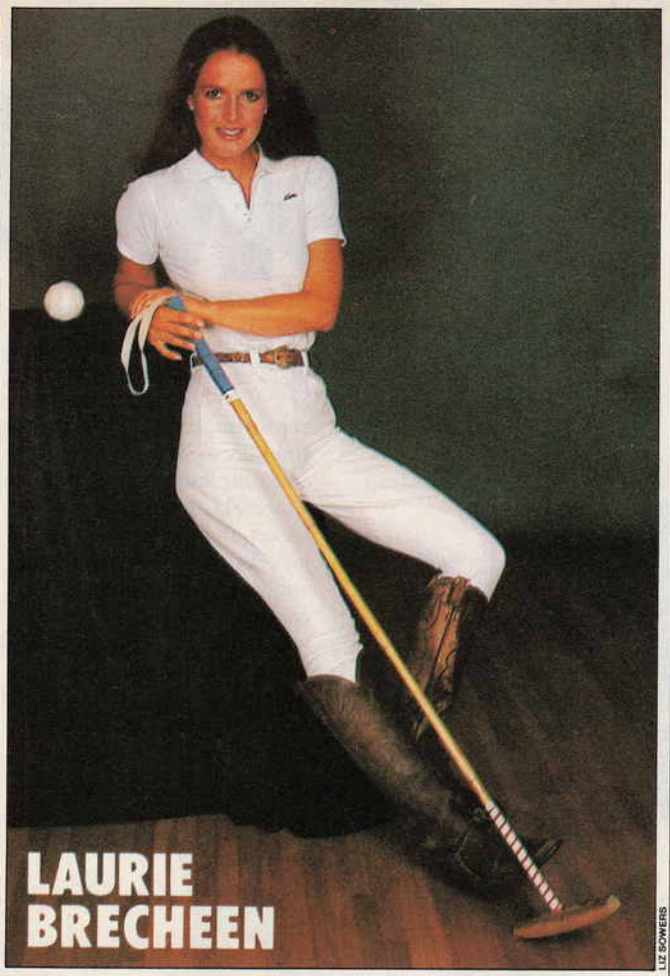
LIZ SOWERS

# Gretchen Barber

Gretchen Barber is a new-breed record entrepreneur. After scraping together $200, she cut a single by New Wave Tex-Mex fave Joe "King" Carrasco, and then formed her own record company, Gee Bee Records. So where's her neck chain and medallion, you're asking? Well, this lovely Texan has a benevolent attitude toward the hit makers of tomorrow. "When I first saw Carrasco at Raul's Club in Austin, I knew he was going to be a star. But before any major label would sign him, he had to have a single—and that's where I came in," she explains in a sweet, businesslike Texas drawl. And indeed, Gretchen was right: The single, *Party Weekend* b/w *Houston El Mover*, generated enough excitement to land Carrasco a deal with England's Stiff Records. Gretchen was even more enthused about Carrasco's success with her single than she was about her own recent acting stints in *Roadie* and *Honeysuckle Rose*. "Acting's OK, but there's nothing like having your own 'launching pad' label." So roll over Warner Bros. and tell CBS the news.

—Tom Vickers

GREENWOOD



LIZ SOWERS

# LAURIE BRECHEEN

"It's a matter of position and timing," says Laurie Brecheen, discussing her favorite pastime—polo. Weekdays, she works in a Los Angeles advertising firm, but come the weekend, Laurie is guiding her two ponies into a horse trailer and driving 90 miles up the coast to the Santa Barbara Polo Club. The winsome equestrienne holds the distinction of being the sole female member of the prestigious club. "I'm attracted by the danger, the excitement of it." However, she likens polo to "chess on horseback"; it requires wit and wile, as well as keen reflexes, a fearless disposition and a smart, quick horse. And, of course, mallets toward none.

—Roger Dionne

# TŌRU ŌKI

Tōru Ōki is the best-selling blues performer in Japan. He's also the *only* blues performer in Japan. Ever since a black GI gave young Tōru a collection of discs 15 years ago, he's been hooked on authentic American blues. The only problem is that his command of spoken English, the official language of the blues, is kind of limited. We're talking phonetic soul, here.

How does a Nipponese imitation beat B.B. King and Muddy Waters at their own game? First, you immerse yourself in hard times. This came naturally for Tōru, who has been fending for himself since the age of 13.

Tōru's not content just to cover blues standards. He's a prolific songwriter; in fact, the bulk of his repertoire is comprised of originals. They're scribed in English (it's easier to write it than talk it) and are full of the familiar traditional blues themes. Some sample titles: *Big City Woman Blues*, *New York Mama*, *Everynight Woman*. One especially down-and-dirty number, *Ten Dollar Angel*, concerns Ōki's inability to come up with an extra ten-spot for the company of a singularly appealing hooker.

Nowadays, Tōru doesn't have to worry about coming up with that kind of scratch. He's had a couple of hit albums, and he tours Japan with his own group. Still, you gotta have a reason to sing the blues, and Tōru's is obvious. "Brues feering is my feering," he says.

—Bob Merlis

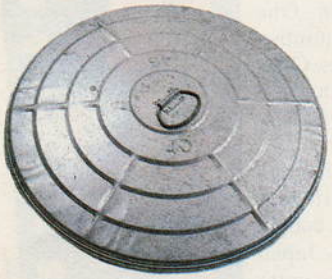
# What SNOWED

Go mobile in Kawasaki's Invader 440 snowmobile, $3299. While you're tearing across those snow-covered hills, you may as well keep yourself and your lady snug in matching Kawasaki Invader Group jacket-and-pants sets. The jackets are nylon with a wind- and waterproof polyurethane coating; ditto for the pants, which also sport full-length leg zippers and a built-in waterproof seat patch. Jackets are $73, pants are $70.

A slalom experience: For the downhill racer in us all, try a pair of RBL Gold GS skis, $255.

Who says you can't surf in Nebraska? Just stand fast on the Winterstick snow surfboard, around $250.

If you're not up for a fast cross-country ski, just put on a pair of snowshoes and walk it like the Eskimos do, around $100.



Garbage can do: Take the top of a good-size can and sit on it. At the top of a hill. You'll go down.

Skating on thin ice: For the Hans Brinker in you, don a pair of rugged Riedell skating shoes, $100. There's nothing like a couple of runs around the rink to get your heart pumping.

Ah! Good ol' long underwear to keep you warm from top to bottom. And speaking of bottoms, don't forget the all-important drop-seat, around $25. And tow along a sled—there's probably one gathering dust in your parents' garage.

# UNDER (AND OVER)

*Whether it's skiing, sledding, snowmobiling, skating or summit climbing, there's no reason to keep cooped up all winter long.*

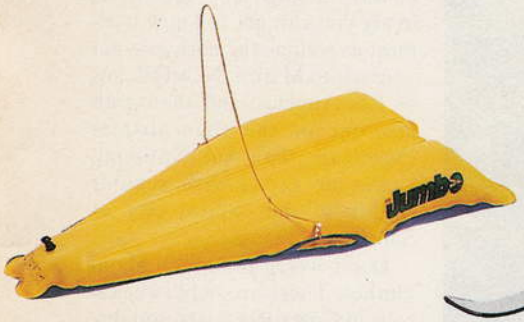
*Photography by Todd Smith*
*Coordination by Renee Johnston*

Trekking cross-country? You'll get there faster clamped to a pair of Trucker cross-country skis, $110.

To boot: Salomon's new SX 90 ski boots should fit nicely, no matter what skis you're riding or how demanding a skier you may be, $260.

Cheap inflation: For a wild, rubbery ride down the hill, find an inner tube to spin around in.

Hot flash: When your fingers start freezing, wrap them around a classy little handwarmer. From Abercrombie & Fitch, $8.




Don't want to tow it? Just let the air out. The Jumbo from Abercrombie & Fitch, $40.

This antique, gravity-and-muscle-powered snowmobile won't win any races with a Kawasaki, but then it's a lot quieter.

The climb of your life: M.S.R. helmet, $37.50; Chouinard ice ax, $95; wool fingerless gloves, $12; Black Ice vest, $59.50; Chouinard chest harness, $13.50.

Chouinard seat harness, $30; Figure 8 rappel rings, $18; S.M.C. ice hammer, $40; ice screws, $13 and $17.50; knickers, $28; Gore-Tex nylon gaiters, $27.50; Hiker II boots, $99; stitch belay plates, $14.

SPECIAL THANKS TO ADVENTURE 16 CAMPING OUTFITTERS, LOS ANGELES

# CAST AWAY IN COSTA RICA

*This lovely little land features beaches, mountains, jungles and beautiful señoritas who actually like Americans.*

Let's talk:

—a hassle-free south-of-the-border vacation in a country where you don't have to boil the water.

—a place whose richly varied beauty and near-perfect weather has captivated the likes of Taylor and Burton, Cheech (Chong's better half) and Johnny Carson.

—the most beautiful, aristocratic and liberated ladies this side of Meryl Streep's dressing room.

We're talking, in case you haven't guessed, about Costa Rica, the transistor-sized Central American country that seems to have cornered the Latin—if not the world—market on graciousness, tranquility and just downright good living. It's got the warmth and spiciness of Mexico, without the anti-Americanism (unbelievably enough, Costa Ricans actually *like* Americans), the overpowering physical beauty of Guatemala, without the soldiers on every corner (no army whatsoever in Costa Rica), and the casual sophistication of Brazil, without the ignorance, poverty and political instability (Costa Rica is an almost entirely middle-class country with a better than 90 percent literacy rate and a government that has remained coup-free for over 30 years).

***Top: Shapely skinny-snorkeler at remote Dominical Beach. Above: A scenic hideaway near San José de la Montaña.***

Sound good? You bet So the next time you have a week or more—in three you can give the country a satisfying once-over; in six you can get to know it almost as well as the natives—get yourself to Miami, New Orleans or Los Angeles, and then grab any one of the four airlines (Mexicana, Pan Am–National, LACSA or TACA) with regular flights to the capital city of San José.

Don't worry too much about clothes. There are only two seasons in Costa Rica: wet and dry. And there's only one temperature to go with them: hot. So if you're going between June and



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM GANZER AND GLOBE PHOTOS

November (wet), just add an umbrella to ward off the pleasantly cool afternoon and evening showers.

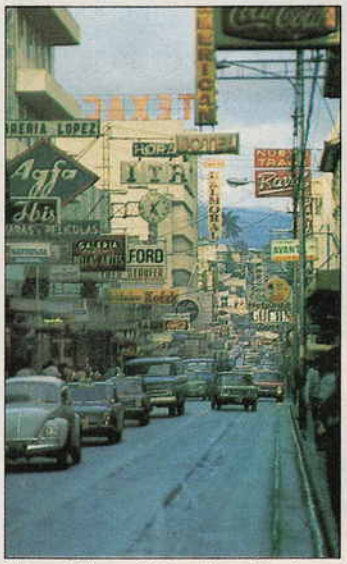
Speaking of Nirvana, the dope's great, too—lush and full-flavored with that green, slightly spicy taste peculiar to the tropics. So leave yours at home. The customs people are very thorough, and the cops are among the world's most efficient. The best thing to do is wait until you make a few friends and do your scoring from them. It won't take long; it's a friendly country, remember?

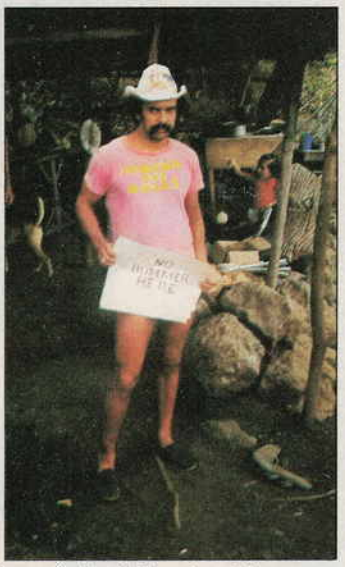
Which brings us, fittingly enough, to the girls. Suffice it to say that the Costa Rican woman has an unparalleled reputation as the most uniformly gorgeous, intelligent and accessible female in the Latin world. The church has something less of a foothold here than in Mexico, for example, and close ties to the U.S. mean a steady influx of healthy sexual attitudes. Add to this the fact that most Costa Rican ladies think American guys are cute and . . . You get the idea.

All right, then, on down to San José. As the cultural, economic and demographic center of the country, it's the natural place to start your prowling. Try El Infinito, an elaborate disco in the Mi Pueblo shopping center, which features an indoor creek dividing the rock-'n'-roll room from the *salsa* area. At this writing, it's the hottest dance spot in the capital.

Also worth a visit is Barroco in the Rohmoser district, where you can watch videotapes of Frankie Valli, et al., recording the very songs you're boogeying to. Both El Infinito and Barroco attract enormous weekend crowds; so these are definitely the places to go if you're on the lookout for agreeable young *ticas*, as the ladies are called.

Once you've found yourself a lady—or even if you haven't—you'll want to check out of San José and get to know the country. For such a tiny place (300 miles long, about 150 across), Costa Rica's got an immense variety to offer in the way of scenery and diversion. Where else, for example, could you find a romantic mountaintop vista that includes views of both the Atlantic *and* the Pacific oceans? On the right day, you can catch



*Top: Waterfalls dot the interior of the Atlantic-side coast. Above left: San José is clean and quiet, but the night life sizzles. Right: A message from vacationing Cheech Marin.*

*Top: Global surf nuts can test their mettle at Jacó Beach. Above: Psychedelic adventurers swear by the psilocybin mushrooms found in cow patties in the Costa Rican interior.*

that show near San José de la Montaña.

On the jungly Atlantic side, you can take a boat trip from the port of Limón (which has a black, English-speaking population and a decided Caribbean air) up a system of lily-choked inland waterways to the resort area of Tortuguero, one of the world's largest preserves for the endangered sea turtle.

Outside San José, you'll find most of the real action on one of the hundreds of beaches. The Pacific port of Puntarenas is a lively spot, a favorite of cruising yachtsmen and vacationing Costa Ricans. Stroll the oceanfront, have an exotic *refresco* made of *mate* or *tamarindo* and dance at La Deriva, an enormous open-air ballroom. If you prefer the resort atmosphere, go north along the Pacific coast to the beach hotels of Jacó, Samara and Playas del Coco.

If you prefer a lazy, back-to-nature sort of ambience, you can camp at any one of a number of breathtaking beaches in the Costa Rican National Park system. Playa Manuel Antonio (near Quepos) is the most popular, with nearby Dominical being somewhat more isolated. Cahuita is the best-known beach camping on the Atlantic side, but it's recently attracted some heat from the *policia*, so you'd be better off to try Puerto Vargas or Puerto Viejo.

If these aren't *outside* enough for you, you may want to charter a boat from Puntarenas to Cocos Island, an absolutely unadulterated jungle paradise 600 miles out in the Pacific, where generations of crazed gold diggers have sought the apparently unfindable treasure of Peru.

Surfing is excellent along most beaches on the Pacific side, from the gentle breakers at Jacó to the 25-foot monsters at the mouth of the Rio Naranjo, near Quepos. Tennis is widely available, usually on clay courts at such pristine environments as the Alajuela Racquet Club. There are sports-car races and rallies and even an occasional cross-country jeep dash.

So there it is. All of it's waiting for you—the beaches, the lovely *ticas*, the steaming volcanoes and the gentle Alpine pastures—once you know the way to San José.

—BILL LAWREN

# NEXT

February issue at your newsstand January 8.
Buy one for a friend.

### THE PEOPLE'S INTERVIEW

David Wallechinsky, mastermind author/editor of *The People's Almanac*, *The Book of Lists* and *The Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People*, sallies forth in an insightful, intelligent and sometimes insane encounter.

### LADY D.J.s

Women of the airwaves have evolved from sexy midnight madams to established radio pros. OUI talks to the top female jocks—independent ladies who are still capable of sending out aural-erotic signals.

### DREAM POWER

Getting the most from nocturnal mind flights, and how to apply what you learn in your dreams to your waking-day world.

### SHUFFLING OFF TO BUFFALO(S)

The cross-country saga of two raving lunatics' quest to set their feet down in Buffalo—all 15 of them. From Wyoming to West Virginia, a twisted tour over American blacktop.

### IN PRAISE OF EUROPEAN WOMEN

Author Clifford Irving takes a long, loving look at the girls of the Continent, reveling in the mystery and mystique that surround these beautiful foreign femmes.

### DEEP-SEATED TRIBUTE

A pictorial toast to the feminine posterior and all the splendors thereof—something we can really get behind (and sink our teeth into).

## PLUS

*Small Talk* with *Melvin and Howard*'s Mary Steenburgen; how to overcome premature ejaculation; Fifties fashion with Sha Na Na; mail-order living; living in Deadwood, South Dakota; *Speak Easy*—more stimulating sex talk; and the always delightful OUI girls.

oui

# "Clarion's new Magi-Tune™ FM can produce more stations, make them sound better, and hold them longer."

*Bob Angus—Noted audio expert and columnist*

"Let's start where I did, on the streets of San Francisco, where high-rise buildings and street intersections form typical urban canyons in which stereo signal strength varies widely within a few feet.

Clarion supplied me with a car in which their new Magi-Tune FM had been installed.

There was a switch and the necessary connectors to permit a quick hookup for the comparison of other car stereos.

We tested Magi-Tune FM against seven leading car stereos.

The Challenge focused on four key areas of tuner performance. The ability to pick up and hold signals in poor reception areas. The ability to pick up and hold a weak signal. The ability to reject spurious signals. And the ability to cope with a signal whose strength changes constantly.

The locations constituted the most demanding test track I can imagine for mobile high fidelity tuners.

Still, the results proved that Clarion's new Magi-Tune FM can produce more stations, make them sound better, and hold them longer."

Magi-Tune FM is so flawless you forget everything but the music. Test one at your dealer today.

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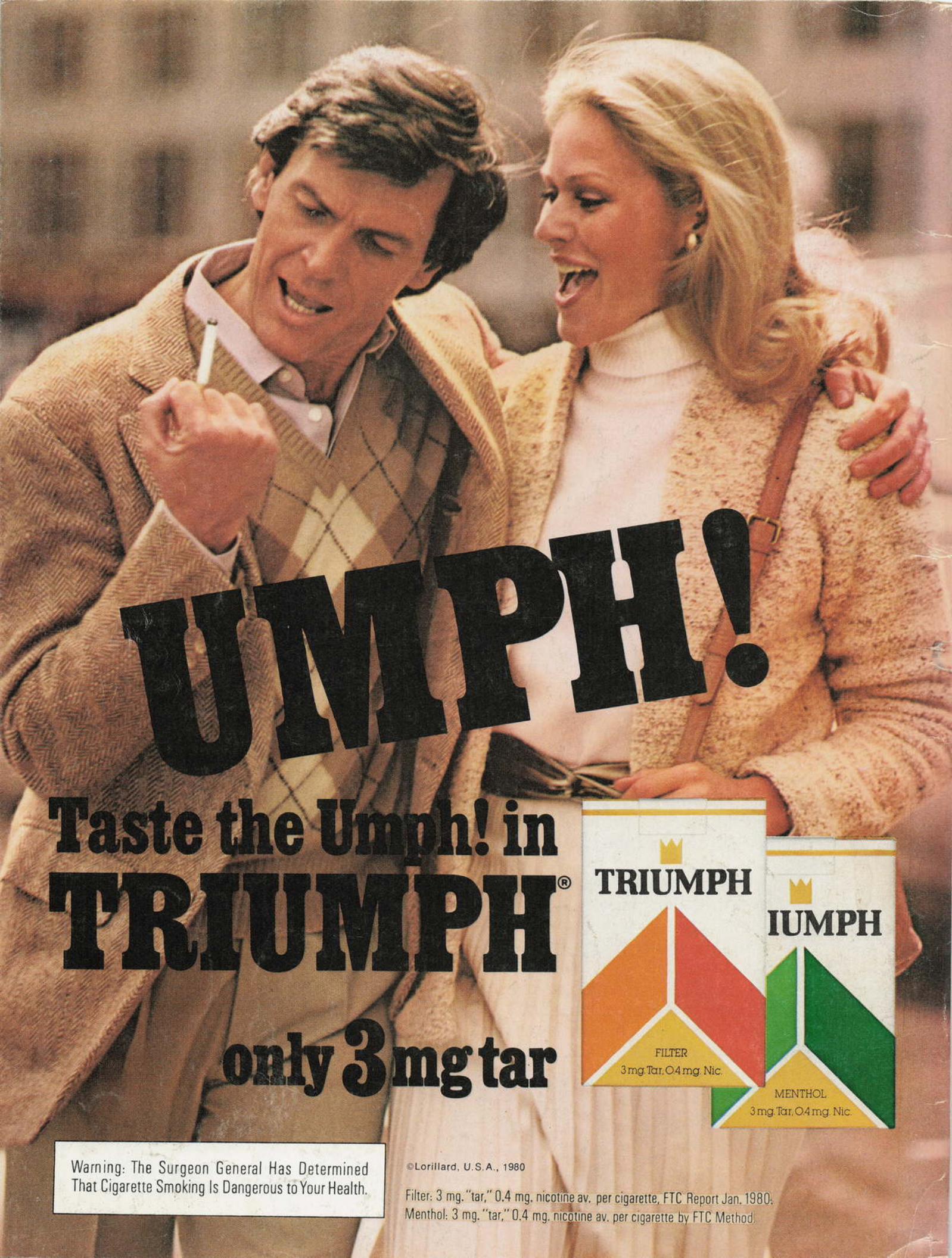
QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC




Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Menthol: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.